68

# ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

VOL. III.

# ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

*LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;*

WITH

NOTES:

BY JOHN HOOLE.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES.*

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. III.

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1799.

68

THE

# TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The champion of the Amazons discovers himself to be Guido of the house of Clarmont, and gives an account of the history and first establishment of the Amazon Government. The warriors consult together on the means of quitting the country. Marphisa would persuade them to effect it by force of arms. Guido takes the management upon himself; and next morning they attempt to break through the whole body of the Amazons, but are nearly overpowered by numbers, when Astolpho, blowing his horn, drives all the Amazons before him. Sansonetto, Guido, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, being terrified with the rest, precipitately hasten on board the ship prepared for them, and leave Astolpho behind them. The knights and Marphisa afterwards landing, Marphisa parts from the others. Her encounter with Gabrino, Pinabello, and lastly with Zerbino.

THE

# TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

IN fields of battle and the Muſes' lore,
What wonders have been wrought by dames of yore,
Whoſe ſkill in arms and letters ſpreads their praiſe
Throughout the world to their far-diſtant days!
Camilla and Harpalice, renown'd
In hardy camps, with wreaths unfading crown'd,
And

---

Ver. 1. *In fields of battle, &c.*] This introduction ſeems to have been copied and enlarged by Spenſer in his Fairy Queen.

> Where is the antique glory now become,
> That whilom wont in women to appear?
> Where be the brave atchievements done by ſome?
> Where be the battles, where the ſhield and ſpear, *&c.*?
>
> Book III. C. iv. St. 1.

Ver. 5. *Camilla and Harpalice,*] Camilla, queen of the Volſcians, a female warrior, who came to the aſſiſtance of Turnus, and

And Sappho and Corinna, held ſo high
For Learning's ſacred gifts ſhall never die.
Oppos'd to man, behold the beauteous race,
In every ſcience, our renown efface;
And each, who turns the leaf of ſtory paſt,
Shall undiminiſh'd ſee their honours laſt.
Though ſuch examples ſeem of late to fail,
Not always evil influence ſhall prevail,

---

and was treacherouſly ſlain by Aruns. See VIRGIL's Æn. vii. xi. Harpalice was a warlike virgin of Thrace, who, when the Getæ, a people of Scythia, had made her father priſoner, collected together a body of troops with great celerity, ſuddenly attacked the enemy, cut a great number to pieces, and ſet her father at liberty.

Ver. 7. — *Sappho and Corinna,*—] Sappho, a well-known poeteſs, born at Leſbos. See her Epiſtle to Phaon, in OVID. There were three of the name of Corinna, all ſkilled in letters. One was of Thebes, one of Theſpis, and the third of Corinth. The laſt lived at the time, and is ſuppoſed to have been the favourite, of Ovid; but the moſt famous was ſhe who, in a trial of poetry, conquered the great poet Pindar. Her glory ſeems to have been fully eſtabliſhed by the public memorial of her picture exhibited in her native city, and adorned with a ſymbol of her victory. Pauſanias, who ſaw it, ſuppoſes her to have been one of the handſomeſt women of her age. Time has left us only a few ſcraps of Corinna's poetry.

When thoſe, whoſe writings ſhould their worth reveal,
Through ignorance or envy oft conceal:
Yet in our times, I ſee with joyful eyes
Such countleſs virtues in the ſex ariſe,
As well may claim the pen and faithful page
To hand them down to every future age.
Then ſlanderers' tongues no more with canker'd ſpeech
Shall taint thoſe glories which they cannot reach;
But to ſuch height ſhall ſoar the female name,
As even to leave behind Marphiſa's fame.

*To her we now return*—The dame addreſs'd
The courteous knight, and anſwer'd his requeſt.
Eager to know the youth, ſhe ſoon reveal'd
In few, her dreadful name, till then conceal'd:
Marphiſa am I call'd!——no more ſhe ſaid,
For fame through every realm the reſt had ſpread.
The ſtranger then——All here, I truſt may know
The glorious ſtock to which my birth I owe!
Not only France, and Spain, each neighbouring land,
But Æthiop, Ind, and Pontus' frozen ſtrand,
Have heard of Clarmont's far-reſounding name,
Whence the bold knight* who ſlew Almontes' came;

---

* ORLANDO.

And he*, by whom the fierce Mambrino ſlain,
(His kingdom laid in ruin) preſs'd the plain.
That blood I boaſt—and near the Euxine waves,
Where Iſther with his ſtreams the region laves,
To Amon's duke (who on that fated ſhore
His wanderings ended), me Conſtantia bore.
One year has roll'd, ſince her, in ſorrow loſt,
I left to ſeek my friends on Gallia's coaſt:
But, midſt the voyage, roſe a ſtormy wind,
And hither drove me from the port deſign'd.
Ten months have paſt, ſince here detain'd, I mourn
The lingering hours, and curſe each day's return.
Guido the Savage, am I call'd——a name
Scarce yet recorded on the liſt of fame.

Here,

---

* Rinaldo.

Ver. 49. *Guido the Savage,—*] This character appears to have been introduced by Arioſto, as no ſuch name occurs in Boyardo. Spenſer has a knight with the appellation of "Savage knight," which ſeems given him not from any reproach, but merely to expreſs a diſpoſition inured to hardy feats, and ſtranger to the ſoftneſs of a court.

It was a goodly ſwain, and of great might,
But in vain ſhews, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly ſervices took no delight.

\- - - - - - - -

It was, to weet, the good Sir Satyrane,
That rang'd abroad, to ſeek adventures wild,

As

Here, with his ten compeers, in lifted field,
I Angelon of Melibæa kill'd.
Next the foft conflict with the dames I try'd,
And now ten wedded partners grace my fide,
Whom, faireft, gentleft of the female band
I chofe, and rule with uncontroll'd command.
Thus fhall he fare, whom, on the fated day,
Prevailing Fortune gives the ten to flay.

The warriors queftion'd Guido, whence fo few
The males appear'd, and why the female crew
Each hufband to their fovereign will compell'd,
When males in other lands dominion held?
Then Guido anfwer'd——Often while detain'd
I here have liv'd, I heard the caufe explain'd,
And what I heard, fhall tell, fince you demand.

---

As was his wont, in foreft and in plain.
He was all arm'd in rugged fteel, unfil'd,
As in the fmoky forge it was compil'd,
And in his fcutcheon bore a fatyr's head.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. III. C. vii. St. 29.

Again, in another place.

——On his fhield was writ,
" Selvagge fans fineffe," fhewing fecret wit.

This explanation may ferve for Ariofto, who has affigned no reafon for giving this name to Guido.

Now twice ten years elaps'd, the Grecian bands
From Troy return'd to view their native lands
(Ten years the ſiege endur'd, as many toſt
On adverſe ſeas, they rov'd from coaſt to coaſt)
Arriv'd, they found their wives, who vainly try'd
To bear ſuch abſence, had their place ſupply'd
With young gallants, whom to their love they led,
No more to freeze in a forſaken bed.
The Grecians finding with another's breed
Their dwellings fill'd, by joint conſent agreed
To' excuſe th' offence; for each well knew his wife
Could ne'er ſo long forget the nuptial life:
But the ſad children, born of lawleſs love,
Muſt exil'd thence a vagrant fortune prove:
Nor would the huſbands ſo entail diſgrace,
To nouriſh, at their coſt, a ſpurious race.
Some were expos'd, and ſome with better fate
Their mothers kept conceal'd to man's eſtate.
Some, from their native ſeats, in various bands,
As chance directed, rov'd to foreign lands.
Some arms purſu'd; ſome choſe the ſtudents toil;
Some follow'd arts; ſome plough'd the ruſtic ſoil:
Theſe liv'd in courts; thoſe ſerv'd the herds to rear;
As beſt it ſeem'd to her* who governs here.

* Fortune.

Departing with the reſt, a youth was ſeen,
Of Clytemneſtra born, the cruel queen;
His age eighteen, and freſh in bloom, as ſhows
The lily fair, or newly gather'd roſe.
He, in a ſhip, with all proviſion ſtor'd,
For wealth and prey each creek and coaſt explor'd.
A hundred like himſelf compos'd his band,
With care ſelected from the Grecian land.
The Cretans, that Idomeneus expell'd,
The wretched ſire, who Crete's dominion held,
And next, collecting arms and troops, prepar'd
Their new eſtabliſh'd ſtate from foes to guard,
Engag'd Phalantus (ſo the youth was nam'd)
With ample ſtipends, as his merits claim'd,
To ſerve their ſoldier, while his comrades all
With him they join'd to guard Dictamnum's wall.
A hundred cities grac'd the Cretan lands,
But chief above the reſt Dictamnum ſtands,

---

Ver. 99. *The wretched ſire*—] Idomeneus, king of Crete, having vowed, in caſe he returned in ſafety from the ſiege of Troy, to offer up the firſt object that preſented itſelf, was met by his own ſon, whom, to keep his vow, he cauſed to be ſacrificed. His ſubjects, ſtruck with the barbarity of the action, baniſhed him from his kingdom. See the whole ſtory at full in Telemachus, Book ii.

Wealthy

Wealthy and fair, renown'd for amorous dames
Of lovely form, for pleafures, fports, and games.
The dames, accuftom'd kindly to receive
Each foreign gueft, to thefe fuch welcome give,
That little wanted to the Grecian train
O'er every houfe to hold their boundlefs reign.
Vigorous as fair, the youths their ardour prove
In blending raptures, as in kindling love.
To win the fair a few fhort days fuffic'd,
Till thefe o'er every joy their lovers priz'd.
Now peace reftor'd, Phalantus was releas'd
From warlike cares, the foldier's labour ceas'd,
And every hope of future ftipends o'er,
The youths decreed to quit the Cretan fhore.
The mourning females tears inceffant fhed,
As if they view'd their deareft parents dead:
Full oft apart they urg'd them to remain;
But when they found each fond entreaty vain,
Refolv'd with them their voyage to partake,
Their brothers, fires, and children they forfake,
While from her home each bears, by wary ftealth,
Rich gems of price, and countlefs fums of wealth;
And with fuch fecret care her dwelling leaves,
That not a man of Crete their flight perceives.

So

So profperous was the hour, fo fwift the wind,
So well Phalantus had their courfe defign'd,
That many a league his veffel plough'd the tide,
Ere thofe of Crete their heavy lofs defcry'd.
At length this fated ftrand, then fcarcely preft
By foot of mortals, gave the wanderers reft.
Securely here they ftay'd, and here awhile
At leifure weigh'd the profits of their guile.
Ten days to them this region feem'd a feat
Of amorous pleafures, and a bleft retreat:
But, as it oft befalls, the fulleft joy,
In youthful bofoms, fooner tends to cloy.
All now agreed to free them from the charge
Of female mates, and live again at large.
For fickle man ill brooks the heavy lot,
To keep the woman when the love's forgot!
Eager of rapine, ready to contend
For ravag'd wealth, but little prone to fpend,
They faw a troop, fo numerous and fo fair,
Requir'd far other than a foldier's care.
For this, their wretched partners they forfook,
And loaded with their fpoils, their courfe they took
To where, in Puglia, near the fea-beat fhores,
They founded fair Tarentum's future towers.

The

The dames, abandon'd on a deſert coaſt,
Betray'd by thoſe in whom they truſted moſt,
Along the ſands ſome days in ſilent grief
Like ſtatues ſtood; but finding no relief
From plaints or tears, they turn'd them to debate,
What means might beſt relieve their hapleſs ſtate:
When, what her thoughts ſuggeſted, each diſclos'd:
Some to regain their native Crete propos'd,
And rather dare the worſt they might engage
From a wrong'd huſband or a father's rage,
Than hid in deſerts, or in foreſts lie,
With want to linger, or with famine die.
Some ſaid, they never to ſuch ſhame would bend,
But rather, plung'd in ſeas, their being end;
And urg'd it better far, with honour loſt,
Though poor, or ſlaves, to rove from coaſt to coaſt,
Than willing victims, to their native clime
Returning, meet the ſentence of their crime.
Such wretched thoughts, and ſtill more wretched, roſe
In every breaſt, from ſenſe of preſent woes.
At length a female, Oronthea nam'd,
Stood forth, who kindred from king Minos claim'd:

The

The youngeſt, faireſt of the beauteous band,
Leſs guilty ſhe, of all who left the land,
To brave Phalantus had her virgin charms
Reſign'd, and fled for him her parent's arms.
Now while her ſpeech and outward looks expreſs'd
The indignation of a generous breaſt,
She firſt condemn'd what each had ſingly mov'd,
Then urg'd that counſel which the reſt approv'd.
  She will'd them there to dwell, for there they found
A wholeſome air, and fields with plenty crown'd;
Clear ſilver ſtreams, that through the country ſtray'd,
Rich ſpreading meads, and foreſts thick with ſhade;
Fair ports and bays, that from the ſtormy wave
To wandering ſeamen ready ſhelter gave:
That now from Afric, now from Egypt brought
Their barks, with every ſtore and treaſure fraught.
She urg'd them there to' abide, and for the ſake
Of thoſe who wrong'd them, heavy vengeance take
On all the ſex; and every veſſel toſt
By tempeſts, driven to ſhelter on the coaſt,
Pillage and burn, aſſail with fire and ſteel,
Nor let a ſingle life their mercy feel.
  Thus counſell'd ſhe—till all alike inflam'd
With cruel thoughts, the new-made law proclaim'd.

When winds fore-run a ſtorm, the deſperate train
Of females arm'd, ruſh headlong to the main:
Their fury ruthleſs Oronthea guides,
Who, made their queen, above the reſt preſides.
Whate'er devoted ſtrangers touch the ſtrand,
But 'ſcape the ſeas to periſh by the hand
Of mad revenge, where fire and ſword aſſail
Till not a wretch remains to tell the tale.
Thus ſome few years the widow'd females ſhow
A ſettled hate of man, their mortal foe.
But, ſhould they ſtill perſiſt, they ſoon muſt find
Certain deſtruction hovering o'er their kind.
Should no young offspring from themſelves deſcend,
Their ſtate, their name, their vengeance ſoon muſt end,
Which to remoteſt times they labour'd to extend.
Their rigour then relax'd, and every crew
Explor'd with care that to their region drew
In four ſucceeding years, from theſe, at length,
Ten knights they choſe, of manly form and ſtrength;
Whoſe youthful vigour, bred in amorous games,
Suffic'd to meet in love their hundred dames.
A hundred form'd their whole, and every ten
One huſband claim'd: but e'er the choſen men

Their

Their ſafety found, what numbers loſt their life;
All found unequal to the arduous ſtrife.
The ten, in trial well approv'd, they take,
And partners of their bed and kingdom make;
But ſwear them firſt, that every wanderer led,
Of every rank, thoſe hapleſs ſhores to tread,
Without diſtinction by their ſwords ſhall fall,
And one remorſeleſs ſlaughter ſwallow all.

The dames, now pregnant grown, began with fear
To view the day of their delivery near,
Leſt in ſucceeding time the numbers born
Of iſſue male, ſhould hold their law in ſcorn;
And they, at length, behold in evil hour
To hated man revert their darling power.
For this they ſought ſuch danger to repel,
Ere years had taught their children to rebel
And threat their freedom; hence a law decreed
The mother's care one only male ſhould breed.
Their new-born ſons from ſhore to ſhore they ſent,
With charge to thoſe who thus commiſſion'd went,
To' exchange the boys for girls in diſtant lands,
Or not, at leaſt, return with empty hands.

Nor had the dames in mere compaſſion ſpar'd
A ſingle man, ſave but their herds to guard,
And keep alive their name; and thus was ſhown
Their law's ſtern mercy to themſelves alone!
All others felt its rage, one only grace
The ſtrangers found, that when they reach'd the place
They fell not all at once beneath this cruel race.
If ten, if twenty, or if more arriv'd,
In chains they lay, of liberty depriv'd;
Whence every day was drawn, by fate decreed,
A wretch devoted in the fane to bleed;
Where, in the midſt, by Oronthea rear'd,
A dreadful altar to Revenge appear'd,
While nam'd by lot, one held the ready knife,
To ſhed, in ſacrifice, his comrade's life.
Long years had paſt, when to th' inhuman ſhore
A noble youth his luckleſs fortune bore;
From great Alcides' ſtock his birth he claim'd,
In arms experienc'd, and Elbanio nam'd.
Him, careleſs of a foe, and unprepar'd,
At once they ſeiz'd, and with a numerous guard,
With all his crew, detain'd in cruel thrall,
Sad victims deſtin'd by their laws to fall.

Fair

Fair was the youth, of ſemblance rarely ſeen,
Of graceful carriage and commanding mien;
So from his lips the honey'd accents broke,
That venom'd aſps might liſten while he ſpoke.
From fame the news of his arrival caught,
To Alexandra's gentle ear was brought;
Fair Alexandra born of her who ſway'd
The ſceptre ſtill, though now with years decay'd:
Still Oronthea liv'd, but none ſurviv'd,
Save her alone, of all that firſt arriv'd;
While as their years increas'd the female crew
Increas'd in ſtrength, and in dominion grew.

Ten knights, renown'd for deeds of arms atchiev'd,
With hoſtile welcome, all that came, receiv'd.
Now Alexandra, eager to behold
A youth whoſe praiſe report ſo loudly told,
To Oronthea her requeſt preferr'd,
And ſaw Elbanio, and his converſe heard.
But when ſhe ſought to go, her virgin heart
Felt the firſt throbbing of an amorous ſmart.
In vain ſhe ſtruggled: ſhe at length remain'd
A helpleſs priſoner by her captive chain'd.
Elbanio then——O faireſt of thy kind!
If pity here could e'er reception find,

Pity, which dwells where'er the ſun diſplay'd,
Gives tints to objects, and gives light to ſhade,
Fain would I now (by thoſe tranſcendent charms
Whoſe powerful influence every gazer warms)
From thee requeſt my life, that what I owe
To thee prolong'd, for thee I might beſtow:
But if dire fury here the virgin ſteels
To each ſoft paſſion human nature feels,
I aſk not life—ſuch hopes I know are vain,
But let me yet a warrior's right obtain.
Whate'er my fate—O! give me but to wield
My glorious arms, and die with ſpear and ſhield!
Not like ſome criminal whom laws arraign,
Or brutal beaſt before the altar ſlain.

Fair Alexandra, in whoſe lovely eyes
Compaſſion pleaded for the youth, replies.

Though ſavage is our land, more cruel known
Than every realm, yet think not I ſhall own
Each woman a Medea—were the mind
Of all our females in deſtruction join'd,
Yet I alone would riſe above my kind:
Or if, like many a ſoul with fury ſteel'd,
I ſeem'd till now unknowing how to yield,

Till thy arrival here, perchance there came
No ſtranger that might equal favour claim.
But ſure, ſome tigreſs has my ſoul inflam'd,
And more than adamant my boſom fram'd;
If when I view thy valour, form, and age,
Compaſſion chace not all vindictive rage.
O! would to Heaven I might as well arreſt
Th' inhuman law that binds each wretched gueſt,
As freely now my death I would receive,
And, with my own, thy better life reprieve!
But here no rank avails to break thy chain,
And what thou aſk'ſt, though little, hard to gain:
Yet all I can—expect—while much I dread
New ſufferings hang o'er thy devoted head!

Let me but meet (Elbanio thus rejoin'd)
The ten in arms—ſo firm my heart I find,
I truſt t' eſcape with life the bloody fray,
And every foe, though trebly arm'd, to ſlay.

To this the virgin-fair made no reply,
But from her boſom drew a tender ſigh.
She went, and parting, in her heart ſhe found
A thouſand ſhafts, and each a cureleſs wound;
Then ſought her mother, and with earneſt prayer
Inclin'd the queen the noble youth to ſpare;

On this condition, that in lifted fight
The ten fhould perifh by his fingle might.
  Queen Oronthea then the female train
To council call'd, and thus her fpeech began.
  From every crew whom chance may hither fend,
We ftill fhould place the braveft to defend
Our port and fhores: by trial muft we chufe,
What fits our wants to take, and what refufe,
Left, to our wrong, the coward foul fhould rife
To reign amongft us, while the valiant dies.
If with my judgment, you, O friends! agree,
Let us henceforth a fovereign law decree,
That every knight, by fortune hither led,
Ere in the dreadful fane his blood we fhed,
Shall (in fuch compact if he dares engage)
At once with ten the combat fingly wage;
And fhould he conquer all, he, with a train
Of chofen others, fhall our guard maintain.
Thus far I fpeak, fince in our prifon lies
A captive, who to battle ten defies.
Should he their equal prove—forbid it Heaven!
But to fuch worth fome favour fhould be given:
Or fhould he fail in what he rafhly dares,
He meets the punifhment himfelf prepares.

Thus

Thus Oronthea to the council ſaid,
When from the eldeſt one this anſwer made.
Th' important cauſe whence we to change began
Our firſt deſign, and commerce hold with man,
Was not to guard our ſtate from foreign bands;
For this our conſtant ſouls, our valiant hands,
Might well ſuffice—O! could we but extend
Our race as well, which time, alas! muſt end
Without the help of man—and hence we make
Our choice of youths, but only one we take
To wed ten dames, leſt man the ſovereign ſway
From us ſhould rend, and we in turn obey.
We need not males our empire to defend,
But muſt for progeny on theſe depend.
In this alone their prowefs we require,
Nor other aid, nor other taſk deſire.
To keep a chief whoſe nervous limbs combine
The ſtrength of ten, muſt fruſtrate our deſign.
If ſuch a troop his ſingle arm can ſlay,
How many women ſhall he hold at bay?
Were ſuch our preſent ten, one fatal hour
Had to themſelves transferr'd the ruling power.
Ill ſuits it us, who wiſh to hold command,
T' entruſt our weapons in a ſtranger's hand.

Grant that thy boaſted youth ſo far ſucceed,
That by his arm our choſen ten ſhould bleed;
A hundred women, widow'd by his ſword,
Shall ſee their huſbands' deaths with tears deplor'd:
Then, ſhould he 'ſcape with life, let him fulfil
Far other taſk than ten brave youths to kill:
If with a hundred dames he will ſupply
The place of thoſe they mourn, he ſhall not die.

Artemia thus her cruel thoughts diſplay'd,
(So was ſhe nam'd) and had her counſel ſway'd,
Elbanio, in the temple's dire abodes,
Had fall'n a victim to th' infernal gods.
But Oronthea, with a mother's love,
Reply'd, and every hearer's mind to move,
Such reaſons urg'd, that moſt, with one conſent,
Their ſuff'rage yielded for the queen's content.
Elbanio's matchleſs graces deep impreſt,
With powerful charm in every youthful breaſt,
Againſt thoſe elders weigh'd, whoſe ruthleſs mind
With fierce Artemia's rigo'rous ſentence join'd
T' enforçe their ancient law; while ſome agreed
(No terms premis'd) Elbanio ſhould be freed.
At length 'twas fix'd, the youth ſhould grace obtain,
When in the liſt his arm the ten had ſlain;

And

And next, not with a hundred conſorts try'd
A huſband's fondneſs, but with ten ſupply'd.
  Th' enſuing day, to liberty reſtor'd,
The knight receiv'd his armour, ſteed and ſword:
Alone againſt the warrior ten he ſtood,
And one by one he ſhed their vital blood:
At night, to ſhow in Cupid's ſchool his art,
With ten fair dames he play'd the lover's part;
Who, taught by him connubial joys to prove,
All roſe experienc'd votaries of love.
  For this the youth with Oronthea won
Such added grace, ſhe choſe him for her ſon,
And gave him Alexandra's charms to wed;
With her the other nine, all whom he led,
Ten virgins late to ſhare his genial bed.
She left the youth with Alexandra fair,
(From whom the land was nam'd) her kingdom's heir,
On this condition, that his future reign
Might ſtill this ſtatute through the realm maintain;
That every wanderer there ſhould loſe his life,
Or meet ten warriors in unequal ſtrife;
Thoſe could he firſt in dangerous combat foil,
Then find, with ten fair dames, his fortune ſmile;

O'er theſe he ſhould preſide, and at his will
Diſmiſs his conſorts, or their places fill;
And hold the ſway, till to the land arriv'd
Some foreign knight that him of life depriv'd.
Two thouſand years have roll'd, ſince firſt was plann'd
This hateful law, and ſtill it rules the land.
Few days elapſe, but, for a ſacrifice,
Some hapleſs ſtranger in the temple dies.
Oft when, as chance directs, a fearleſs knight
Dares, like Elbanio, arm him for the fight,
Before th' opponent's foot his life he lays,
And, ah! how rare the ſecond proof eſſays:
Such have been found, but ſuch ſo rare befel,
That on the fingers we their names may tell.
Of theſe was Argillan—but little ſpace
He with his wives maintain'd the ſovereign place;
For hither driven by tempeſts from the deep,
I clos'd his eyes in everlaſting ſleep.
O had I ſhar'd that day his envy'd death,
And not prolong'd in bonds a ſhameful breath!

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Ver. 499. *That on the fingers*, &c.—] A ludicrous expreſſion to denote how few adventures had been ſucceſsful in their trial with the Amazons. The words are literal from the Italian.

Gay

Gay pleaſure, ſmiling ſports, and amorous toys;
Each ſoft delight that youth-like mine employs;
Rich veſts and jewels that the perſon grace;
And, midſt his peers, pre-eminence of place,
Heaven knows avail but little him, who croſt
By envious Fortune, has his freedom loſt!
Ah! wretch! that while I thus my bonds deplore,
Muſt never hope to quit this hateful ſhore!
To ſee vile ſloth my faireſt flower deſtroy
In prime of life, embitters every joy.
The fame of Clarmont wide her wings extends
To higheſt heaven from earth's remoteſt ends!
O! to my brethren's could I join my name,
My deeds with their's might honour's portion claim!
Hard is my lot, condemn'd a life to lead
In ſuch vile ſervice, like the wretched ſteed,
That blind, or lame, or with enfeebled force,
Unfit for battle or the duſty courſe,
Is with his fellow-brutes, that turn the ſoil,
Condemn'd to every taſk of ſervile toil!
Since death alone from ſuch deteſted thrall
Can ſet me free, on welcome death I call.

Here Guido clos'd his tale, and curs'd the day
That gave him o'er the land deteſted ſway;

Gave him from either field the prize to bear,
To ſlay the champions, and to pleaſe the fair.
  Aſtolpho ſilent ſtood, awhile conceal'd,
Till now by many a certain mark reveal'd,
In him his kinſman Guido well he knew,
Who by an alien's bed his birth from Amon drew.

  Then thus—Behold the Engliſh duke confeſs'd,
Thy own Aſtolpho here—he ſaid, and preſs'd
The youthful champion with a cloſe embrace,
While tears of pleaſure trickled down his face.
What proof ſo certain, could we here receive?
What proof, dear kinſman, could thy mother leave
To ſpeak thy birth, like what thy ſword has ſhown
In glorious fight, to ſtamp thee for our own?
  Guido in every land, ſave this, had view'd,
With joyful greeting, one ſo near in blood;
But ſaw him now with grief, ſince well he knew
The conqueſt his, deſtruction muſt enſue
To England's noble knight: Aſtolpho freed
From fear of death or chains, himſelf muſt bleed;
Where this good fortune finds, to that muſt ill ſucceed.
He mourn'd, that when his arm had won the fight,
Eternal bonds muſt wait each hapleſs knight;

Nor (ſhould he periſh in the doubtful ſtrife)
Could each in freedom better hold his life.
If in the firſt their champion's arms prevail,
A female in the ſecond field muſt fail.
Marphiſa hence would conquer him in vain,
When victim ſhe muſt fall, and captives they remain.
No leſs the valour of the generous youth,
His early manhood and heroic truth,
Such pity kindled in Marphiſa's breaſt,
Such thoughts inſpir'd in every valiant gueſt,
That freedom which his death alone could give,
On terms like theſe they wiſh'd not to receive;
And if Marphiſa with his life muſt buy
Her comrades' ſafety, ſhe with him would die.
To Guido then—Unite thee to our band,
And let us quit by force this hated land.
Such hopes, alas! are fruitleſs (he reply'd),
Our combat only muſt our fate decide:
Then ſhe—This heart through fear ſhall never ſhun
The glorious taſk my arms have thus begun:
Nor know I any ſafer means to try,
Than what my ſword and own right hand ſupply.
Such in the battle have I prov'd thy might,
With thee I dare the moſt unequal fight.

When,

When, on to-morrow's ſun, the vulgar crew
Shall throng the theatre our jouſt to view,
Let us on all our deathful rage diſpenſe,
On thoſe that fly, and thoſe that make defence;
To wolves and vultures caſt their bodies dead,
And ſee the flames on all their city ſpread.
Behold me ready (fearleſs Guido cry'd)
To join thy arms, and periſh by thy ſide:
But never muſt we hope with life to fly;
Suffice that unreveng'd we ſhall not die.
Oft have I told, of this inhuman race,
Ten thouſand females in the crowded ſpace:
As many guard the caſtle, walls, and ſtrand,
That none, unqueſtion'd, can depart the land.
To whom Marphiſa—Be their numbers more
Than Xerxes muſter'd on the Grecian ſhore:
Than thoſe rebellious ſpirits, juſtly driven
To endleſs pains from bliſsful ſeats of heaven,

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Ver. 543. *Than thoſe rebellious ſpirits,*—] Some critics have condemned Arioſto for making Marphiſa a Pagan (or rather Mahometan) allude to the fate of the angels, one of the traditions of the Chriſtian church: but to this it may be anſwered, that the Mahometan religion has adopted many tenets of the Moſaic and Chriſtian faith; and that, among others, the Koran refers to the rebellion in heaven.

RUSCELI.

Be

Be thou my aid—at leaſt, aſſiſt not thoſe;
One day ſhall ſee me rout this hoſt of foes.
  Then Guido—Hear what haply may prevail,
All other means are vain if this ſhould fail:
Know, none but females ever make reſort
To view the harbour or frequent the port.
Of all my wives, in one I chief confide,
By many a proof of long affection try'd.
Alike with me, would ſhe deſire to break
My ſlaviſh bonds, could ſhe my flight partake,
So from her rivals might ſhe hope to prove
The ſingle partner of my future love:
She in the bay, ere morn has clear'd the air
From murky ſhade, a pinnace ſhall prepare,
Which, amply ſtor'd, your mariners ſhall find
To plough the deep and catch the favouring wind.
You cloſe behind my guiding ſteps purſue,
Knights, merchants, ſeamen, (a determin'd crew)
United firmly; every welcome gueſt
That here has deign'd beneath my roof to reſt.
Should aught oppoſe to intercept our courſe,
Your arms and valour muſt a paſſage force;
And thus, I truſt, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
To ſet you free from this deteſted land.

Act

Act as thou wilt (Marphiſa thus reply'd),
I for my ſafety in myſelf confide.
Firſt by this truſty weapon's edge ſhall fall
Each foe enclos'd within this fatal wall,
Ere any eye behold me flying here,
Or aught, that in this boſom argues fear:
Let me, with dint of arms, by day depart:
All other ways ill ſuit the dauntleſs heart.
Yet were my ſex diſclos'd, a woman's name
Would fair regard from every female claim.
Here might I dwell eſteem'd in higheſt grace,
And midſt their ſenate hold an honour'd place;
But ſince with theſe I came, with theſe to ſhare
One common fortune is alone my care;
Nor would I poorly freedom here retain,
Or hence depart while theſe in bonds remain.

Marphiſa thus, and by her words made known,
That more her comrades' ſafety than her own
Reſtrain'd her ardour; leſt on them ſhould fall
Thoſe miſchiefs, which ſhe ſought t' avert from all.
Elſe had ſhe looſen'd on the female kind
Her generous wrath; but now with cooler mind
To Guido's conduct ſhe the day reſign'd.

Guido,

Guido, by night, his faithful dame addrefs'd,
Aleria, of his conforts lov'd the beft:
Nor needed much to move her gentle mind
To fecond what her deareft lord defign'd.
A fhip fhe chofe with due provifions ftor'd,
And all her wealthieft treafures plac'd on board;
Then with her comrades, feign'd at morning break,
In fearch of fpoil a venturous cruife to make.
Meanwhile, beneath her roof fhe bade prepare
Spears, bucklers, fwords, each implement of war;
With thefe againft th' unnumber'd foes to ftand,
To arm the merchants and the failor band.
All night, againft furprife, the guard they keep,
By turns they hold the watch, by turns they fleep;
And fheath'd in armour wait, with longing eyes
To fee the dawning red in eaftern fkies.
Scarce had the day begun with beamy light
To chace from earth the gloomy veil of night:
Scarce had the offspring of Lycaon driven
The early ploughfhare through the fields of Heaven,
When

Ver. 610. *Scarce had the offspring of Lycaon*—] By the offfpring of Lycaon, the poet means Arcas, fon of Califto, and grandfon of Lycaon, faid to be placed among the ftars, and called Bootes. He

When in the theatre, the female throng,
To view the combat, pour'd in heaps along:
Thus, o'er the threſhold of their peopled hive,
When ſpring returns, the bees in cluſters drive.
With trumpets, drums, and horns, that echo'd round,
The tumult thickens; earth and ſkies reſound;
While thus their lord they ſummon'd to the fight,
To end his battle with the ſtranger knight.
  In armour Guido, Sanſonetto came,
Gryphon, and Aquilant, the martial dame*,
With England's duke†; and next a mingled crowd,
Some march'd on foot, and ſome the ſteed beſtrode.
From Guido's dwelling, to the port and bay,
Their paſſage through the liſt of combat lay.
Thus ſaid the youth, and urg'd the valiant crew
His bold example fearleſs to purſue.

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* Marphisa. † Astolpho.

He is feigned by the poets to be a huſbandman in heaven, and to drive the northern wain, here, perhaps, by rather a forced conſtruction, ſuppoſed to have been a plough. See Ovid. Met. B. II.

Ver. 618. *While thus their lord*,&c.]—By this is meant Guido, who, as the poet tells us, for his ſingular valour had obtained a kind of ſovereignty over the Amazons.

Silent

Silent he led them on, refolv'd to dare
The dreadful trial in the public fquare.
He enter'd now, a hundred in his train,
And eager ftrove the adverfe gate to gain;
In vain he ftrove, while countlefs throngs enclos'd,
And with their glittering arms his courfe oppos'd.

Soon as they faw him head his following band,
They deem'd he meant with thofe to leave the land:
At once they feiz'd their bows, their fhafts prepar'd,
And fwiftly rufh'd the portal's pafs to guard.
Guido, his bold compeers with dauntlefs breaft,
But chief Marphifa, brave above the reft,
Forget not now their dreadful fwords to ply,
And every means to force the paffage try.
But now fo thick the arrows rain around,
That wounded fome, fome lifelefs prefs the ground.
Deep, and more deep, th' unequal conflict grows,
Till valour fhrinks before fuch hoft of foes:
In happy time each warrior's temper'd arms
Defend his bofom from invading harms.
Beneath him Sanfonetto's fteed is flain,
And near him falls Marphifa's on the plain:
Then thus Aftolpho thought—What dangerous hour
Can better claim my horn's fubduing power?

Since all our ſwords avail not—let us prove
If this, as wont, can every fear remove.
  Thus he, and to his mouth the horn applies;
The earth reſounds, and echoes rend the ſkies.
Each ſtartled breaſt is ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Each ready foot is turn'd to ſpeedy flight;
Theſe from their ſeats aghaſt and trembling fall,
Thoſe undefended leave the gates and wall.
As, when deep ſlumber every eyelid ſeals,
Where, by degrees, the flame cloſe lurking ſteals
From beam to beam, till around it preys;
Sudden awaken'd in the fiery blaze,
From room to room the ſhrieking wretches fly,
From roofs and windows leap, while from on high
Some ſcape by falling, ſome by falling die.
Thus, careleſs of her life, and wild with fear,
Each flies the ſound that thunders in her ear.
At every gate at once a thouſand preſs;
Heaps fall on heaps; the driving throngs increaſe,
And choak the paſſage: numbers trod beneath
Are ſlain; and numbers meet untimely death
From gates or ramparts caſt: one ſudden dies;
One, with cruſh'd limbs a lingering victim lies!

Dire is the tumult, mingled cries aſcend,
And loud laments the ſtarry regions rend.
Where'er the horn is heard, they ſpeed their pace;
Nor wonder if the vile ignoble race
With coward looks and panting hearts appear,
Since nature forms the daſtard hare to fear:
But how of bold Marphiſa ſhall I tell?
Of Guido Savage, prov'd in fight ſo well?
Of Olivero's* ſons, whoſe martial praiſe
Such laſting honours to their houſe could raiſe:
Who late whole armies view'd with fearleſs eye,
And now, bereft of courage, trembling fly?
They fly like timorous doves, or helpleſs deer,
What time ſome ſtrange approaching noiſe they hear
To every friend and foe alike is found
The ſpelful terror of the magic ſound:
Guido the brave, and Sanſonetto, yield;
The brethren*, and Marphiſa lately ſteel'd
To every chance, attempt to ſhun in vain
The fearful din which ſtill their ears retain.
Meantime Aſtolpho through the city goes,
And with new breath his horn terrific blows.

---

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

One gains the fea; one climbs the mountain's fide,
And one in gloomy forefts feeks to hide.
Some traverfe many a league of country o'er,
And fome review their native feats no more:
While fome t' efcape from land, would ftem the wave,
And find in ruthlefs feas a watery grave.
Each houfe, or dome, is now an empty fpace,
And all the city fhows a defert place.

Marphifa, Guido bold, the brethren two
Gryphon and Aquilant their flight purfue;
With thefe the merchants and the failor train,
In equal terror throng the beaten plain;
And now they come, where near the caftle rides
A veffel which Aleria's care provides:
With fpeed embarking, they forfake the fhore,
Hoift every fail, and bend to every oar.

The city clear'd, Aftolpho feeks the ftrand,
In hopes again to join his focial band.
Now here, now there he turns, but views in vain
Th' abandon'd port, till cafting tow'rds the main
His eager eyes, at diftance far he fees
The veffel fail before the favouring breeze!
Forfaken thus, he other thoughts revolves
To quit the realm; and many a fcheme refolves

But let him go, nor heed though thus we make
The gentle duke his lonely journey take
Through barbarous realms, and unbelieving lands,
Where conſtant danger conſtant fear demands.
Yet wherefore ſhould he fear, whoſe horn diſplay'd,
In every danger brings reſiſtleſs aid?
 Now let his frighted friends our care divide,
Who quit the land, and plough th' unſtable tide.
Full ſwell their ſails, till diſtant from the ſhore
The horn, ſo late their dread, is heard no more!
One terror now diſpell'd, the fear of blame
In every feature lights the glow of ſhame:
They dare not meet their comrades' eyes, but ſtand,
With down-caſt eyes, a mute dejected band.
 The pilot, on his courſe by Cyprus glides,
By fertile Rhodes; and cuts th' Egean tides.
A hundred iſlands vaniſh from his ſight;
With theſe the Malean cape, a dangerous height.
Then ſcudding onward, with a ſteady wind,
He leaves the Greek Morea far behind.
From Sicily, the Tyrrhene ſurges croſt,
He ſails by Italy's delightful coaſt;

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Ver. 721. *But let him go,* &c.] He follows him, Book xxii. ver. 31.

And now to Luna's wiſh'd-for port he bends,
And hails his home and long forſaken friends;
In thanks to Heaven for all his trials o'er,
By ſtorms at ſea and perils on the ſhore.

The warriors here with bold Marphiſa find,
In happy time, a ſhip for France deſign'd.
The pilot theſe invites: the willing train
That day embarking, ſoon Marſeilles they gain.

It chanc'd that Bradamant, whoſe noble hand
Deputed rul'd, was abſent from the land:
Elſe had they, by the generous maid detain'd,
Beneath her friendly roof awhile remain'd.
They quit the ſhip—Marphiſa bids adieu
To Guido's dame, to all the knightly crew.
It ill beſeem'd, in one ſame troop (ſhe cry'd)
To view ſo many knights of valour try'd:
While doves and ſtorks are ſeen together join'd,
And deer and ſtags, with all the timorous kind;
The falcon fierce, the royal eagle's race,
That ne'er in others hopes of ſafety place,
Bears, lions, tigers, beaſts that know not fear,
Unaided ſtill, and ſingle ſtill appear.

Such were her words, though not alike they weigh'd
With all the reſt; but hence the wondrous maid

The

The champions leaves, and travels thence, alone,
Through unfrequented woods and paths unknown.
Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black,
Guido and Sanfonetto find the track
That to a caftle led, whofe courteous lord
Gave each a welcome to his bed and board:
Courteous at leaft he feem'd, while each deceiv'd,
His plaufive words and femblance fair believ'd;
But, foon as fleep at night their eyes oppref's'd,
He feiz'd them while they lay fecure at reft;
Nor from the captives would their chains withdraw,
Till each had fworn t' obferve a cruel law.

But ere we further fpeak what thefe befel,
The deeds of brave Marphifa let us tell.
Druenza paft, the Seine and Rhodan's ftream,
At length fhe near a lofty mountain came:
There by a flood, with fudden waters fwell'd,
An aged dame in fable weeds beheld:
With travel fpent fhe feem'd, and fore diftreft,
But more with heavy thought than toil oppref's'd.
Lo! this was fhe, who far from haunts of men,
Had liv'd with outlaws in the favage den;

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Ver. 779. *But ere we further fpeak*—] He returns to thefe, Book xxii. ver. 372.

Where Heaven the Paladin Orlando drew,
To wreak full juſtice on that impious crew.
The beldame fearing death (and why ſuch fate
She ſeem'd to fear, the ſequel ſhall relate)
Through fields and foreſts fled remote from ſight,
And ſhunn'd to meet the face of hind or knight.
She ſees the veſture of the martial dame,
With foreign arms, a ſtranger born proclaim;
And hence ſhe flies not, as ſhe flies from thoſe
Whoſe garb a warrior of the country ſhows.
Beſide the ſtream ſhe waits, and now ſhe meets
Th' approaching knight, and low ſaluting, greets,
Beſeeching, on his ſteed to waft her o'er
Th' oppoſing torrent to the further ſhore.

Marphiſa, courteous from her earlieſt years,
Acroſs the flood the ancient beldame bears,
And, paſt the ford, diſdains not to convey
Behind her courſer, till they paſs'd a way
Heavy with ſlough—when clad in armour bright,
With trappings rich they met an unknown knight,
Gay pacing tow'rds the ſtream; with him a dame,
And ſingle ſquire (his ſole attendant) came.
Fair was the dame he brought, but fair in vain,
Her haughty carriage caſt a deepening ſtain

On all her beauty, while her ſcorn and pride
Seem'd well-befitting him that grac'd her ſide.
This knight was Pinabel, whoſe treach'ry gave
To Bradamant the fall in Merlin's cave.
His ſighs were breath'd, his ſcalding tears were ſhed
For her, whom now beneath his care he led;
For her, whom then the magic tower detain'd:
But when Atlantes' guile no more reſtrain'd
His captives, freed by brave Dordona's* dame,
She, not unmindful of her former flame,
To Pinabel return'd, and with him ſtill
Wander'd from tower to tower, o'er foreſt, dale, and
hill.
Soon as ſhe view'd Marphiſa's aged crone,
The ſhameleſs fair, to taunting ever prone,
No more the venom of her tongue ſuppreſs'd,
But gave full vent to many a ſcornful jeſt.
Then brave Marphiſa, little us'd to bear
Another's inſult, or unpuniſh'd hear,
Inflam'd with anger, to the dame replies:
His partner ſhould with her diſpute the prize
Of beauty's bloom, with offer on her knight
To vouch the proof; and theſe the terms of fight,

* Bradamant.

That,

That, if o'erthrown her lover preſs'd the field,
The damſel ſhould her veſt and palfrey yield.
Here Pinabello, rouz'd by ſenſe of ſhame,
To' accept the challenge and defend his dame,
His ſpear and buckler ſeizing, wheel'd his ſteed,
And on Marphiſa ruſh'd with wrathful ſpeed.
Her mighty ſpear in reſt Marphiſa held,
And full on Pinabello's helm impell'd
The forceful ſtroke that hurl'd him to the plain,
Where ſtunn'd he lay, as number'd with the ſlain.
At length he roſe; when, victor of the day,
Marphiſa from the ſtranger rent away
Her glittering ornaments and youthful veſt,
And with the ſpoils her aged beldame dreſs'd;
Then on the palfrey plac'd, which late before,
With other grace, the haughty damſel bore.
This done, ſhe turn'd, the way with her to hold,
Who ſeem'd by dreſs ſtill more deform'd and old.
Three days they journey'd on, ere aught befel
In length of travel, worthy here to tell.
The fourth they met a knight, who bent on ſpeed,
With goring rowels urg'd his flying ſteed:
Zerbino nam'd, the king of Scotland's ſon,
For manly beauty fam'd and battles won:

Of vengeance late defrauded on the hand,
Who dar'd his godlike mercy to withſtand.
In vain Zerbino long, incens'd, purſu'd
The bold offender through the devious wood,
Who knew ſo well to wind each tangled brake,
So well th' advantage of the ground to take,
That, ſhelter'd by ſurrounding ſhade, and veil'd
In miſty vapours by the morn exhal'd,
He 'ſcap'd purſuit, reſolv'd himſelf to hide,
Till time ſhould bid his prince's wrath ſubſide.
Though ill-diſpos'd, Zerbino could not hold
From laughter, when he view'd the beldame old,
Whoſe youthful habit ſeem'd ſo ill to grace
Her doating age, and wither'd homely face.
Then to Marphiſa, prancing at her ſide:
Thy prudence merits praiſe, Sir Knight (he cry'd)
That chuſing for thy mate ſo fair a dame,
Thou need'ſt not fear a rival in thy flame.
By ſallow hue, and wrinkled ſkin appears
Th' ill-favour'd hag beyond the Sybil's years.

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Ver. 877.—*wrinkled ſkin appears*
*Th' ill-favour'd hag*—] Dolce, the Italian commentator, here gravely obſerves, that the poet particularly dwells on this circumſtance, to denote the years of Gabrina: and ſagely concludes, that wrinkles are a mark of old age!

A grand-

A grandame ape ſhe looks, in gameſome ſort,
With veſture clad to make the vulgar ſport:
Her eyes aſkance, with ſpite and anger roll'd:
What hurts a woman more than to be told
The world entitle her deform'd and old.

The noble maid, here feigning wrath, to try
What haply might enſue, made this reply.

She whom I guard, I ſwear by Heaven, has more
Of beauty's claim than thou of courteous lore.
Thou ſeem'ſt to her tranſcendant graces blind,
To veil the baſeneſs of thy daſtard mind.
What other knight that here ſhould chance to meet
A maid ſo young, in every charm complete,
By one defended, but his ſtrength would prove
To win in her the ſweet reward of love?

So well with thee ſhe ſuits, (Zerbino cries)
'Twere much injuſtice to diſpute the prize;
Nor ſhall I, loſt to ſenſe, my arms employ
In ſuch a cauſe—thou, what thou haſt, enjoy.
Yet, if thou ſeek'ſt with me in ſight to join,
On other terms I ſhall not this decline.
But think me not ſo blinded, for her ſake
In liſted field a ſingle lance to break.

Homely or fair, with thee ſhe ſhall abide,
Nor will I love, ſo aptly pair'd, divide.
Heaven knows you both are join'd beyond compare,
If thou art valiant as the nymph is fair.
Marphiſa then rejoin'd—In thy deſpite,
To win this damſel muſt thou prove the fight:
Ne'er ſhalt thou view her beauties with deſire,
And not to win thoſe peerleſs charms aſpire.
I know not who (Zerbino made reply)
For ſuch a conqueſt would the combat try;
Where courting danger with unfruitful pains,
The victor loſes while the vanquiſh'd gains.
Since terms like theſe diſpleaſe thee, hear me make
Another offer which thou well may'ſt take;
(Marphiſa anſwered) if in jouſt, to thine
My arms ſubmit, this dame ſhall ſtill be mine;
But, if I conquer, her thou ſhalt receive;
Thus be our trial who the prize ſhall leave.
Should Fortune bid thee now reſign the day,
'Tis thine to guard her as ſhe points the way.
Agreed—Zerbino ſaid, and ſpeaking, wheel'd
His rapid courſer to diſpute the field:
Firm on his ſtirrups with collected might,
He ſtood; and, to direct his ſpear aright,

Againſt

Againſt her buckler drove the pointed wood;
Which, like a mount of ſteel, the ſhock withſtood;
While ſhe, with better nerve, his helmet found,
And inſtant hurl'd him ſenſeleſs to the ground.
  Zerbino, thus unhors'd, ſuch ſhame confeſs'd,
As ne'er till then his generous ſoul depreſs'd.
Full many a warrior had his ſpear before
Caſt from their ſeats: but now he fears, no more
His arm ſhall clear his fame, while loſt in thought,
New anguiſh in his penſive boſom wrought,
To think henceforth, by ſacred promiſe plight,
Himſelf conſtrain'd to reſt the beldame's knight.
  High ſeated on her ſteed, the conquering maid
Turn'd with a ſmile—Accept my gift (ſhe ſaid);
The more I ſee the dame in beauty ſhine,
It joys me more to ſee ſuch beauty thine.
Then, in my place, her champion's charge ſuſtain,
Nor let thy faith, ſo lately pledg'd, be vain.
Whate'er ſhe bids, it fits thee to obey,
Guide of her fate, and partner of her way.
  She ſtay'd not for reply, but left the knight,
And ſoon the foreſt ſhut her from his ſight.

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Ver. 947—*ſhut her from his ſight.*] He returns to Marphiſa, Book xxv. ver. 676.

Then to the crone he ſpoke (for ſure he deem'd
His conquering foe a warrior as ſhe ſeem'd)
Give me to hear what knight has ſtain'd my fame?
The beldame anſwer'd, eager to proclaim
What known would grieve him more—On yonder land
Thou fall'ſt (ſhe cry'd) beneath a virgin's hand:
A virgin, who for valour well may wield
The warrior's falchion and the warrior's ſhield;
Who now from Eaſtern realms, with ſword and lance,
Is come to prove the Paladins of France.

At this, Zerbino's ſoul indignant glow'd,
While o'er his viſage fluſh'd the changing blood;
Through all his frame the deep contagion ſpread,
And ev'n his armour ſeem'd to bluſh with red.
Remounting on his ſteed, he curs'd in vain
The nerves that could not late his ſeat maintain.
The hag in ſecret ſmil'd, and every art
Of malice try'd to' afflict his generous heart
With cruel taunts, and bade him call to mind
What chance had now to her's his will reſign'd.

Zerbino heard abaſh'd, nor aught, reply'd,
Conſtrain'd the worſt, like weary ſteed, to' abide,
That feels the bit in mouth, and rowels at his ſide.

In

In frequent ſighs he gave his anguiſh vent:
What dire reverſe (he cry'd) has Fortune ſent!
While ſhe, the firſt in virtue as in charms,
Untimely torn from theſe deſiring arms,
Is daſh'd on rocks, or given the precious food
Of ravenous fiſh and fowls that haunt the flood.
Lo! her, that buried in her earthly bed,
Should long ere this the hungry worms have fed,
Thou now preſerv'ſt beyond her loathſome date,
To add new torments to my wretched ſtate.
Thus ſpoke Zerbino, hapleſs and forlorn:
Nor leſs in words and looks he ſeem'd to mourn
His odious mate, by luckleſs chance acquir'd,
Than loſs of her whom moſt his ſoul deſir'd.

If ſtill your mind retains what once I told,
This hag was ſhe who left the cavern'd hold,
Where Iſabella, who Zerbino held
In love's ſoft bonds, ſome days a priſoner dwell'd:
Oft had ſhe there rehears'd her ſtory o'er,
How firſt ſhe left her dear paternal ſhore;
How, ſhipwreck'd on the ſea and ſhelvy ſtrand,
She ſaved her life on Rochelle's welcome land.
Oft would the love-lorn maid delight to tell
Of loſt Zerbino; oft with rapture dwell

On every grace: Soon as the beldame nigh
Had mark'd his mien and face with heedful eye,
She deem'd in him ſhe view'd the noble youth
By Iſabella wept with matchleſs truth;
Whoſe abſence to her ſoul more ſorrow gave
Than cruel bondage in the outlaws' cave.
  But when ſhe now with fix'd attention heard
His words in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
She found 'twas he, who, by report miſled,
His deareſt Iſabella, mourn'd as dead;
And while the truth ſhe knew, with impious ſpite,
To' exclude all gleam of comfort from the knight,
What beſt might raiſe his hope ſhe kept conceal'd,
And what would give him pain, alone reveal'd.
  Hear thou (ſhe cry'd), from whom I thus have borne
Such haughty carriage, ſuch inſulting ſcorn,
Did'ſt thou but think what tidings I could tell
Of her on whom thy fond affections dwell,
How might'ſt thou ſpeak me fair—but all in vain
Would force or ſoothing now that ſecret gain,
Which, had thy ſpeech more gentle manners ſhown,
Thou might'ſt, perchance, diſcourteous youth, have known.

As the grim maſtiff, who with fury threats
Th' invading robber, ſoon his rage forgets,
Whene'er, by ſcent of ſavoury meat allur'd,
Or lull'd with ſpells by magic art procur'd:
Thus ſoon Zerbino, with a ſoften'd air,
Beſought the hag with tears and humble prayer,
By Gods and men, no longer to conceal
Whate'er of good or ill ſhe could reveal.

Nought canſt thou know, that known would yield delight,
(Th' unfeeling beldame anſwer'd to the knight)
She lives! whom now as dead thy ſighs deplore,
But lives to envy thoſe who live no more.
Full twenty, not by laws nor faith reſtrain'd,
Thy Iſabella long in bonds detain'd:
Then think, ſhould fate reſtore her to thy arms,
What hope remains to' enjoy her virgin charms?

Ah! hag accurs'd! (Zerbino made reply)
How haſt thou fram'd a foul deteſted lie!
Though twenty might the captive fair detain,
Not one would dare her ſpotleſs honour ſtain.

Thus he—then queſtion'd when and where ſhe view'd
His beſt belov'd; but ſhe, in ſullen mood,

Was mute; determin'd to diſcloſe no more,
Nor add a word to what ſhe told before.
Zerbino mildly firſt his ſpeech addreſs'd,
Then held his threatening weapon to her breaſt.
Alike in vain his prayer, his menace prov'd,
Nor prayer, nor threat, the ſtubborn beldame mov'd.
Yet what he heard, he ponder'd deep in thought,
Till ſecret fears his jealous torment wrought.
He burn'd his Iſabella's charms to view,
Through toils to follow, and to death purſue;
But durſt not move without his partner's will,
Which late Marphiſa bound him to fulfil.
Thence, as ſhe led, through ſolitary ſhade
And unfrequented paths Zerbino ſtray'd.
Whether o'er hill or vale their way they took,
Nor words they utter'd, nor exchang'd a look:
But when the ſun, with ſlow declining ray,
Had paſt the ſplendor of meridian day,
To break the ſilence, in the way there fell
A knight, whoſe name th' enſuing book ſhall tell.

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ZERBINO, to defend Gabrina, engages in ſingle combat with Hermonides, from whom he hears the particulars of her wicked life, and is warned of the miſchiefs that may befall him from her company.

THE

# TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

NOT ſtrongeſt cords in circling bandage roll'd,
So cloſely brace; not claſps of iron hold
The plank ſo firm, as plighted faith can bind
In never-looſening ties the noble mind.
The ſages hence, of ancient time, have dreſt
Faith (heavenly Goddeſs!) in a ſpotleſs veſt
Envelop'd fair, and white as falling ſnows,
That every caſual ſoil and blemiſh ſhows.

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Ver. 5. *The ſages hence, &c.*—] That faith (or ſincere dealing) was anciently painted in white garments, may be gathered from this paſſage in Horace.

——et albo rara fides colit
Velata panno.

True honour muſt in even tenor run,
Before a thouſand pledg'd, or given to one:
Not leſs in woods or lonely caverns known,
Far from the concourſe of the peopled town,
Than at the full tribunal, where aloud
Each act is witneſs'd to the liſtening crowd:
Without or oaths, or forms judicial paſt,
A promiſe made but once ſhould ever laſt.
This duty, ſtill on virtuous minds impreſt,
Was ever preſent to Zerbino's breaſt;
So ſacred held, that from his purpos'd way
He turn'd aſide, through devious paths to ſtray
With her, whom like diſeaſe or death he view'd;
Such ſenſe of right his generous ſoul purſu'd.

Thus journey'd they, till from the weſtern hills
The ſetting ſun diſplay'd his hindmoſt wheels,
When near advancing, with a fearleſs look,
A wandering warrior on their ſilence broke.
Well was he noted by the hateful dame;
Hermonides, of Holland, was his name,
Who bore athwart, depicted on his ſhield,
A band vermillion in a ſable field.
By features chang'd the crone her fears expreſs'd,
And to the prince her humble ſpeech addreſs'd.

She

She bade him now in mind his promiſe bear
To her, who plac'd her in his guardian care:
For he, the knight who met them face to face,
Was foe to her, and foe to all her race:
Her dear-lov'd father periſh'd by his guilt;
By him her only brother's blood was ſpilt;
And ſtill he fought, with more than ruthleſs mind,
To glut his rage on all her wretched kind.
Woman! in me behold thy champion near!
(Zerbino cry'd) and baniſh every fear.
When now, with heedful eyes, th' approaching knight
Had mark'd that face, ſo odious to his ſight,
Prepare with me in ſingle fight to meet,
(Aloud he threatening cry'd with generous heat)
Or quit yon' female's ſide, and by my hand
Give her to periſh as her crimes demand:
If thou defend'ſt her cauſe, thou muſt be ſlain,
For thus it falls to thoſe who wrong maintain.
Zerbino then, with courteous ſpeech reply'd,
Such thoughts could only with the baſe reſide;
Yet if he preſs'd the fight, he ſhould not find
A flying foe; but will'd him firſt in mind

To ponder, how a knight of gentle ſtrain
In helpleſs woman's blood his hand could ſtain.
  Theſe words, and many more, in vain enſu'd;
For deeds at length the conteſt muſt conclude:
Now for the tilt they wheel around the plain,
Then, turning furious, meet with looſen'd rein.
Not with ſuch ſpeed the whizzing rocket flies,
Diſmiſt with joy to burſt in upper ſkies;
As in the dreadful ſhock, each fiery horſe
Bore either champion to the headlong courſe.
Low aim'd Hermonides his ſpear, and try'd
Through the left flank his pointed wood to guide:
The feeble wood in craſhing ſplinters broke,
And ſcarce the knight of Scotland felt the ſtroke.
Far different came his lance; with force impell'd,
The targe it pierc'd, and in the ſhoulder held
Its raging way, through plate and mail it flew,
And on the plain Hermonides o'erthrew.
  Zerbino deem'd him ſlain; with pitying haſte
He lighted, and his glittering helm unlac'd.
At length, as from a trance, the wounded knight
Recovering, on Zerbino fix'd his ſight
Awhile in ſilence, till in mournful ſtrain
He ſaid—It grieves me little to ſuſtain

This ſhame from one, whom well his deeds beſpeak
The flower of wandering knights that danger ſeek.
But much to ſuffer in her cauſe I grieve,
Whoſe murderous guile accuſtom'd to deceive,
Could ſuch a knight in her defence engage:
For ill it ſuits an arm ſo brave to wage
A ſtrife like this—and when thou hear'ſt the cauſe
That on her head my righteous fury draws,
Remembrance ever will remorſe awake,
To think thou thus haſt wrong'd me for her ſake.
And if my ſpirits laſt (though much I fear
My ſtrength may fail) a ſtory ſhalt thou hear,
Which told, will prove how far her deeds diſgrace
A woman's name, and all the human race.
My youthful brother, on his fame intent,
From Holland once, our native dwelling, went,
And to Heraclius ſoon a knight was made;
(Heraclius, who the Grecian empire ſway'd)

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Ver. 95.—*Heraclius*—] Heraclius was the ſixteenth emperor of Greece, and ſucceeded Phocas. He was created emperor at Conſtantinople anno 611, and reigned near thirty years, and appears to be the ſame Heraclius in whoſe time the Saracen army, under Caled, laid ſiege to the city of Damaſcus; on which event Mr. Hughes founded his Siege of Damaſcus, the moſt excellent of modern tragedies.

A baron's friendſhip in the court he prov'd,
And he no leſs the courteous baron lov'd;
Who kept, near Servia's lands, a lonely ſeat,
A guarded fortreſs and a calm retreat.
Argeo was his name, whoſe choice had led
Yon loathſome woman to his nuptial bed,
On whom he doated with ſo fierce a flame,
As paſs'd the bounds that rank like his became:
But ſhe, more changeful than the wither'd leaves
Which Autumn every year of ſap bereaves,
When the chill winds, collecting to a ſtorm,
The verdant honours of the grove deform,
Now ſudden chac'd from her inconſtant breaſt
The love her huſband there had once poſſeſt;
And every art eſſay'd of looſe deſire
To make my brother burn in lawleſs fire.
Not ſteadier meets th' Acroceraunean ſhore
(Of impious fame) the ocean's ſurgy roar:

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Ver. 113. ——*th' Acroceraunean ſhore*—] Horace calls the rocks of Acroceraunia infamous, becauſe mariners there often ſuffer ſhipwreck.

Infames ſcapulos Acroceraunia—

Lib. I. Od. iii.

Theſe are high rocks or mountains in Epirus, the tops of which are frequently ſtruck with lightning, from which circumſtance they derive their name. They are near the promontory that hangs over the Ionian Sea.

Not

Not firmer, midſt the northern blaſt, appears
A pine, the produce of a hundred years,
(Far as whoſe head above the Alps aſcends;
So deep its root beneath the ſurface tends)
Than now my brother met the dame's requeſt,
A dame of every vice the fertile neſt!
Meantime, as it befalls a wandering knight
Who danger ſeeks, on dangers oft to light;
It chanc'd my brother, on adventures bound,
Receiv'd in combat many a grievous wound.
Argeo's fort was near, no need to wait
For leave to enter at his friendly gate;
He came, as wont, reſolv'd with medicine's power,
And reſt, his health and vigour to reſtore.
Argeo, on ſome ſecret purpoſe bent,
As need requir'd him, from the caſtle went:
His conſort then the welcome time embrac'd,
To tempt my brother with her ſuit unchaſte:
But he, a loyal friend as virtuous youth,
Impatient to behold his ſpotleſs truth
So hard beſet; whom evils thus encloſe;
At length of many ills the lighteſt choſe;
Of many ills this choice the youth purſues,
To fly Argeo, and his friendſhip loſe;

And

And dwell an outcaſt, where the ſhameleſs dame
Might never hear again his luckleſs name.
Hard was the choice, but harder to fulfil,
Againſt his duty, her ungovern'd will;
Or to her lord accuſe a faithleſs wife,
Her lord who priz'd her dearer than his life.

Still pale and feeble with his wounds he took
His arms and courſer, and the place forſook;
In willing exile from his friend he went,
But envious Fortune croſs'd his good intent.
Lo! to his home the huſband came, and found
His wife in floods of ſeeming ſorrow drown'd;
With hagged features and diſhevell'd hair:
Surpriz'd, he queſtion'd whence her deep deſpair:
Again, and yet again, her ſpeech he woo'd
To learn the cauſe, while ſhe, in ſullen mood,
Within her boſom ſchemes of malice bred,
To' avenge her ſlighted flame on him who fled.
Nor deem it ſtrange that ſhe, refus'd ſo late,
Should ſudden change her former love to hate.

At length—Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſeek (ſhe cry'd)
The guilt, incurr'd when thou wert gone, to hide?
Though from the world the horror I diſguiſe,
It ever naked to reflection lies!

The

The ſoul that groans beneath a ſecret ſin,
Feels its own weight of puniſhment within,
That far exceeds all outward pain of ſenſe
Another might inflict for ſuch offence:
If that, which force conſtrains, offence we name:
But be it as it may—attend my ſhame!
Then from its ſeat polluted let thy ſword
To this unſpotted ſoul releaſe afford:
So ſhall theſe lids be clos'd in welcome ſleep,
No longer after ſuch diſgrace to weep
With eyes caſt downwards, fearing ſtill to read
In every face abhorrence of the deed.
Know then—thy friend—thy boſom friend aſſail'd
My matron honour—and by force prevail'd:
Then dreading leſt I ſhould his crime recite,
The villain parted hence with ſpeedy flight.

Thus ſhe; and with theſe impious words addreſt
Againſt his friend, inflam'd her huſband's breaſt:
Too eaſy of belief, Argeo flew
With arms and ſteed, his victim to purſue;
The ſeeds of vengeance rankling in his mind,
Vers'd in the ways, my brother ſoon he join'd,
Who, faint with ſcarce heal'd wounds, in journey ſlow,
Paſs'd penſive on, and little fear'd a foe.

Now

Now, in a lonely ſhade, with eager rage,
The baron ruſh'd th' unequal fight to wage.
My hapleſs brother vain excuſes fram'd;
Incens'd Argeo loud the combat claim'd.
The one was ſtrong, with deep reſentment mov'd,
The other weak, and much his friend he lov'd.
Philander then (ſo call th' unhappy youth,
The guiltleſs victim of unſpotted truth)
Who ſuch a foe with ſtrength unequal found,
Was vanquiſh'd in the fight, and captive bound.
Forbid it Heaven! tho' now to juſtice led
For guilt ſo deep as thine (Argeo ſaid)
I e'er ſhould kill the man I held ſo dear,
The man I deem'd to me with faith ſincere
Ally'd ſo late——my friendſhip thus betray'd,
Our cauſe before th' impartial world be weigh'd.
As I in love excell'd, when once we lov'd,
So would I ſtand in hatred unreprov'd.
Let other puniſhment thy deeds attend,
Than death from him who call'd thee once his friend.

Thus he; and on a courſer bade be plac'd
A ruſtic bier of branches interlac'd,
Half dead thereon the wretched youth was laid,
And to the caſtle's neighbouring walls convey'd,

Where

Where, in the lone retreat, he lay confin'd,
The penance for his life deſign'd.
Impriſon'd there, he found each lenient grace,
Save only, in excurſion from the place,
To roam abroad; in all beſide, he ſtill
Found every menial ready at his will.
But that abandon'd dame, whoſe impious mind
Renew'd the purpoſe ſhe at firſt deſign'd,
Each day Philander view'd, and as ſhe choſe,
With ready key bade every gate uncloſe:
My brother with inſatiate will ſhe preſs'd,
And bolder now preferr'd her foul requeſt.
What more avails thy boaſted truth (ſhe cry'd),
Since my report has ſet that boaſt aſide?
In vain thy virtue due regard may claim,
When each inſults thee with a traitor's name.
How had thy honour and thy peace been ſpar'd,
Wouldſt thou have given my love its dear reward?
Behold the guerdon of thy mighty pains,
Of all thy rigour, lo! what fruit remains!
Thou dwell'ſt in durance, never hence to part,
Till pity ſoften thy obdurate heart:
But if thou yield'ſt—I ſome device will frame
To ſet thee free, and heal thy wounded fame.

Philander answer'd—Hope not to prevail,
Nor think Philander's faith shall ever fail;
Though now it meets such unexpected lot:
Howe'er the world my merits has forgot,
One Power above my innocence can see,
And, at his will, my soul from trouble free.
If all suffice not—let Argeo take
This wretched being, his revenge to slake.
Perchance in Heaven hereafter may I find
That recompense, withheld me by mankind:
When he, who now detests my hated name,
As life shall cease to warm this mortal frame,
May to my mem'ry wrong'd at last be just,
And weep his dear companion laid in dust.

Thus oft the shameless woman strives to gain
Philander's love, as oft she strives in vain:
Blind with her lust, she feeds her flame within,
And hopes, at length, her lawless will to win;
Each rack'd invention in her thought applies,
And ponders all her magazine of lies;
A thousand schemes, now here, now there, revolves,
Nor yet on one her wavering mind resolves.

Six

Six months elaps'd since last the impious dame,
As was her custom, to his presence came,
And hence he hop'd that time had cur'd her lust-
ful flame.
But Fortune, friendly to the wicked, brought
The wish'd occasion which she long had sought,
And gave her, by unheard-of guilt t' attain
The purpose which she oft had try'd in vain.
Between her husband and a baron reign'd
A hatred, in their houses long maintain'd:
Morando was he call'd, surnam'd the Fair,
Who oft, Argeo absent, would repair
Within his castle gates, and every outrage dare.
But, while the lord was there, aloof he stay'd,
Nor durst for many a mile the seat invade.
Argeo, to entice him thither, feign'd
A solemn vow to visit Sion's land.
He seem'd to go, and all who view'd him, thought
That, parting thence, Jerusalem he sought.
Thus went the fame, while to his wife was known
The truth entrusted to her faith alone.
At close of eve the castle he regain'd,
And every night within the walls remain'd.

With arms and enſigns chang'd, at dawn of day,
Each morning to the woods he took his way.
Now here, now there, with heedful watch he ſtray'd
Around his caſtle, lurking in the ſhade,
To mark, if truſting to the well-form'd tale,
Morando durſt, as wont, his walls aſſail.
All day abroad he roam'd, but when he view'd
The light extinguiſh'd in the briny flood,
He came, where ſtation'd his return to wait,
His wife receiv'd him at a ſecret gate.
All, ſave herſelf, believ'd that many a mile
Argeo travell'd; ſhe with murderous guile
The curſt occaſion took, my brother found,
And with dire fraud her impious wiſhes crown'd;
While from her eyes, for ever brew'd at will,
She pour'd a ſhower of tears her breaſt to fill.
Where ſhall I fly? (ſhe cry'd) what ſuccour claim
To guard my own, to guard my huſband's fame?
But were thy noble friend Argeo here,
Nor this, nor that, would give me cauſe for fear.
Thou know'ſt Morando well—Argeo hence,
Scarce Gods or men can yield me now defence
Againſt the traitor, who, with many a bribe
And menace, would ſeduce my menial tribe

To win me to his will—who, ſince he heard
My lord no longer in theſe gates appear'd,
On diſtant travel bent, has dar'd preſume,
Unaſk'd, and hateful in my ſight to come;
But, were my conſort now within my call,
Had kept aloof from this well-guarded wall.
The ſuit he once by diſtant meſſage preſs'd,
He boldly now has face to face addreſs'd;
So cloſe addreſs'd, I dread that future ſhame,
And dire misfortune will attend my name:
And but I late, with more attentive ear,
Gently appear'd his amorous tale to hear,
His paſſion would have ſeiz'd, by open force,
What now he hopes to win by milder courſe.
I promis'd ſoon to yield—yet ne'er deſign'd
To keep what, made through fear, can never bind.
For this, in thee alone I truſt for aid;
Unhelp'd by thee my honour is betray'd,
With my Argeo's—which, if truth may lie
In friendſhip's words, you once eſteem'd ſo high.
If thou refuſe——I to the world atteſt,
Thy boſom wants that faith it once profeſs'd.
Nor was it virtue, but thy cruel ſcorn,
Urg'd thee to ſlight my tears, and ſee me mourn:

Argeo's fame pretended was the ſhield
That, held before, thy ruthleſs ſoul conceal'd.
With thee Love's theft had lurk'd ſecure from blame,
But with Morando all muſt know thy ſhame.
  There needs not this (Philander cries) to move
A ſpirit ever prompt the moſt to prove
For my Argeo's ſake——thy wiſh explain—
The faith I once poſſeſs'd, I ſtill retain.
Whate'er the woes which undeſerv'd I feel,
No deed of his abates my conſtant zeal:
Peril and death for him I dare oppoſe,
Be Fate itſelf, and all the world, my foes.
  Then impious ſhe—Thy weapon muſt deſtroy
The wretch who ſeeks to poiſon all my joy.
Fear not that evil ſhall thyſelf betide,
Do thou but firmly act as I ſhall guide.
Morando will return, when riſing night
With murky ſhade obſcures the ſetting light.
While, at a ſignal fix'd, prepar'd I wait
Unſeen, to give him entrance at the gate.
Thee will I ſafe in ſecret ambuſh place,
Without a ray the friendly gloom to chace;
Till, urg'd by me, his arms aſide to lay,
He to thy juſtice falls an eaſy prey.

With

With cruelty unheard, the ruthleſs wife
Thus form'd the ſnare t' entrap her huſband's life:
If wife ſhe may be call'd, or rather nam'd
A fiend, with more than fiend-like rage inflam'd.
When now the fatal night her ſhadows ſpread,
She to her room my wretched brother led;
There plac'd him with his arms and truſty ſword,
Till home return'd the caſtle's abſent lord.
All to her impious hopes in courſe befel;
'Tis rare but evil deeds ſucceed too well.
Philander deem'd in him Argeo's foe,
And at his own Argeo aim'd the blow:
The cruel weapon cleft his head in twain,
No helm was there the fury to ſuſtain:
Speechleſs he fell; and bleeding as he lay,
Without a ſtruggle groan'd his life away.
Unheard of chance! when thinking to beſtow
A friend's kind aid, he, with a fatal blow,
Such greeting gave as fits the deadlieſt foe.
The huſband thus diſpatch'd; his murdering ſword
My brother to Gabrina's hand reſtor'd.
Gabrina was her name, who every day
Is born to curſe, and lives but to betray!

She who, till then, conceal'd the horrid truth,
With lighted torch approach'd th' unhappy youth,
And bade him view how well his arm had ſped,
And ſhow'd where lay his friend Argeo dead.
She menac'd then, unleſs his pliant will
The dictates of her hateful love fulfil,
In every part to make his treſpaſs known,
Which all ſhould tell, and he in vain diſown.
So muſt he die, with guilt of murder ſtain'd,
A public victim to the hangman's hand.
She bade him ponder, tho' to die he dar'd,
If for a ſhameful death he ſtood prepar'd.
  Philander, when his dire miſtake he view'd,
Congeal'd with horror and amazement ſtood;
Remorſe and rage to vengeance firſt impell'd
His raving thought, and had not reaſon quell'd
The raſh deſign, ſuggeſting, that expos'd
In hoſtile walls he ſtood with foes enclos'd;
Though now diſarm'd, his hand the means had found
To rend her mangled corſe with many a wound,
And with her bleeding members ſtrew the ground.
As when a ſhip, that in mid ocean ſails,
Drives to and fro by two oppoſing gales:

Between

Between two evils thus Philander preſt,
Debates, at length he fixes on the leaſt:
Beſide the certain view of ſpeedy death,
He fears with infamy to yield his breath;
If in the caſtle ſhould his deed be try'd,
And little time is left him to decide.
Fate urges now the dreadful draught to take,
Though all her arts before could never ſhake
His conſtant faith: the dread of death with ſhame,
Compels him, while he loaths her impious flame,
To plight his vow, to join with her's his hand,
When both had ſafely left the Grecian land.
  Thus the foul ſorc'reſs won his forc'd conſent,
And with him cloſely from the caſtle went.
Again his home and friends Philander view'd,
But infamy in Greece his name purſu'd.
Still in his mind he bears, with thrilling pain,
His lov'd companion by his weapon ſlain;
Whence, for a murder'd friend, (Ah, dire to tell!)
He gain'd a Progne, or Medea fell;
And, but his honour plighted could control,
With powerful ties, th' emotions of his ſoul,
Her death had follow'd: yet his hatred more
Purſu'd that life, his ſword, compell'd, forbore.

Ne'er was he feen, from that curft hour, to wear
A cheerful fmile: his looks were all defpair.
Sighs burft unceafing from his mournful breaft:
Like young Oreftes by the furies preft,
I dread avengement for the fatal deed,
That made his mother and Egyftus bleed.
Deep, and more deep, grief work'd its canker'd way,
Till on his bed of ficknefs fad Philander lay.
  The foul adultrefs, who his heart beheld
Still to her flame averfe, indignant fwell'd
To fierce refentment, till her thoughts, eftrang'd
From all her love, again to hatred chang'd:
And foon, as once againft the baron's life,
Againft my brother's wrought this impious wife,
From this bad world to fend, with arts accurft,
The fecond hufband as fhe fent the firft.
  A leech fhe found, far better taught to kill
With poifonous, than with wholefome draughts to heal;
And him fhe drew, by hopes of vaft reward,
With her infernal purpofe to accord,
The ftrength of fome envenom'd juice to prove,
And from her loathing fight her lord remove.

Join'd with myfelf, a mourning friendly band
Enclos'd his bed, when with the cup in hand
The leech approach'd, and faid the drink he bore
Would foon my brother's wafted health reftore.
But ere the patient could the mixture tafte,
Gabrina, with inhuman craft, in hafte
Advanc'd, perchance a witnefs to remove
Who knew th' effects of her detefted love:
Perchance in av'rice to withhold his gains,
The price agreed to recompenfe his pains.
She feiz'd his hand, while to the fick he held
The fatal goblet that the drink conceal'd.
Be not difpleas'd (fhe cry'd), if thus I fear
For one whofe life I ever held fo dear.
Give me, by proof, to know thou haft not brought
Some potion here with fatal venom fraught:
Think not my lord the proffer'd cup fhall take,
Till firft thy lips the medicine's trial make.
Reflect, Sir knight! how ftood depriv'd of fpeech,
In his own treafon caught, the wretched leech:
The time, that prefs'd, allow'd not to revolve,
And fix his mind on what he fhould refolve:
Fearful t' expofe his guilt, he deem'd it beft,
Without delay, to give th' exacted teft.

The

The ſick man then, with unſuſpecting thought,
Quaff'd all the remnant of the deadly draught.
As when a hawk, whoſe crooked talons feel
The patridge that he dooms his future meal,
Beholds the dog, late partner of his toil,
Aſſail, and from his graſp convey the ſpoil:
So this vile leech, by thirſt of gain betray'd,
Remains deſerted where he look'd for aid.
O unexampled guilt! henceforth on all,
Who thirſt, like him, for gold, may equal juſtice fall!
The deed complete, the wretch prepar'd to take
His journey home, ſome antidote to make,
Ere yet too far the poiſon through his blood
Had ſpread; but fell Gabrina this withſtood.
She vow'd he muſt not yet his patient leave,
Till all the virtue of his drugs perceive.
In vain with prayers, in vain with bribes he try'd
To be diſmiſs'd; the traitreſs hag deny'd.
All deſperate now, he ſees before his eye
Immediate death, nor from that death can fly.
Then to th' aſſiſtants he the truth expos'd,
Nor could the hag diſprove the truth diſclos'd.
Thus on himſelf that good phyſician brought
Such evil, as he oft for others wrought.

And

And now his ſpirit follow'd, to purſue
My brother's ſpirit that before him flew;
While we, who late with freezing horror heard
The truth that by the leech's tale appear'd,
Seiz'd on that hag, with fiercer rage indu'd,
Than every howling ſavage of the wood!
And in a dungeon ſhut, condemn'd by fire
For all her crimes in torture to expire.

Thus ſaid Hermonides, and more had ſpoke,
To tell how from her priſon walls ſhe broke,
But, fainting with the anguiſh of his wound,
He backward fell, half ſenſeleſs, on the ground;
While two attending ſquires, with ready care,
Of branches lopt a ruſtic bier prepare:
Here, as he will'd, Hermonides they laid,
And thus, diſabled, from the field convey'd.
Zerbino ſeeks t' excuſe his luckleſs deed,
Much griev'd by him to ſee the champion bleed;
Yet, as requir'd from thoſe who knighthood claim,
He but defended her with whom he came:
Elſe had his plighted faith been empty wind;
For when the crone was to his charge conſign'd,

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Ver. 499. *Thus ſaid Hermonides*—] This ſtory of Gabrina and the phyſician, is to be found in the Golden Aſs of Apuleius.

He vow'd his prowefs ſhould with arms oppoſe,
In her behalf whoe'er appear'd her foes.
In all beſide, he ſtood by deed or word
Prepar'd to aid, with counſel or with ſword,
A knight whoſe chance his generous heart deplor'd.
The knight return'd—He wiſh'd him to beware,
And rid his hands of fell Gabrina's care,
Ere her black artshad fram'd ſome guileful train
To make his grief and late repentance vain.
Gabrina ſilent ſtood, with downcaſt eye;
For truth confirm'd admits not a reply.
Departing thence, Zerbino took his way
Where with the hag his deſtin'd journey lay,
And curs'd her oft, to think his arms had brought
Such ill on him, whom for her ſake he fought.
And ſince her impious life was brought to view,
By one who well her hidden actions knew,
His hatred kindled to ſo fierce a height,
He turn'd with horror from her loathſome ſight.
She, who beholds Zerbino's ſecret mind,
Nor will in enmity remain behind,

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Ver. 524. *Departing thence*—] The poet ſpeaks no more of Hermonides.

Bates.

Bates not an inch of malice, but repays
His hatred with her own a hundred ways:
Black poiſon rankles in her impious breaſt,
In every feature rancour ſtands confeſt.
Thus in firm concord, as the Muſe has told,
Through the thick wood their friendly courſe they hold:
When from the weſt the ſetting rays appear,
The noiſe of claſhing arms and blows they hear;
The ſign of battle nigh——With eager ſpeed
To learn the cauſe Zerbino ſpurs his ſteed,
Nor ſeems more ſlow Gabrina to purſue—
What chanc'd th' enſuing book reveals to view.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Astolpho arrives at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, where, by the help of his horn, he diſſolves the enchantment, and ſets all the priſoners at liberty. Rogero and Bradamant meet and know each other: They depart together, and are addreſſed by a damſel, who engages them to undertake the deliverance of a youth condemned to be put to death. In their way they are ſtopped at the caſtle of Pinabello, where Rogero jouſts with four knights, who were ſworn to defend a law which Pinabello had made, to ſpoil all ſtrangers who travelled that way. Rogero caſts his enchanted ſhield into a well.

THE

## TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

YE courteous damſels! to your lovers dear;
Content in love one favour'd youth to hear!
Though rarely, midſt the female race, we find
A choſen few that boaſt a conſtant mind;

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Ver. 1. *Ye courteous damſels!*—] Spenſer ſeems to have imitated this, and the beginning of the xxviiith Book in the following paſſage, where he is about to treat of the wanton Hellenore:

Redoubted knights and honourable dames,
To whom I level all my labours end,
Right ſore I fear, leſt with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rhymes ſhould ſhend,
Or aught your goodly patience offend;
Whiles of a lovely lady I do write,
Which with her looſe incontinence doth blend
The ſhining glory of your ſovereign light,
And knighthood foul defaced by a faithleſs knight.

Book iii. C. ix. St. 1.

Be not diſpleas'd, if following thus my tale,
Againſt Gabrina late I dar'd to rail
In terms ſo harſh, and ſtill, ſome future page,
Prepare to ſcourge her more than impious rage:
Such as ſhe was, even ſuch muſt I reveal,
Nor (ſo my patron bids) the truth conceal:
Yet think not hence their honours ſhall be loſt,
Whoſe purer hearts untainted faith can boaſt.
Who to the Jews his Lord betray'd for gain,
Nor leaves on Peter, nor on John a ſtain:
Not Hypermneſtra leſs in fame ſurvives,
Though her dire ſiſters ſought their huſbands' lives.
For one on whoſe demerits here I dwell,
(As wills the order of the tale I tell)
A hundred ſhall adorn my better lays,
And, like the radiant ſun, diffuſe their praiſe.

---

Ver. 15 *Not Hypermneſtra*—] Hypermneſtra was one of the fifty daughters of Danaüs, who being conſtrained to marry their kinſmen, the fifty ſons of Ægyſtus, all, but Hypermneſtra, at the command of their father, ſlew their huſbands on the wedding night; the oracle having foretold to Danaüs, that he ſhould die by the hand of a ſon-in-law: but Hypermneſtra ſaved her huſband Linus, and contrived means for his eſcape.

See Ovid's Epistles,
Hypermneſtra to Linus.

Attend

Attend the vary'd ſtory, which to hear
I truſt that many lend a gracious ear.
  We left the Scottiſh knight, with loud alarms
Of ſudden tumult rouz'd, and claſhing arms.
Between two hills a narrow vale he found,
Whence late before he heard the falchion's ſound;
But now the noiſe was huſh'd:—There pale he view'd
A knight juſt ſlain, and weltering in his blood.
His name I ſhall reveal—though now to ſeek
The eaſtern clime, no more of France I ſpeak:
The Paladin Aſtolpho let us find,
Who to the weſt his ſpeedy courſe deſign'd:
We ſaw him laſt, amid'ſt th' inhuman band
Of warlike females, clear the hoſtile land;
While his pale friends their ready canvas ſpread,
And from the ſhore diſgrac'd and trembling fled.
Now hear his tale—The knight thoſe realms forſook,
And to Armenia next his journey took.
Some days elaps'd, he haſten'd to ſurvey
Natolia, then to Bruſia held his way;
Till courſing on beyond the midland tide,
He enter'd Thrace; by Danube's flowery ſide

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Ver. 29. *His name I ſhall reveal—*] See Book xxiii. ver. 281.

His rapid progreſs through Hungaria held:
Then, as if wings his courſer's ſpeed impell'd,
He paſs'd Moravia and Bohemia's land,
And where the Rhine o'erflows Franconia's ſtrand.
To Aquiſgrana, and to Arden's wood,
He came; to Brabant next his way purſu'd;
At Flanders then embark'd, where friendly gales
So fill'd the freighted veſſel's flying ſails,
Ere long Aſtolpho reach'd fair England's ſhore,
And gain'd the welcome port at noontide hour.

He preſs'd his ſteed, and, urging all his haſte,
To London came ere eve her ſhadows caſt;
There heard that many a month its courſe had run,
Since aged Otho lay in Paris' town:
That many a baron, by example led,
Had left the land his glorious ſteps to tread.
He ſtrait reſolv'd to Gallia to reſort,
And turn'd again to Thames's crowded port.
With hoiſted ſail he iſſues on the tide,
And bids the crew their prow to Calais guide.
A gale, that gently ſeems at firſt to ſweep
The veſſel's deck, and ſcarcely curl the deep,
At length, by ſlow degrees, increaſing blows,
And now, beyond the pilot's wiſhes, grows

So near a ſtorm, as claim'd his ſkilful care,
The conflict of the daſhing waves to bear.
High o'er the furrow'd ſea, before the wind,
The bark is driven, and quits her courſe deſign'd:
Now on the right, and now the left ſhe rides;
As here, or there, malicious Fortune guides.
Near Roan, at length, ſhe anchor'd on the ſtrand:
Aſtolpho, when he touch'd the welcome land,
On Rabicano's back the ſaddle plac'd;
His limbs the mail, his ſide the falchion grac'd;
He graſp'd his fearful horn, a ſurer aid
Than marſhall'd bands in glittering arms array'd.

Now paſſing through a wood, he reach'd a hill
Whoſe foot was moiſten'd by a cryſtal rill;
What time the flocks to crop the mead forbear,
And to the fold or mountain cave repair.

With burning heat, with parching thirſt diſtreſs'd,
The helm unlac'd, whoſe weight his brows oppreſs'd.
Amid the brakes his fiery ſteed he ty'd;
Then to the ſtream, for cooling draughts, apply'd
His eager lips; but e'er his lips eſſay'd
The moiſtening liquid, from the neighbouring ſhade
A ruſtic ſtarting ſwift, his courſer took,
Leapt on his back, and turn'd him from the brook.

Aſtolpho, rouzing at the noiſe, perceives
Th' inſulting outrage, and the fountain leaves.
Reſentment now the place of thirſt ſupplies,
And ſwift he follows as the caitiff flies.
The caitiff led him on in doubtful chace,
Now check'd, and now impell'd his courſer's pace.
At length (purſuing one, and one purſu'd)
They left the foreſt, and the palace view'd,
Where magic ſpells, without a priſon, hold
In laſting durance many a baron bold.

The ruſtic to the palace drives the ſteed,
Light as the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed.
Aſtolpho, in his plated arms confin'd,
With heavy ſhield encumber'd, lags behind:
'Till now arriving, he beholds no more
The hind and courſer he purſu'd before.
He plies his feet within the palace wall,
Explores in vain each gallery, room, and hall:
He knows not where the traitor has conceal'd
His Rabicano, that in courſe excell'd
The fleeteſt beaſt: at length his better thought
Suggeſts, that all by magic art was wrought.

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Ver. 100. —*laſting durance*—] The ſtory of this palace is continued from Book xii. where it is fully deſcribed, ver. 54. and ſeq.

He

He calls to mind the book that to his hand
Sage Logiſtilla gave in India's land,
Which ever near he kept with heedful care,
A certain guide in every magic ſnare.
There full deſcrib'd was all the coſtly pile,
Each ſtrange enchantment, and each ſecret guile;
What means the foul magician's arts would quell,
And free his priſoners from the potent ſpell.
Beneath the threſhold plac'd, a demon rais'd
The various wonders that the ſenſe amaz'd.
The ſtone remov'd, where cloſe the ſpirit lay,
The palace walls would melt in ſmoke away.
Thus ſaid the book; and eager to purſue
The great adventure open'd to his view,
The Paladin advanc'd, with fearleſs pace,
To lift the ponderous marble from its baſe.
Soon as Atlantes ſaw his hands prepar'd
To ſet at large the caſtle's fatal guard,
Fearful of what might chance, his reſtleſs mind
Againſt the champion other wiles deſign'd:
By magic art, he gives the gentle knight
A different ſhape to each beholder's ſight:
By this, a hind; by this, a giant ſeen:
By that, a warrior of ill-favour'd mien;

While

While each in him th' illufive image view'd,
For which he late Atlantes' fteps purfu'd.
Impatient to retrieve their honours ftain'd,
All turn'd on him—a fierce determin'd band!
Rogero, Bradamant, Gradaffo there,
Iroldo, Brandimart in arms, prepare,
With brave Prafildo, by the fpell mifled,
To wreak their vengeance on Aftolpho's head:
But, mindful of his horn, he foon deprefs'd,
With chilling terror, every haughty creft.
In happy time the fear-difpenfing breath
Preferv'd the Paladin from inftant death.
Soon as his lips have touch'd the narrow vent,
And wide around the deafening clangor fent,
Like trembling doves, when through the breaking fkies
Refounds the gun, each knight affrighted flies:
Not lefs th' enchanter old* the noife receives;
Not lefs amaz'd the wondrous dome he leaves,
To diftance flies, heart-ftruck with deep difmay,
Till, dying off, the dreadful founds decay!

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* Atlantes.

Ver. 153. *Th' enchanter old*—] Nothing more is heard of him till the xxxvith Book, ver. 461.

The keeper * and his priſoners quit the walls;
And numerous ſteeds with theſe forſake their ſtalls,
That, not by halters, nor by reins confin'd,
Through various paths their abſent maſters join'd.
While thus the knight his fearful muſic play'd,
Nor cat, nor mouſe, within the dwelling ſtay'd;
Ev'n Rabican had fled, but with his hand,
Aſtolpho, as he paſs'd, the ſteed detain'd.
And now th' intrepid duke (the forc'rer gone)
From off the threſhold heav'd a weighty ſtone.
An image there he found, with many a ſpell
Of hidden force, that boots not here to tell.
Eager to quell the charm, with frequent ſtroke,
Whate'er he found, the knight in pieces broke;
For ſo the book (his ſure inſtructor) ſhow'd;
And all the palace vaniſh'd in a cloud!
Held by a chain of beaten gold, he view'd
Where good Rogero's winged courſer ſtood;

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* Atlantes.

Ver. 161. ——*his fearful muſic play'd,*
*Nor cat, nor mouſe,* &c.——] Such paſſages as theſe, that are certainly ludicrous and familiar, and very different from the genius of Epic writing, will not admit of any elevation of language, and yet ought ſurely to be preſerved, if a tranſlation means to exhibit to an Engliſh reader the features of his author.

That

That winged courſer which the wizzard * Moor
Had ſent to bear him to Alcina's ſhore.
For which had Logiſtilla deign'd to frame
The reins and bit, with which to France he came;
And, borne from diſtant Ind to England's ſtrand,
Had hover'd o'er vaſt tracts of ſeas and land.
I know not if your mem'ry ſtill retains,
How to the tree that day the griffin's reins
Rogero left, when, bright in naked charms,
Albracca's princeſs † vaniſh'd from his arms,
And left him whelm'd in ſhame—with rapid ſpeed
Back to his lord return'd the faithful ſteed,
Wonderous to ſee! and ſtabled there remain'd,
Till the ſtrong ſpell no more its power retain'd.
No chance than this could yield ſincerer joy
To good Aſtolpho, who reſolv'd t' employ
Th' occaſion given new regions to explore,
Oceans and realms by him unſeen before.
He prov'd how well the matchleſs ſteed could bear
The flying rider, when through fields of air
He late eſcap'd from India's fatal lands,
Freed by Meliſſa from her cruel hands,

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* Atlantes. † Angelica.

Who,

Who, with infernal arts, his limbs eſtrang'd
From human form, and to a myrtle chang'd.
He ſaw, how Logiſtilla, to reſtrain
The docile beaſt, had fix'd the curbing rein;
And mark'd the counſel which the prudent dame
Rogero gave, his furious courſe to tame.
The ready ſaddle on the ſteed he brac'd,
Then in his mouth the bit and reins he plac'd,
As ſuited beſt; for choice of bridles there
He found, which many a ſteed was wont to wear.
The thought of Rabicano yet detain'd
The knight, and yet awhile his flight reſtrain'd.
Well had he cauſe to hold the courſer dear;
None better in the liſt with reſted ſpear
Could run at tilt: with him at Gallia's land
He travell'd ſafe from Egypt's burning ſand.
Debating long, Aſtolpho now decreed,
With ſome well-choſen friend t' entruſt the ſteed,
Rather than leave him an invalu'd prey,
For him whom Fortune led to paſs the way.
His purpoſe fixd, with looks intent he ſtood,
To mark if hind or huntſman croſs'd the wood,
Who to ſome neighbouring town might lead behind
Good Rabicano, to his charge conſign'd.

All day he ſtay'd, he ſtay'd till roſeate morn
Had made, in eaſtern ſkies, her wiſh'd return,
When, ſcarce the ſhadows chac'd by miſty light,
He ſaw, or ſeem'd to ſee, a wand'ring knight.
But, ere I ſpeak the reſt, I firſt ſhall tell,
What to the noble Bradamant befel,
With brave Rogero, when (diſpell'd their fear)
No more the clangor of the horn they hear.

The lovers ſaw, what, ne'er till then reveal'd,
Atlantes long from either had conceal'd:
Such miſts of darkneſs o'er their ſight he drew,
That neither, till that hour, the other knew.
On Bradamant Rogero fix'd his eyes;
She on Rogero gaz'd with like ſurprize.
Now round her waiſt his eager arms he throws,
Her bluſhes kindling like the maiden roſe,
While from her lips each balmy ſweet he proves,
The bloſſoms of his firſt auſpicious loves!
A thouſand times th' enraptur'd lovers meet
In fond embrace; a thouſand times repeat
Their mutual vows, while ſcarce their breaſts contain
The joy that throbs in every glowing vein.

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Ver. 225. *But ere I ſpeak the reſt*—] The poet returns to Aſtolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 66.

Yet much they ſorrow'd, that by magic flight,
They liv'd ſo long eſtrang'd from either's ſight,
And loſt ſo many days of dear delight.
While Bradamant ſuch favour'd grace beſtows,
As the chaſte maid to chaſte affection owes,
She tells Rogero, would he hope to prove
The laſt dear bleſſings of connubial love,
He from her father Amon (ere the bands
Of ſacred Hymen join their plighted hands)
Muſt gain conſent, and in the hallow'd wave
With Chriſtian rites his Pagan errors lave.
Rogero, for his deareſt miſtreſs' ſake,
Not only yields a Chriſtian's name to take,
Which once his father and his uncle bore,
Which all his anceſtors profeſs'd before:
But vows, for her, in every chance to give
The remnant years Heaven doom'd him yet to live.
Behold me ſworn (he cries) at thy deſire,
To plunge in water, or to plunge in fire.
Then firſt to be baptiz'd, and next to wed,
Rogero follow'd as the virgin led:

Tow'rds

Tow'rds Vallombroſa led the martial dame,
That to an ancient abbey gave the name,
Wealthy and fair, in hallow'd rituals bleſt,
And courteous to receive the ſtranger gueſt.
Now iſſuing from the wood a gentle maid
They chanc'd to meet, whoſe looks her grief betray'd.
Rogero prompt to feel for each diſtreſs,
But chief thoſe ſorrows which the fair oppreſs;
With pity touch'd the tender mourner view'd,
(Whoſe trickling tears her bloomy cheeks bedew'd)
And, greeting mild, beſought the cauſe to know,
That o'er her features drew the clouds of woe.
He ſpoke; when, lifting up her humid eyes,
To ſpeak her grief, ſhe ſweetly thus replies.
Ah! noble knight! thou ſoon ſhalt learn (ſhe ſaid)
Why o'er my face theſe drops of anguiſh ſpread:
I mourn a youth, who, ere the day is paſt,
Muſt in a neighbouring caſtle breathe his laſt.

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Ver. 264. *To Vallombroſa*—] The religious order of Vallombroſa had its beginning from one Giovanni Gualberto, a Florentine. who, forſaking the world, led a ſolitary life in a part of the Appenines called Vall' ombroſa (ſhady vale), and built a church there.

FORNARI.

He

He lov'd the faireſt of the female train,
Whoſe ſire, Marſilius, holds the rule of Spain.
Cloth'd in a female garb, with ſoft diſguiſe,
His well-feign'd voice and downcaſt baſhful eyes
Bely'd his ſex——their loves awhile conceal'd,
At length ill chance to ſtrangers' ears reveal'd:
Each tells his fellow, till at length they bring
(Tale following tale) the tidings to the king.
Laſt night a guard from ſtern Marſilius came,
To ſeize in bed the lover and the dame:
Thence were they hurried by the king's command,
And in the caſtle walls apart detain'd;
And, ah! I fear ere this day's ſad decline,
The youth in torment muſt his life reſign.
And now, to ſhun the dreadful ſight I fly:
Alive they ſentence him by fire to die.
Can e'er my ſoul again ſuch ſorrows know,
That every future bliſs will change to woe,
Oft as I call to mind the cruel flame
That prey'd relentleſs on his beauteous frame?
While Bradamant attends the mournful tale,
She feels the ſympathy of grief aſſail
Her tender breaſt; nor leſs ſhe ſeem'd to feel,
Than if ſhe trembled for a brother's weal.

Then, turning to Rogero, thus ſhe cry'd:
For this unhappy let our force be try'd.
The damſel next ſhe ſooth'd—Compoſe thy grief,
Truſt in our arms to bring unhop'd relief.
Lead to yon' wall—and ſhould he yet ſurvive,
No earthly power ſhall him of life deprive.
No leſs Rogero, than the warlike maid,
With ardour burns to give the wretched aid.
Then to the dame, from whoſe grief-ſwelling eyes
A torrent ſtreams—Why this delay? (he cries)
Not tears avail in this diſaſtrous ſtate,
Conduct us inſtant to the ſcene of fate;
And here I vow to free him from his foes,
Though ſwords and ſpears, by thouſands rang'd, oppoſe:
But hence—nor thus in fruitleſs converſe ſtay,
Till yonder flames ſhall mock our long delay.
Thus he: The preſence of the warlike pair,
Whoſe mien and words their dauntleſs ſouls declare,
Fair hope rekindles in the virgin's breaſt,
So late with ſorrow and with fear oppreſt;
Yet, pondering now ſhe ſtood which path to tread,
Of two that tow'rds the deſtin'd caſtle led.

Should

Should we (she cry'd) the readiest track pursue,
That open lies extended to the view,
I trust in time our succour might we give,
Ere yet the pile the deadly flame receive;
But since compell'd to take the winding way
Heavy and rough, I fear the closing day
To end our travel scarcely will suffice;
And, ere we reach the place, the victim dies.
But wherefore must we shun (Rogero cry'd)
The nearest path?—And thus the maid reply'd.
Athwart our way a stately castle stands,
Which Pinabello, Pontier's earl, commands;
Who, scarce three days elaps'd, has fram'd a law
That knights and damsels holds in cruel awe:
He, worst of men, with every vice is stor'd,
Son of Anselmo, Altariva's lord;
From whose ill-omen'd gate no knight nor dame
Departs unstay'd, and 'scapes untouch'd with shame.
Each thence must fare on foot: the warrior leaves
His shining arms; the dame her vesture gives.
No braver knights, through all the realms of France,
Now hold, or many a year have held, the lance,
Than four, that rank'd in Pinabello's train,
Have sworn his lawless custom to maintain.

Hear whence it roſe—and mark the law unjuſt
On noble minds t' impoſe ſuch impious truſt!
In marriage band is Pinabello join'd
To one, the ſcandal of the female kind,
Whom late, as with her lord ſhe chanc'd to ride,
A champion met that brought to ſhame her pride.
Behind the champion, on his ſteed, was borne
An aged crone, whom with inſulting ſcorn
Th' injurious earl addreſs'd: the ſtranger-knight
With Pinabello wag'd th' unequal fight.
Him, ſtrong in pride, but weak in arms, he ſtruck
Headlong to earth; then from her palfrey took
The haughty fair one, left on foot, and dreſs'd
The ancient beldame in her youthful veſt.
The dame diſmounted (whom with rancorous mind
In every evil Pinabello join'd)
Declar'd no night nor day could reſt afford,
No future hour behold her peace reſtor'd,
Unleſs a thouſand dames and warriors foil'd,
She view'd unhors'd, of veſt and arms deſpoil'd.
  It chanc'd that day to Pinabello came
Four noble knights, the firſt in martial fame;
Theſe knights, with whom but few in arms could vie,
Return'd from realms beneath a diſtant ſky:

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Ver. 360.—*the ſtranger-knight*—] See Book xx. ver. 807.

Young Sanſonetto; Guido, Savage nam'd;
Gryphon and Aquilant, the brethren fam'd.
Theſe Pinabello at his gate receives
With ſemblance fair, and courteous welcome gives.
At night, when ſleep has lull'd each ſenſe to peace,
He binds the four, nor will their bonds releaſe,
Till all conſenting, as his laws preſcribe,
A year and day to dwell amidſt his tribe,
Shall ſwear from knights their ſteeds and arms to wreſt,
And from the damſels take their ſteeds and veſt.
To this compell'd, with heavy hearts they ſwore;
And not a champion, to this fatal hour,
Has yet been found their vigour to ſuſtain,
Who preſs'd not, at his length, the fearful plain.
Full many a champion there his fall receives,
And, ſtript of arms, on foot the caſtle leaves.
'Tis fix'd, that he who firſt with ſingle force,
Shall paſs the bridge, alone muſt run the courſe:
But ſhould ſuch lance againſt the ſtranger fail,
The reſt united muſt his ſtrength aſſail.
Reflect, if each can boaſt ſuch nerve in fight,
What three muſt prove, when three their ſpears unite.

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Ver. 376. *Young Sanſonetto*—] See Book xx. ver. 769.

Ill ſuits it us, whoſe haſte forbids our ſtay,
In ſuch a ſtrife to hazard new delay.
For grant, that here your arms attain ſucceſs,
As ſure your warlike looks proclaim no leſs,
Yet much I fear, ere evening ſhades ariſe,
The youth, for whom I weep, unaided dies.
Rogero then——'Tis ours, with ready zeal,
What honour bids, undaunted to fulfil;
The reſt let Heaven direct, or Fortune guide,
What pow'rs ſoe'er in theſe events preſide.
To thee the ſequel of the jouſts may ſhow
How far our aid protection can beſtow
On him, who, (as thou ſay'ſt) in youthful prime,
Is doom'd to death for ſuch a venial crime.
Thus he. No more reply'd the gentle maid,
But through the neareſt way the pair convey'd:
Not paſt three miles their journey they purſu'd,
When now the caſtle's bridge and gates they veiw'd,
Where arms and veſts are left, where valu'd life
Is put to hazard in the dangerous ſtrife.
The ready warder, on the ramparts plac'd,
Twice rung the warning—when, behold! in haſte,
On a low ſteed an ancient ſire appear'd,
And, as he came, his voice before was heard.

Hold,

Hold, ftrangers, hold! (he thus began to fay)
Here ftop, and here the fine exacted pay!
If yet you know not—let me now reveal
Our law—and then he fought their law to tell,
And next t' enforce, with accents fage and grave,
That counfel, which to every knight he gave.
Yon lady of her veft, my fons, bereave;
And you (he cry'd) your arms and courfers leave:
Nor think, by dreadful perils here enclos'd,
With four fuch warriors fafe to ftand oppos'd.
Arms, vefts, and courfers we with eafe obtain,
But life, once loft, what prowefs can regain?

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Ver. 428. *Yon lady of her veft, my fons, bereave;*
*And you (he cry'd) your arms aud courfers leave.*] Thefe kind of laws occur perpetually in the old romances, and feveral fuch are to be found in Spenfer, particularly one, whereby knights and ladies pay toll of their beards and hair.

Ver 432. *Arms, vefts, and courfers*, &c.—] Not unlike thefe lines in the fpeech of Achilles to the ambaffadors in the IXth Iliad.

> Loft herds and treafures we by arms regain,
> And fteeds unrivall'd on the dufty plain,
> But from our lips the vital fpirit fled,
> Returns no more to wake the filent dead.
>
> Pope, ver. 528.

Rogero cut him ſhort—Forbear to ſhow,
In fruitleſs prelude, what prepar'd we know.
No more—I come to prove, if what my will
Aſpires to act, my actions can fulfil.
Arms, ſteed, and veſt, I ne'er to others yield
For empty threatenings in an untry'd field;
And well I truſt, for ſounding words alone,
My partner never will reſign his own.
But give me to behold them face to face,
Whoſe ſtrength muſt purchaſe, to my foul diſgrace,
My arms and ſteed—o'er yonder hill we haſte,
Nor longer here the precious hours can waſte.
To whom the ſire—Lo! iſſuing to the plain
One warrior comes—nor were his words in vain.
High on the bridge appear'd the noble knight,
In crimſon ſurcoat deck'd with flowers of white.
Now Bradamant Rogero ſu'd to truſt
With her the firſt fair honours of the jouſt,
From his high ſeat to hurl the knight, who wore
The mantled red, with flowers embroider'd o'er.
In vain ſhe ſu'd, Rogero this deny'd:
Conſtrain'd to yield, ſhe ſilent ſtood beſide
To view the courſe, while on himſelf her knight
Took all the hazards of the dubious fight.

Rogero

Rogero then enquir'd the warrior's name,
Who foremoſt from the caſtle's portal came.
'Tis Sanſonetto (thus the ſire reply'd)
I know th' embroider'd ſcarf with crimſon dy'd.
Now Pinabello iſſu'd from the gate,
And round their lord his thronging menials wait,
All well prepar'd of arms and ſteeds to ſpoil
The hapleſs knights that fell within the toil.
Swift to the courſe each hardy champion preſs'd,
And firmly held his ponderous ſpear in reſt,
Huge, knotty, long, in native foreſts bred,
The tough aſh ending in a ſteely head.
Of theſe full ten had Sanſonetto brought,
From neighbouring woods—of theſe in lances wrought
He fix'd on two; in brave Rogero's hand
The one he plac'd, and one himſelf retain'd.
Now here, now there, impatient of delay,
Each ſilent wheels his ſteed a different way:
Then turning ſwift, with levell'd ſpears, they meet,
The field wide-ſhaking to their courſers' feet,
Againſt their ſhields unerring aim they took:
Rogero's ſhield receiv'd, unhurt, the ſtroke:

Atlantes'

Atlantes' buckler, whoſe enchanted light
With powerful ſplendor clos'd the gazer's ſight,
Which ſtill, unleſs by dangers great aſſail'd,
The knight beneath a ſilken covering veil'd.
Not ſo the adverſe ſhield, whoſe mortal mold
Could not againſt the furious tourney hold.
As with a thunder-bolt the ſpear impell'd,
Reach'd the ſtunn'd arm that ſcarce the buckler
held,
And Sanſonetto, with a grievous wound
Forc'd from his ſeat, fell proſtrate on the ground.
The firſt was he, of all the ſocial train
Compell'd this ruffian uſage to maintain,
That yet had fail'd a ſtranger to deſpoil,
Or from his ſeat diſmounted, preſt the ſoil:
Who laughs to-day, ſome future day may mourn,
And find to frowns the ſmiles of Fortune turn.
Again the warder rings th' alarm, and calls
The remnant three to quit the caſtle-walls.
Meantime it chanc'd, that Pinabello came
To noble Bradamant, and ſought the name
Of him whoſe valour thus in arms excell'd,
Who thus the champion of his caſtle quell'd.

Eternal

Eternal Heaven to give his crimes the meed
They well deſerv'd, conducts him on the ſteed
Which, ſcarce eight months elaps'd, the wretch be-
fore
From Bradamant, by murderous treaſon, bore:
When, if your mem'ry ſtill the tale recall,
In Merlin's tomb he let the virgin fall;
What time the ſhatter'd pole receiv'd her weight,
And Heaven reſerv'd her for a happier fate.
The generous heroine with a nearer view
Her courſer ſaw, and ſoon the traitor knew;
His well-known voice recall'd, his every look
Intent ſhe mark'd, and to herſelf ſhe ſpoke.
Lo! this is he, who once my death deſign'd,
Now hither brought his due reward to find.
At once ſhe threatens—to the ſword applies
Her eager hand, and on the caitiff flies.
Between his caſtle and the recreant knight
She cuts off all retreat, nor can his flight
Avail to reach the gate; as to his den
The fox retires beſet my dogs and men.
Defenceleſs, pale, before the martial maid,
He ſeeks, with coward cries, the woodland ſhade:

With

With trembling heart he ſpurs his rapid ſteed,
And hopes alone for ſafety from his ſpeed.
The Dordon dame purſues, with all the zeal
Of juſt revenge, and whirls her fatal ſteel,
Now at his ſide or boſom aims the wound:
The tumult echoes, and the woods reſound.

But at the caſtle Pinabello's crew,
Nor heard his clamours, nor his danger knew:
There every eye was fix'd, there every ſenſe
Rogero's conflict held in deep ſuſpenſe.

And now the three remaining champions came
From forth the fort; with theſe the vengeful dame
Who fram'd the baſe device, while every knight
Bluſh'd with a ſingle foe to wage the fight;
And rather wiſh'd to die, in fame unſtain'd,
Than meet a conqueſt ſo ignobly gain'd.
But ſhe, who firſt th' unequal jouſt deſign'd,
T' enforce th' obſervance, bade them call to mind
How each had ſworn, by every ſolemn tie,
For her revenge their ſtrength combin'd to try.
But if my ſinglé weapon can ſuffice,
T' unhorſe yon' warrior (Savage Guido cries)
Thus ſhall I jouſt!—be mine the ſingle ſtrife,
And if I fail—exact my forfeit life.

Gryphon and Aquilant alike demand
To meet the ſtranger ſingly, hand to hand.
To theſe th' imperious dame—Why thus delay
In vain debate the bus'neſs of the day?
I brought you here yon' champion's arms to take,
Not other compacts, other laws to make.
Why urge not pleas like this, ere yet ye ſwore
T' obſerve my will, when firſt within my power;
Not when th' occaſion calls you to maintain
Your promiſe given, nor make that promiſe vain?
Thus they—Behold (Rogero eager cries)
The knights and dame!—if ſtill you ſeek the prize
Of armour, ſteed, or veſt, why this delay
To ſeize with valour's arms the offer'd prey?
The matron there impels each tardy knight,
Here ſtorms Rogero, and demands the fight.
Till forc'd at length, though fir'd with generous rage,
All ruſh at once the ſtranger to engage.
Firſt rode the brother-chiefs, whoſe lineal name
From the high Marquis of Burgundia came;
Then mounted on a ſteed of heavier pace,
Behind them Guido Savage held his place.
Rogero, with the ſpear to combat drew,
The ſpear that Sanſonetto late o'erthrew:

His valiant arm the fated buckler bore,
Which in Pyrené's hills Atlantes wore;
Th' enchanted buckler, whoſe reſiſtleſs light
At greateſt need preſerv'd the noble knight:
Yet only thrice the wondrous aid he try'd:
And only thrice the ſhield its aid ſupply'd:
Twice, when the joys of ſhameful life he fled
For ſeats, where virtue every bleſſing ſhed;
The laſt, when in the billowy main he left
The raging orc, of precious food bereft.
Save theſe alone, in every chance beſide,
A veil was wont the dazzling orb to hide;
At eaſe remov'd, whene'er the dangerous hour
Requir'd the help of more than mortal power.
Well-fenc'd by this, he ruſh'd with warlike heat
Againſt the three that came his force to meet:
Not more he fear'd each warrior's threat'ning ſpear,
Than boldeſt hearts the weakeſt infants fear.
At Gryphon now Rogero aim'd the thruſt
Above the buckler's verge, the furious jouſt
His helm confeſs'd; on either hand he reel'd,
Till, falling from his ſteed, he preſs'd the field.

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Ver. 578.——*the joys of ſhameful life he fled*
*For ſeats, where virtue,* &c.] See Book vii. and x.

Againſt

Againſt Rogero's buckler Gryphon ſent
The ſpear, that erring from the knight's intent,
Struck on th' impaſſive orb with fruitleſs ſound,
And, hiſſing, glanc'd acroſs the poliſh'd round;
The veil it rent, and freed the magic rays:
Advancing Aquilant receiv'd the blaze;
On Guido Savage next, who came the laſt,
The wondrous targe its beamy ſplendor caſt.
All fell—but little yet Rogero knew
The finiſh'd jouſt, and ſwift his falchion drew;
Then wheel'd his ſteed, when on the ground he view'd
His proſtrate foes with little force ſubdu'd;
Knights, ſquires, and each that iſſu'd to the plain,
The numerous foot, and all the female train.
Alike he ſaw, as if in battle dead,
Prone on the field each warrior courſer ſpread:
Till, caſting down a caſual glance, he ſpy'd
From his left arm, dependent at his ſide,
The veil that ſtill was wont the light to hide.
Sudden he turn'd, and ſought with anxious care
His boſom's beſt belov'd, the martial fair,
Her whom he left, where, plac'd apart, ſhe ſtood
To mark the tilt begun; but when he view'd

The

The fair no more, he deem'd her courſe was bent
To free the lover, and his fate prevent,
Who, while ſhe ſtay'd to' attend the caſtle's ſtrife,
She fear'd in flames would loſe his hapleſs life.
Among the reſt he ſees the gentle maid,
Their fair conductreſs, deep in ſlumber laid:
Her in his arms he rais'd, and plac'd before
High on his ſteed, the penſive warrior bore:
Her ſcarf he took, and wrapt with this, conceal'd
The buckler's blaze; the blaze no more reveal'd,
The virgin ſoon her heavy eyes unſeal'd:

Rogero's features fluſh'd with roſy ſhame,
His down-caſt looks his ſecret thoughts proclaim;
He fears that all his former deeds are ſtain'd
By ſuch a conqueſt ſo ignobly gain'd.
Where ſhall I turn? (he cries) How cleanſe away
The infamy of this ill-omen'd day?
The triumph here atchiev'd each tongue ſhall tell,
Not due to valour, but to magic ſpell.

Thus he: with generous wrath his boſom glow'd;
When, what he ſought, ſpontaneous chance beſtow'd.
Far in a wood's ſurrounding gloom he found
A cryſtal well, that ſunk beneath the ground:

Hither,

Hither, when fated herds their food forſake,
Oppreſs'd with heat they came their thirſt to ſlake.
Rogero then—No more ſhall ſcorn or blame,
From thee, O ſhield! ariſe to taint my name:
No longer mine——I here ſuch arms forego,
Nor more to thee will ſhameful ſuccour owe.
Thus he; and ſwift alighting as he ſpoke,
With generous wrath a craggy ſtone he took;
To this the buckler, well ſecur'd, he ty'd,
And to the well conſign'd—Lie there (he cry'd)
And with thee there my foul diſhonour hide.
  Deep was the well, and high the waters ſwell'd:
Ponderous the ſtone, and ponderous was the ſhield:
At once it ſunk, a bed the bottom gave,
And ſudden o'er it clos'd the limpid wave.
Soon Fame divulg'd the deed, with trumpet's ſound,
Through France, through Spain, through every region round;
From tongue to tongue it ſpread, and many a train
Of noble knights aſpir'd the prize to gain.
In vain they ſought the foreſt, where, conceal'd
From human ſight, remain'd the precious ſhield:
The dame who blaz'd the tale, refus'd to tell
What ſecret wood contain'd the fatal well.

When brave Rogero from the caſtle paſs'd,
Where, with ſuch little ſtrife, to earth he caſt
The knights of Pinabello's guard, and left
The valiant four of ſtrength and ſenſe bereft:
The light remov'd, each eye unclos'd appear'd:
Each from the ground his limbs aſtoniſh'd rear'd:
All day they commun'd of the wondrous ſhield,
That every ſight in magic ſlumber ſeal'd.
While ſuch diſcourſe they held, the news arriv'd
Of Pinabello, late of life depriv'd:
Of Pinabello ſlain were tidings brought;
But yet unknown what hand the deed had wrought.
Deep in a vale, with gloomy woods confin'd,
The martial dame the recreant warrior join'd;
Where, in his panting breaſt and bleeding ſide,
A hundred times the vengeful blade ſhe dy'd,
And from her ſeat the hateful ſpirit chac'd,
Whoſe impious deeds had all the land diſgrac'd.
Then with that ſteed, which late with guileful art
The traitor took, ſhe haſten'd to depart

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Ver. 673. *When brave Rogero*, &c.] He reſumes the ſtory of Rogero, Book xxv. ver. 28.

And

And join her knight, but now explor'd in vain
Her former way, and rov'd o'er hill and plain
With travel long, while Fortune yet deny'd
To lov'd Rogero's ſight her courſe to guide.
But he that hears my tale with grateful ear,
Muſt to th' enſuing book the reſt defer.

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Bradamant, after the death of Pinabello, loſes herſelf in a wood: She is met by Aſtolpho, who, preparing to take his flight on the griffin-horſe, entruſts her with the care of his horſe Rabicano. Bradamant meets her brother Alardo, and goes with him to Mount Albano, from which place ſhe ſends Hippalca, her maid, on a meſſage to Rogero, with his horſe Frontino, which is afterwards taken from her by Rodomont. Zerbino, travelling with Gabrina, finds the dead body of Pinabello: He is accuſed of the murder, and led to be put to death. The arrival of Orlando and Iſabella. Meeting of the two lovers. Mandricardo overtakes Orlando: their battle. Orlando, parting from Zerbino and Iſabella, comes to the grotto where Angelica and Medoro uſed to meet. The manner in which he diſcovers the whole ſtory of their love; which diſcovery ends in the total deprivation of his ſenſes.

THE

# TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IF man to man his friendly ſuccour lends,
It rarely proves but fair reward attends
Each generous deed; at leaſt we thus enſure
Our future peace, and Heaven's regard ſecure.
Who wrongs another, ſoon or late ſhall find
The puniſhment for evil deeds aſſign'd.
The proverb holds, that oft man's wandering train
Each other meet; but mountains fix'd remain.

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Ver. 7. *The proverb holds, that oft man's wandering train*
*Each other meet; but mountains fix'd remain.*]

From the ancient proverb, *Mons cum monte non miſcetur.* The meaning of this rather uncouth paſſage is, that though mountains never meet, yet men, who are ever wandering from place to place, may unexpectedly meet with thoſe to whom they have done a good or ill turn, and find their puniſhment or their reward.

Behold the fate on Pinabello brought
In due return for all the ill he wrought,
While gracious God (who ne'er beholds unmov'd,
With sufferings undeserv'd the guiltless prov'd)
The virgin sav'd; and ever saves the just,
Who, press'd with sorrows, place in him their trust.
When Pinabello deem'd the noble maid
His wretched victim, in the cavern'd shade
Alive entomb'd, he little fear'd to view
Her vengeful arms his ruffian guile pursue;
Where nought avail'd his near paternal seat,
T' avert the vengeance he was doom'd to meet.
Midst savage mountains Altaripa stands,
Fast by the confines of Pontieri's lands;
The hoary earl Anselmo's fair domain:
Of him was born, of unpropitious strain,
The wretch, whom now to 'scape from Clarmont's sword,
No friends assist, no powers relief afford.
Beneath a hill the generous dame assails
His worthless life, and soon her arm prevails
Against a foe, that no defence prepares,
But heartless cries and unavailing prayers.

The

The traitor ſlain, who once her death deſign'd,
She turn'd again her deareſt knight to find,
Whom late ſhe left in ſtrife unequal join'd.
But envious Fortune through the dreary ſhade,
By winding paths her wandering ſteed convey'd,
And to the woodland's deep receſſes led,
What time, at ſun-ſet, eve her ſhadows ſpread.
Unknowing where th' approaching night to paſs,
She check her reins, and on the verdant graſs,
Beneath the covering trees, her limbs ſhe throws,
To cheat the tedious hours with ſhort repoſe;
Now watches Venus, Saturn, Mars, or Jove,
With every wandering ſtar that ſhines above:
But from her ſleeping ſenſe, or waking mind,
Her dear Rogero never is disjoin'd.
She ſighs to think revenge her ſoul could move
Beyond the ſofter claims of faithful love.
Inſenſate rage has ſever'd me (ſhe cries)
From all I hold moſt dear——Unheeding eyes!
That when I firſt my treacherous foe purſu'd,
Mark'd not the tracks of this perplexing wood:
Then had I known in ſafety to return,
Nor here been loſt, dejected and forlorn.

In words like theſe ſhe mourns without relief;
And now ſhe broods in ſilence o'er her grief;
While winds of ſighs, and floods of tears, that ſhake
Her gentle breaſt, a cruel tempeſt make.
At length the long-expected morn appears,
When ſtreaky light the grey horizon cheers.
She takes her ſteed, that graz'd beſide the way,
And, mounting, turns to meet the riſing day.
Nor far ſhe paſs'd, when iſſuing from the wood,
She came to where the wizard's palace ſtood,
Where once, with many a fraud, Atlantes' power
Had long detain'd her in his magic bower.
Aſtolpho here ſhe met, who lately gain'd
The griffin-ſteed, and but his flight reſtrain'd
For Rabicano's ſake, till chance ſhould give
Some truſty friend, his courſer to receive.
The thoughtful Paladin his face diſplay'd
Without his caſque, when through the miſty ſhade
The valiant Bradamant her kinſman knew,
And, greeting fair, impatient nearer drew;

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Ver. 66. *Aſtolpho*—] The Griffin horſe came into the poſſeſſion of Aſtolpho in the xxiid Book, ver. 173, where he deſtroys the enchanted dwelling of Atlantes.

Declar'd

Declar'd her name, her covering helm unlac'd,
Reveal'd her features, and the knight embrac'd.
To Otho's ſon*, who ſought ſome truſty friend
To whom he might his Rabican commend,
No friend could Fortune, at his preſent need,
Like Bradamant ſupply, to keep the ſteed
Till his return: and, when his flight was o'er,
Again in ſafety to his hand reſtore.
Their greeting done—Too long I here delay
My purpos'd voyage through a trackleſs way:
(Aſtolpho cry'd)—then to the maid he told
His flight deſign'd, and bade his ſteed behold.
She ſaw, but ſaw incurious what before
Her eyes had ſeen, when from th' enchanted tower
Atlantes' hand the flying courſer rein'd,
And with the maid a combat ſtrange maintain'd.
She calls to mind the day, on which ſhe view'd
The parting pinions, and his courſe purſu'd
With ſharpen'd ſight, when, ſoaring to the ſkies,
He bore Rogero from her longing eyes.
Aſtolpho tells, that to her friendly care,
He Rabicano gives, beyond compare
Firſt in the courſe, whoſe ſwiftneſs leaves behind
The arrow parting on the wings of wind;

* Astolpho.

To her his ponderous arms he means to give,
And wills her at Albano theſe to leave
Till his return: ſince armour might be ſpar'd,
Or aught of weight that could his flight retard.
His ſword and horn he ſtill retain'd, though well
His horn alone could every danger quell.
To Bradamant he gave the golden lance,
Which once the ſon of Galaphron to France
From India brought, whoſe hidden power was ſuch
T' unhorſe each champion with its magic touch.
  Aſtolpho now beſtrode the winged horſe,
And ſlowly through the air impell'd his courſe,
Till Bradamant, who watch'd his upward flight,
All in a moment loſt him from her ſight.
So from the port the guiding pilot ſteers
Who dangerous ſands and rocky ſhallows fears;
But when he leaves the rocks and ſands behind,
He ſhifts each ſail, and ſcuds before the wind.
  The duke departing thus: the martial maid,
In deep ſuſpenſe, awhile in ſilence weigh'd
The means to Mount Albano thence to bear
Her kinſman's ſteed and implements of war.

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Ver. 116. *The duke departing*—] He returns to Aſtolpho, Book xxxiii. ver. 701.

For

For now, with fond defire, her bofom burn'd
To fee Rogero, in his abfence mourn'd,
Whom (yet deny'd to meet) her anxious mind
At leaft in Vallombrofa hop'd to find.

While filent thus fhe ftood in penfive mood,
It chanc'd a peafant on the way fhe view'd,
And him fhe bade Aftolpho's armour take,
And place the weight on Rabicano's back,
Then lead the courfer which the burden bore,
With that which Pinabello rode before.
To Vallombrofa now fhe fought the way,
But doubtful of the track, fhe fear'd to ftray
From where fhe wifh'd; nor knew the peafant well
The country round, and thus, as chance befel,
A path fhe took, and through the foreft wide
At random ftray'd, without a friend to guide.

At noontide hour they left the covert fhade,
And on a hill a caftle near furvey'd
Of ftately fcite; the virgin at the view
Believ'd in this fhe Mount Albano knew:
And Mount Albano there the dame beheld,
In which her mother and her brethren dwell'd.
This when fhe found, a fudden dread oppreſs'd
Her heart, that flutter'd in her tender breaft.

Her

Her coming known, ſhe fear'd the preſſing train
Of friends and kindred would her ſteps detain,
Where ſhe, a prey to love's conſuming fire,
Might view no more the lord of her deſire;
No more at Vallombroſa hope to meet
Her dear Rogero, and their vows complete.

Awhile in doubt the maid her thoughts revolv'd;
At length from Mount Albano ſhe reſolv'd
T' avert her ſteps, and thence her journey bend
To where the Abbey's hallow'd ſpires aſcend.
But Fortune ſoon, in this purſuit, bereft
Her breaſt of hope; for, ere the vale ſhe left,
She on Alardo ſudden chanc'd to light,
And ſought in vain t' elude her brother's ſight.

This

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Ver. 156. —*Alardo*—] One of Bradamant's brothers. Romance writers give different accounts of the genealogy of the houſe of Clarmont. Take the following as moſt conſonant to Arioſto. Of Guido of Antona, ſon of Buovo and Orlandina, daughter of the King of Langues, were born Bernardo and Chiaramonte (Clarmont). The laſt died young without iſſue; and his parents, out of regard to his memory, gave the name of Clarmont to their caſtle, and called their family by the ſame name. Bernardo had eight ſons, ſix legitimate, and two natural. The legitimate were duke Amon of Dordona; Buovo of Agramont, or Agriſmont; Gerardo of Roſ-

ſigniol

This youth had ſtation'd many a warlike band
Of horſe and foot, which, at the king's command,
He lately rais'd from all the neighbouring land.
Return'd, he chanc'd his ſiſter here to meet;
With ſeeming joy the pair each other greet;
And now, in friendly converſe, ſide by ſide
Together join'd, to Mount Albano ride.
Thus to her native ſeats the fair return'd,
Where Beatrice had long her abſence mourn'd
With fruitleſs tears, and ſent, with anxious pain,
To ſeek her through the realms of France in vain.
But what are all the joys ſhe here may prove,
Her mother's fondneſs or her brethren's love,

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ſigniol; Leone (Leo), afterwards pope; Otho king of England; and Milo of Anglantes The natural ſons were Anſerigi, and Elfroi, by ſome called Sanguino and Dado. Amon had, by his wife Beatrice, five ſons, Guichardo, Richardo, Rinaldo, Alardo, and Richardetto, and one daughter named Bradamant; and, according to Arioſto, he had by Conſtantia one natural ſon, afterwards called Guido Savage. Buovo of Agriſmont had two legitimate ſons, Vivian and Malagigi; and one natural ſon called Aldiger, who entertains Rogero at the caſtle of Agriſmont in the xxvth Book. Milo of Anglantes was father to the celebrated Orlando. Of Otho, king of England, was born Aſtolpho, the Engliſh duke.

See QUADRIO della Storia d'ogni Poeſia.

Compar'd to happineſs ſo late poſſeſt,
When lov'd Rogero claſp'd her to his breaſt?
  Herſelf reſtrain'd, ſhe purpos'd one ſhould bear
To Vallombroſa, with a faithful care,
Her greeting kind, and tell him, how, detain'd,
She with reluctance from his ſight remain'd;
And urge (if need to urge him) for her ſake
The name of Chriſtian knight baptiz'd to take;
Then woo her friends his amorous ſuit t' approve,
And tie the knot of hymeneal love.
By this her meſſenger, his generous ſteed
She meant to ſend, which, fam'd for ſtrength and
    ſpeed,
Rogero priz'd; for though the Pagan lands,
And all the realms the Gallic lord commands,
With him no ſteed the courſer's glory claim'd,
Save Brigliadoro and Bayardo fam'd.
  When good Rogero on the winged horſe,
Was borne aloft, a ſtrange and fearful courſe,

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Ver. 186. *Save Brigliadoro and Bayardo*—]

—————ne ſotto il ſignor Gallo,
Piu bel deſtrier di queſto, o piu gagliardo,
Eccetto Brigliadoro ſolo e Baiardo.

The poet ſeems here to have forgotten Rabican, Aſtolpho's horſe.

Ver. 187. *When good Rogero*, &c.] See Book iv. ver. 321.

He left Frontino, which the martial dame
Receiv'd in truſt (Frontino was his name),
And ſent to Mount Albano, where, at large,
Wanton he rov'd, or fed beneath her charge
In plenteous ſtalls; or when he felt the rein,
Was gently pac'd along the level plain:
Thus, pamper'd high in eaſe, and nurs'd with care,
His ſhining ſkin more ſleek, more noble ſeem'd his air,

And now ſhe urg'd her virgins to divide
The pleaſing taſk: each virgin ſoon apply'd
Her ready ſkill, and wrought, of golden thread,
A coſtly net, which o'er a pall they ſpread
Of fineſt ſilk, and on the courſer plac'd,
With trappings gay, and rich embroidery grac'd.
A maid ſhe choſe, of long-experienc'd truth,
Whoſe mother, Callitrephia, nurs'd her youth
From infant years: to her ſhe oft confeſs'd
How far Rogero all her ſoul poſſeſs'd;
Full oft his beauty and his valour prais'd,
And every grace above a mortal's rais'd.

To her ſhe ſpoke—Whom ſooner ſhall I truſt
Than thee, Hippalca dear, diſcreet and juſt?

In whom, like thee, of all my train (ſhe cry'd),
Can I the meſſage of my heart confide?
Hippalca (ſuch the faithful damſel's name)
Was now diſmiſs'd; and, by the love-ſick dame
Inſtructed in her way, receiv'd, at large,
To him (her boſom's lord) this tender charge:
To ſay, that while in promiſe late ſhe fail'd
To reach the abby's walls, no change pravail'd
In what ſhe wiſh'd; but Fortune, that has ſtill
The ſovereign rule of all, oppos'd her will.
Thus ſhe; then bade the damſel mount her ſteed,
And by the golden reins Frontino lead:
But ſhould ſhe, in her travel, chance to find
A wretch ſo ſenſeleſs, or ſo baſe of mind,
To ſeize the ſteed, ſhe will'd her but to tell
The courſer's lord, his folly to repel:
For every knight ſhe deem'd (whate'er his fame)
In arms muſt tremble at Rogero's name.
Much more ſhe ſaid, and by her truſty maid
To lov'd Rogero greetings kind convey'd;
Which, treaſur'd in her mind, without delay
Hippalca bade farewel, and iſſu'd on her way.

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Ver. 232. *Hippalca bade farewel*—] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxi. ver. 41.

For

For ten long miles the maid her journey held,
Through beaten path, thick wood, or open field:
One noon of day deſcending from a height,
As on a narrow paſs ſhe chanc'd to light
Stony and rough, fierce Rodomont ſhe view'd,
Who arm'd, on foot a guiding dwarf purſu'd:
On her the cruel Pagan caſt his eye,
And loud blaſphem'd th' eternal Hierarchy,
To find a ſteed ſo ſtately and ſo fair
Without his lord, beneath a damſel's care.
Late had he ſworn, his arm the goodly horſe,
He firſt ſhould meet, would ſeize by lawleſs force.
Lo! this the firſt, and never could his need
Attain the conqueſt of a nobler ſteed.
But ſince to take him from a helpleſs maid
Honour forbade, awhile in doubt he ſtay'd;
With eager looks he ſtood, and, gazing, cry'd,
Why art thou here without thy warlike guide?
O! were he here (Hippalca ſaid), thy mind
Would ſoon forego the purpoſe it deſign'd:

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Ver. 233.—*ten long miles*—] In the xxvith Book on the ſame occaſion. Arioſto ſays thirty miles—a little ſlip of the memory.

Who this beftrides, excels thy arms in fight,
And through the world fcarce breathes fo brave a knight.
What chief (return'd the Moor) thus treads the fame
Of others down?—Rogero—faid the dame.
Then he—The fteed I mine can nobly make,
Which from Rogero fam'd in arms I take;
And fhould he feek his courfer to regain
I here defy him to the lifted plain.
The weapon's choice be his—this prize I claim—
War is my fport, and Rodomont my name!
Where'er I go, my fteps he may purfue,
My deeds fhall ever point me forth to view:
I fhine by my own light, and mark my courfe
With tracks more fatal than the thunder's force.
  Thus he; and turning, as thefe words he faid,
The golden bridle o'er Frontino's head,
Leapt in the feat, and fudden left behind
Hippalca, weeping with diftrefsful mind.
On Rodomont her threats and plaint fhe bends:
He hears, regardlefs, and the hill afcends;
Led by the dwarf, rage flufhing on his cheeks,
He Doralis and Mandricardo feeks;

While

While the ſad maid his flight indignant views,
And from afar with railings vain purſues.
Some other time ſhall ſpeak what theſe befel:—
Here Turpin, from whoſe page the tale I tell,
Turns to the land, where bleeding on the plain
Lies the foul traitor of Maganza ſlain.

When Amon's daughter from the place in haſte
Had turn'd her ſteed, and through the foreſt paſs'd;
Thither, by different ways arriving, came
The good Zerbino, and her ſex's ſhame*.
He ſees the body lifeleſs in the vale,
And tender thoughts his noble breaſt aſſail.
There Pinabello lay; and, drench'd in blood,
Pour'd from ſuch numerous wounds the crimſon
flood,
It ſeem'd a hundred foes, in cruel ſtrife,
Had join'd their ſwords to end his wretched life.

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* GABRINA.

Ver. 277. *Some other time ſhall ſpeak—*] He returns to Rodomont, Book xxiv. ver. 695. and to Hippalca, Book xxvi. ver. 401.

Ver. 181. *When Amon's daughter—*] See the beginning of the preſent Book, ver. 31.

Ver. 284. *The good Zerbino, and her ſex's ſhame.*] See Book xxii. ver. 23.

The knight of Scotland was not ſlow to trace
The track of horſes' feet that mark'd the place,
In hope to find where from purſuit had fled
Th' unknown aſſaſſin of the warrior dead:
Meantime he bade Gabrina to remain,
And there expect his quick return again.

Now near the ſcene of death Gabrina drew,
Exploring all the corſe with greedy view;
For ſtill to every other vice ſhe join'd
The deepeſt av'rice of a female mind:
And, but ſhe knew not to conceal her theft,
Her hands rapacious had the knight bereft
Of every ſpoil; the ſcarf embroider'd o'er
With gold, and all the glittering arms he wore.
A belt of coſtly work ſhe ſafely plac'd
Beneath her veſt, conceal'd around her waiſt:
'Twas all ſhe could; and, while of this poſſeſt,
The beldame griev'd in heart to leave the reſt.

Zerbino now return'd, who, through the wood,
With fruitleſs ſearch had Bradamant purſu'd;
The day declining, ſwift his courſe addreſs'd,
With that dire hag, to find a place of reſt.

Two miles remote they to a caſtle came
(Fam'd Altariva was the caſtle's name),

And

And here they ſtay'd to paſs th'approaching night
That quench'd the ſplendor of departing light.
Here ſcarce arriv'd, on every ſide they hear
The voice of loud laments invade their ear,
And tears they ſee from every eye-lid fall,
As if one common woe had ſeiz'd on all,
Zerbino aſk'd what cauſe their anguiſh wrought;
And heard of tidings to Anſelmo brought,
How, 'twixt two mountains, in a ſhady dell,
His ſon, his Pinabello, murder'd fell.
Zerbino, doubtful of ſome evil nigh,
Withdraws apart from every prying eye:
He deem'd their ſorrows muſt his death bewail,
Whom late he ſaw lie bleeding in the vale.
Soon came the bier with Pinabello dead,
While torches round their ſolemn ſplendor ſhed,
To where the thickeſt ranks lamenting ſtand,
Raiſe the ſhrill cry, and wring the mournful hand;
Where every eye is fill'd with guſhing woe,
And down the beard the trickling currents flow.
Above the reſt, ſee, impotent in grief,
The wretched father mocks each vain relief;
While all, as ſacred cuſtom each invites,
Prepare, with pomp, the laſt funereal rites;

Such as of old were wont the dead to grace,
But now forgot by this degenerate race.
  The herald from the prince declares aloud
The ſovereign will, and to the murmuring crow'd
Proclaims, that vaſt rewards the man ſhall gain
Who tells the wretch by whom his ſon was ſlain.
From tongue to tongue the ſpreading tidings flew,
From ear to ear, till all the city knew:
At laſt they reach'd the hag, whoſe fury fell,
Not bears or tigers of the woods excel;
Who now Zerbino to deſtroy prepares;
Whether through hatred that the knight ſhe bears;
Or that her impious ſoul aſpir'd to ſhow
A human breaſt that mock'd at human woe;
Or whether greedy gain her purpoſe wrought;
The preſence of th' afflicted earl ſhe ſought;
There firſt with plauſive ſpeech his ear amus'd,
And good Zerbino of the deed accus'd;
Then from her lap, to prove the ſtory true,
The coſtly belt produc'd in open view,
Which, ſeen, too well the wretched parent knew.
  With tears, his hands uplifting to the ſkies,
Thou ſhall not periſh unreveng'd—he cries;

Then bids ſurround the houſe.——With furious zeal
The people, rouz'd, obey their ruler's will;
And while no danger near Zerbino knows,
He finds himſelf a priſoner to his foes,
Giv'n to Anſelmo's rage, when ſunk to reſt
Refreſhing ſleep his heavy eyes depreſs'd.]
Him in a darkſome cell that night detain'd,
They kept in ſhackles and with bolts reſtrain'd,
Condemn'd to ſuffer for imputed guilt,
In that ſad valley where the blood was ſpilt.
No further proof there needs the fact to try;
Their lord has ſentenc'd, and th' accus'd muſt die.
When from her couch Aurora made return,
With many-colour'd beams to paint the morn,
The populace, as with one voice, demand
The priſoner's life, and preſs on every hand
With horſe and foot; Zerbino thence they led
To atone the blood another's hand had ſhed.
On a low ſteed the knight of Scotland rides,
His noble arms cloſe pinion'd to his ſides,
And head caſt down; but God, who ſtill defends
The guiltleſs that for help on him depends,
Already watchful o'er the warrior's ſtate,
Prepares to ſnatch him from the hand of fate.

Orlando

Orlando thither comes, and comes to ſave
The prince from ſhame and an untimely grave:
Along the plain he view'd the ſwarming crew,
That to his death the wretched champion drew,
Galego's daughter, Iſabella fair,
With him he brought, who from the watery war
And bulging veſſel ſav'd, was doom'd, at land,
Th' unhappy captive of a lawleſs band;
She, whoſe lov'd form Zerbino's heart poſſeſs'd,
More dear than life that warm'd his faithful breaſt.

Orlando ſince he freed the gentle maid,
Had watch'd beſide her with a guardian's aid.
When on the ſubject plain her eyes ſhe bent,
She aſk'd Orlando what the concourſe meant:
'Tis mine to learn the cauſe—the warrior ſaid,
Then left his charge, and down the mountain ſped.
The throng he join'd; when, from th' ignoble train,
Zerbino ſoon he ſingled on the plain;
And by his outward looks, at firſt, divin'd
The chief a baron of no vulgar kind.
Approaching near, he aſk'd his cauſe of ſhame,
And whither led in bands, and whence he came.

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Ver. 386. *Orlando thither comes*—] See Book xiii.

At this, his head the mourning champion rear'd,
And, when the Paladin's demand he heard,
With brief reply his piteous tale difclos'd,
In truth fincere, that foon the earl dispos'd,
For his defence, to combat on his fide,
Who, guiltlefs of the charge, unjuftly dy'd.
But when he found that Altariva's lord
The fentence pafs'd, the noble fufferer's word
Stood more confirm'd; for in Anfelmo's breaft
He deem'd that juftice ne'er her feat poffefs'd.
Between Maganza's houfe, and Clarmont, reign'd
A lineal hate, from fire to fon maintain'd.
Then to the herd he turn'd with threat'ning cry:
Ye caitiff bands! releafe the knight, or die!
And who is he (faid one to prove his zeal,
In lucklefs hour) that thus with words would kill?
Well was his menace, were our feeble frame
Of wax or ftraw, and his confuming flame.
He faid; and ran againft the knight of France;
And him Orlando met with refted lance.

That glittering armour, which the night before,
The fierce Maganza from Zerbino tore,
Now proudly worn, could not the death prevent,
Which from his fpear Anglantes' warrior fent.

On

On his right cheek was driv'n the pointed wood,
And though the temper'd helm the point withſtood,
The neck refus'd the furious ſtroke to bear;
The bone ſnapt ſhort, and life diſſolv'd in air.
At once, while yet the ſpear remain'd in reſt,
He pierc'd another through the panting breaſt;
There left the lance, and Durindana drew,
And midſt the thickeſt preſs reſiſtleſs flew.
Of this, the ſkull in equal parts he cleaves;
That, of his head at one fierce ſtroke bereaves:
Some in the neck he thruſt—a moment's ſpace
Beholds a hundred dead, or held in chace.
A third are ſlain, or fly with fear oppreſs'd;
His thundering falchion knows nor pauſe nor reſt.
This quits his helmet; that, his cumbrous ſhield;
All caſt their uſeleſs weapons on the field.
Some leap the foſſe, ſome ſcour the broad-way ſide;
In foreſts ſome, and ſome in caverns hide:
That day Orlando gave his wrath the rein,
And will'd that none ſhould there alive remain:
As Turpin writes, from whom the truth I tell,
Full fourſcore breathleſs by his weapon fell.
The throng diſpers'd, he to Zerbino preſs'd,
Whoſe anxious heart yet trembled in his breaſt:

What

What words can fpeak Zerbino's alter'd cheer,
Soon as he faw his brave deliverer near?
Low had he fall'n, and proftrate on the ground
Ador'd the knight, from whom fuch aid he found;
But to the fteed his feet with cords were bound.
Orlando now his limbs from fhackles freed,
And help'd him to refume his warlike weed,
Which late the captain of Maganza's train
Had worn in battle, but had worn in vain.
  Meanwhile, Zerbino Ifabella view'd,
Who on the neighbouring height attentive ftood,
Till peace fucceeding now to war's alarms,
She left the hill, and, bright in blooming charms,
Approach'd the field, where, when fhe nearer drew,
In her his beft-belov'd Zerbino knew:
Her, whom from lying fame he mourn'd as loft
In roaring billows on the rocky coaft.
As with a bolt of ice, his heart became
All freezing cold; a trembling feiz'd his frame:
But foon a feverifh heat, fucceeding, fpread
Through every part, and dy'd his cheeks with red.
Love bade him rufh, and clafp her to his breaft:
But reverence for Anglantes' lord reprefs'd

His eager wiſh——and, ah! too ſure he thought
Her virgin grace the ſtranger's ſoul had caught.
From ſorrows thus to deeper ſorrows caſt,
He finds how ſoon his mighty joys are paſt:
And better could he bear to loſe her charms
By death, than ſee her in another's arms:
But moſt to find her in his power he griev'd,
Whoſe ſword ſo late his threaten'd life repriev'd:
No other knight (howe'er in battle prov'd)
Had paſs'd unqueſtion'd with the maid he lov'd.
But what the earl had wrought that glorious day,
Impell'd him every grateful meed to pay,
And at the champion's feet his head ſubjected lay.

Thus journeying on, the knights and princely maid,
At length diſmounting, near a fountain ſtay'd:
The wearied earl releas'd his laden brows,
And bade Zerbino there his helm uncloſe.
Soon as the fair her lover's face eſpies,
From her ſoft cheek the roſy colour flies,
Then ſwift returns——ſo looks the humid flower
When Sol's bright beams ſucceed the drizzling ſhower:

Careleſs

Carelefs of aught, fhe runs with eager pace,
And clafps Zerbino with a dear embrace;
There, while in filence to his neck fhe grows,
Tear following tear, his face and breaft o'erflows.
Orlando, by their fide, attentive ftands,
Their meeting marks, nor other proof demands
That this unknown, who late his fuccour prov'd,
Was prince Zerbino by the dame belov'd.

Soon as the fair-one rais'd her voice to fpeak,
(The drops yet hanging on her tender cheek)
Her grateful lips no other could proclaim
Than the full praifes of Orlando's name,
His valorous fuccour for her fake beftow'd,
And every courtefy the warrior fhow'd.
Zerbino, who fo lov'd the princely maid,
Her good with his in equal fcales he weigh'd:
Low at his knee the generous earl ador'd,
Who in one day had twice his life reftor'd.

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Ver. 500. ——*fhe runs with eager pace*, &c.] It may at firft appear extraordinary, that this difcovery fhould not have happened before, as, by the poets words, Zerbino may be fuppofed to have declared his name to Orlando when the Paladin firft accofted him; but, it muft be obferved, in defence of Ariofto, that Ifabella was not then prefent, being left by Orlando on the hill during the battle.

Thus

Thus they: when ſudden from the neighbouring
brake
They heard, with ruſtling ſound, the branches ſhake;
Each to his naked head his helm apply'd:
Each ſeiz'd the reins; but, ere he could beſtride
His foaming courſer, from the woodland came,
Before their ſight, a champion and a dame.
The knight was Mandricardo, who purſu'd
Orlando's track, till Doralis he view'd:
But when the warrior from her numerous band
Had won the damſel with his conquering hand,
The zeal grew ſlack that urg'd him to obtain
Revenge on him, who on the bloody plain
Had Manilardo quell'd, and young Alzirdo ſlain.
He knew not yet the ſable chief, whoſe might
Had rais'd his envy, was Anglantes' knight;
Though him his deeds and fair report proclaim
A wandering champion of no common fame.
Him, (while beſide unmark'd Zerbino ſtood)
From head to foot fierce Mandricardo view'd,
And, finding every ſign deſcrib'd agree,
Lo! thou the man (he cry'd) I wiſh to ſee.

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Ver. 523. ——*a champion and a dame*——] See Book xiv. ver. 490.

Ten

Ten days my anxious ſearch, from plain to plain,
Has trac'd thy courſe, but trac'd till now in vain:
So have thy deeds, in all our camp confeſt,
With rival envy fir'd my ſwelling breaſt,
For hundreds ſent by thee to Pluto's ſtrand,
Where ſcarcely one eſcap'd thy dreadful hand,
To tell the numbers which thy weapon ſlew
Of Tremizen and Norway's valiant crew.
I was not ſlow to follow, with thy ſight
To feaſt my eyes, and prove thy force in fight..
Full well-inform'd I know thy ſable dreſs;
Thy veſt and armour him I ſeek confeſs.
But were not ſuch external marks reveal'd,
And didſt thou with a thouſand lurk conceal'd,
Thy bold demeanour muſt too ſurely tell
That thou art he in battle prov'd ſo well.
Thee too, no leſs, (Orlando thus reply'd)
All muſt pronounce a knight of valour try'd;
For thoughts ſo noble never ſhall we find
The tenants of a baſe degenerate mind.
If me thou com'ſt to view—indulge thy will—
Unlooſe my helmet, and behold thy fill!
But having view'd me well, proceed to prove,
(What moſt thy generous envy ſeem'd to move)

How much in arms my prowefs may compare
With that demeanour thou haft held fo fair.
'Tis there I fix my wifh (the Pagan cry'd),
My firft demand is fully fatisfy'd.
Meanwhile the earl from head to foot explor'd
The Tartar round, but view'd nor ax nor fword;
Then afk'd what weapon muft the fight maintain,
Should his firft onfet with the lance be vain.
Heed not my want—(he faid) this fingle fpear
Has often taught my braveft foes to fear:
A folemn oath I took, no fword to wear,
'Till Durindana from the earl I bear:
Him through the world I feek—for fuch my vow,
When firft I plac'd this helmet o'er my brow:
Which, with thefe arms, I conquer'd—all of yore,
By Hector worn a thoufand years before.
This fword alone was wanting to the reft,
How ftol'n, I know not; but of this poffeft
'Tis faid the Paladin fubdues his foes,
And hence his courage more undaunted grows:
But let me once his arm in combat join,
His ill-got fpoils he quickly fhall refign:
Yet more—my bofom glows with fierce defire
To avenge the death of Agrican, my fire,

Whom baſe Orlando ſlew in treacherous ſtrife,
Nor could he elſe have reach'd his noble life.
The earl, no longer ſilent, ſtern replies:
Thou ly'ſt, and each that dares affirm it, lies.
Chance gives thee what thou ſeek'ſt—Orlando view
In me, who Agrican with honour ſlew.
Behold the ſword thou long haſt wiſh'd to gain,
And, if thou ſeek'ſt, with glory may'ſt obtain.
Though juſtly mine, yet will I now contend
With thee my claim, and to a tree ſuſpend
The valu'd prize, which rightly thou ſhalt take,
If me thy force can ſlay, or priſoner make.
He ſaid; and inſtant from his ſide unbrac'd,
And Durindana on a ſapling plac'd.
Already now they part to half the ſpace,
Sent from the bow a whizzing ſhaft can trace:
Already each on each impels his ſteed,
And gives the reins at freedom to his ſpeed:
Already each directs his ſpear aright,
Where the clos'd helmet but admits the light.
The aſh ſeems brittle ice, and to the ſky
With ſudden craſh a thouſand ſplinter's fly.
The ſtaves break ſhort—yet neither knight would yield
One foot, one inch—then wheeling round the field

Again they meet, and with the vant-plate rear,
Firm in each graſp, the truncheon of the ſpear
That yet remain'd——theſe chiefs that once engag'd
With ſword or lance, like ruſtics now engag'd,
(Whoſe blows diſpute the ſtream or meadow's right)
With ſhatter'd ſtaves purſu'd a cruel fight.
Four times they ſtruck, the fourth the truncheon broke
Cloſe to the wriſt, nor bore another ſtroke:
While either knight, as mutual fury reign'd,
Alone with gauntlet arm'd the ſtrife maintain'd:
Where'er they grapple, plate and ſteely ſcale
They rend aſunder, and disjoint the mail:
Not ponderous hammers fall with weightier blows,
Not claſps of iron ſtronger can encloſe
With griping hold.—What now remains to ſave
The Pagan's honour who the challenge gave?
Or what in ſuch a fruitleſs fight avail'd,
Where more th' aſſailant ſuffer'd than th' aſſail'd?
Each nerve exerting, with Orlando clos'd
The Pagan warrior, breaſt to breaſt oppos'd,

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Ver. 611.——*the vant-plate*——] The part by which the ſpear was held.

In hope with him the like ſucceſs to prove,
As with Antæus once, the ſon of Jove.
With both his arms he graſps the mighty foe,
Tugs with full force, and draws him to and fro:
He foams, he raves—he ſcarcely can contain
His riſing rage, nor heeds his courſer's rein.
Collected in himſelf, Orlando tries
Whate'er advantage ſtrength or ſkill ſupplies.
His hand he to the Pagan's ſteed extends,
And from his head by chance the bridle rends.
The Saracen with every art eſſays,
In vain, his rival from the ſeat to raiſe:
But, firm, with preſſing knees, the earl preſerves
His ſaddle ſtill, nor here nor there he ſwerves;
Till, yielding to the Pagan's furious force,
The girth breaks ſhort, and ſudden from his horſe
Orlando falls to earth; but ſtill his feet
The ſtirrups keep, and ſtill, as in the ſeat,
His thighs are ſtrain'd, while, with a clanking ſound,
His armour rattled as he touch'd the ground.
The adverſe courſer, from the bridle freed,
Acroſs the champaign bends with rapid ſpeed
His devious way: when thus the fair eſpy'd
Her lover borne from her unguarded ſide;

Without his presence fearful to remain,
His flight to trace she turns her palfrey's rein.
The haughty Pagan, as his courser flies,
Now soothes, now strikes, and now with angry cries
He threats the beast, as if with sense indu'd,
Who, mindless of his lord, his way pursu'd.
Three miles he bore, and still had borne the knight,
But that a crossing ditch oppos'd their flight:
There fell both man and horse: the Pagan struck
Against the ground, but from the dangerous shock
Escap'd unhurt; and here concludes his speed:
But how unbridled shall he guide the steed?
Him by the ruffled mane, in furious mood,
The Tartar seiz'd, and now debating stood
What course to take.—To whom the damsel cry'd,
Lo! from my palfrey be your need supply'd;
Bridled or loose, mine, patient of command,
Obeys the voice, and answers to the hand.
The Pagan deem'd it ill a knight became
T' accept the proffer of a courteous dame,
But Fortune, wont her kindly aid to give,
Found better means that might his wants relieve,
And foul Gabrina to the place convey'd,
Who, since her guile Zerbino had betray'd,

Shunn'd

Shunn'd every ſtranger, like the wolf that flies
The hunters' voice, and dogs' purſuing cries.
This beldame now the youthful veſtments wore,
Which Pinabello's dame had worn before;
She preſs'd the ſaddle (late her gorgeous ſeat)
And unawares the Tartar chanc'd to meet.
King Stordilano's daughter*, and her knight,
Beheld with laughter ſuch an uncouth ſight;
The dreſs ill-ſuiting her unſeemly ſhape,
And wither'd features like a grandam ape!
From her, his courſer's bridle to ſupply,
He takes the reins, then, with a ſhouting cry,
Her palfrey drives, that to the foreſt bears
The trembling crone expiring with her fears,
Through rough or even paths, o'er hills and dales,
By hanging cliffs, deep ſtreams, or gloomy vales.
But let us to purſue her tale forbear,
When brave Orlando better claims our care:
His ſaddle now repair'd, and every need
Supply'd, he mounted on his warlike ſteed:

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* Doralis.

Ver. 695. *But let us to purſue*, &c.—] Gabrina is again introduced, Book xxiv. ver. 254.

Awhile he ſtay'd, in hopes, ere long, to view
His foe return, the combat to renew;
At length reſolv'd the Tartar to purſue.
Yet, ere he went, as one whoſe deeds expreſs'd
The ſoft effuſions of a courteous breaſt,
With gentle ſpeech, fair ſmiles, and open look,
He friendly leave of both the lovers took.
Zerbino mourn'd to quit the generous chief;
And Iſabella wept with tender grief:
The noble earl their earneſt ſuit refus'd
To ſhare his fortune, and to each excus'd
What honour muſt deny; for greater ſhame,
He urg'd, could never ſtain a warrior's name,
Than, in the day of glorious ſtrife, to make
A friend his danger, and his toils partake.
He then beſought them, if the Pagan knight
(Ere him he met) ſhould chance on them to light,
To tell him that Orlando meant to wait
Three days at hand to end the ſtern debate,
So late begun; and thence direct his courſe
To where Imperial Charles encamp'd his force,
Beneath the numerous banners rang'd, and where
The Tartar prince to ſeek him might repair.

This

This done: as each his ſeparate fortune guides,
Zerbino here, and there Orlando rides:
But ere the valiant earl the place forſook,
His truſty falchion from the tree he took.

The winding courſe the Pagan's ſteed purſu'd
Through the thick covert of th' entangled wood,
Perplex'd Orlando, who, with fruitleſs pain,
Two days had follow'd, nor his ſight could gain;
Then reach'd a ſtream that through a meadow led,
Whoſe vivid turf an emerald carpet ſpread,
Spangled with flowers of many a dazzling hue,
Where numerous trees in beauteous order grew,
Whoſe ſhadowy branches gave a kind retreat
To flocks, and naked ſwains from mid-day heat.
With ponderous cuiraſs, ſhield, and helm, oppreſt,
Orlando ſoon the welcome gales confeſs'd;
And entering here to ſeek a ſhort repoſe,
In evil chance a dreadful ſeat he choſe;
A ſeat, where every hope muſt fade away
On that unhappy, that deteſted day.

There, caſting round a caſual glance, he view'd
Full many a tree, that trembling o'er the flood,

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Ver. 723. *Zerbino here, and there Orlando rides.*] Zerbino and Iſabella appear again, Book xxiv. ver. 105.

Inſcrib'd with words, in which, as near he drew,
The hand of his Angelica he knew.
This place was one, of many a meed and bower,
For which Medoro, at the ſultry hour,
Oft left the ſhepherd's cot, by love inſpir'd,
And with Cathay's unrivall'd queen retir'd.
Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,
In amorous poſies on the ſylvan rind,
He ſees, while every letter proves a dart,
Which love infixes in his bleeding heart.
Fain would he, by a thouſand ways deceive
His cruel thoughts, fain would he not believe
What yet he muſt—then hopes ſome other fair
The name of his Angelica may bear.
But, ah! (he cry'd) too ſurely can I tell
Theſe characters oft ſeen and known ſo well—
Yet ſhould this fiction but conceal her love,
Medoro then may bleſt Orlando prove.
Thus, ſelf-deceiv'd, forlorn Orlando ſtrays
Still far from truth, ſtill wanders in the maze
Of doubts and fears, while in his breaſt he tries
To feed that hope his better ſenſe denies.

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Ver. 747. ——*Medoro, at the ſultry hour*—] See Book xix. ver. 251.

So the poor bird, that from the fields of air
Lights in the fraudful gin or viſcous ſnare,
The more he flutters, and the ſubtle wiles
Attempts to 'ſcape, the faſter makes the toils.
  Now came Orlando where the pendent hill,
Curv'd in an arch, o'er-hung the limpid rill:
Around the cavern's mouth were ſeen to twine
The creeping ivy and the curling vine.
Oft here the happy pair were wont to waſte
The noontide heats, embracing and embrac'd;
And chiefly here, inſcrib'd or carv'd, their names
Innumerous, witneſs'd to their growing flames.
Alighting here, the warrior penſive ſtood,
And at the grotto's ruſtic entrance view'd
Words, by the hand of young Medoro wrought;
And freſh they ſeem'd, as when his amorous thought
For bliſs enjoy'd, his grateful thanks expreſs'd,
And firſt in tuneful verſe his paſſion dreſs'd.
Such in his native tongue might ſure excel,
And thus, in ours transfus'd, the ſenſe I tell.
  Hail! lovely plants, clear ſtreams, and meadows green;
And thou, dear cave, whoſe cool-ſequeſter'd ſcene

No ſun moleſts! where ſhe, of royal ſtrain,
Angelica, by numbers woo'd in vain,
Daughter of Galaphron, with heavenly charms
Was oft enfolded in theſe happy arms!
O! let me, poor Medoro, thus repay
Such boundleſs rapture; thus with every lay
Of grateful praiſe the tender boſom move,
Lords, knights, and dames, that know the ſweets of love:
Each traveller, or hind of low degree,
Whom choice or fortune leads the place to ſee;
Till all ſhall cry—Thou ſun! thou moon attend!
This fountain, grotto, mead, and ſhade defend!
Guard them, ye choir of nymphs! nor let the ſwain
With flocks or herds the ſacred haunts profane!

These verſes, in Arabian written, drew
The knight's attention, who their idiom knew.
To him full well was many a language known,
But chiefly this, familiar to his own:
Such knowledge ſav'd him oft, in diſtant lands,
From wrong and ſhame amid the Pagan bands.
But, ah! no more th' advantage ſhall he boaſt,
That in one fatal hour ſo dearly coſt!

Three

Three times he reads, as oft he reads again
The cruel lines; as oft he ſtrives, in vain,
To give each ſenſe the lie, and fondly tries
To diſbelieve the witneſs of his eyes;
While at each word he feels the jealous ſmart,
And ſudden coldneſs freezing at his heart.
Fix'd on the ſtone, in ſtiffening gaze, that prov'd
His ſecret pangs, he ſtood with looks unmov'd,
A ſeeming ſtatue! while the godlike light
Of reaſon nearly ſeem'd eclips'd in night.
Confide in him, who by experience knows,
This is the woe ſurpaſſing other woes!
From his ſad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breaſt declines his drooping head;
Nor can he find (while grief each ſenſe o'erbears)
Voice for his plaints, or moiſture for his tears.
Impatient ſorrow ſeeks its way to force,
But with too eager haſte retards the courſe.
As when a full-brimm'd vaſe with ample waiſt
And ſlender entrance form'd, is downward plac'd,
And ſtands revers'd, the ruſhing waters pent,
All crowd at once to iſſue at the vent:
The narrow vent the ſtruggling tide reſtrains,
And ſcarcely drop by drop the bubbling liquor drains.

He

He wiſhes—hopes—believes ſome foe might
frame
A falſehood to defile his fair-one's name;
Or with dire malice, by the tainting breath
Of jealous rage, to work his certain death.
Yet he, whoe'er the foe, his ſkill had prov'd
In feigning well the characters belov'd.

When now the ſun had to his ſiſter's reign
Reſign'd the ſkies, Orlando mounts again
His Brigliadoro's back, and ſoon eſpies
The curling ſmoke from neighbouring hamlets riſe.
The herds are heard to low, the dogs to bay;
And to the village now his lonely way
Orlando takes, there pale and launguid leaves
His Brigliadoro, where a youth receives
The generous courſer; while, with ready haſte,
One from the champion has his mail unbrac'd:
One takes his ſpurs of gold; and one from ruſt
His armour ſcours and cleanſes from the duſt.

Lo! this the cot, where feeble with his wound,
Medoro lay, where wondrous chance he found.

No nouriſhment the warrior here deſir'd,
On grief he fed, nor other food requir'd.

He ſought to reſt, but ah! the more he ſought,
New pangs were added to his troubled thought:
Where'er he turn'd his ſight, he ſtill deſcry'd
The hated words inſcrib'd on every ſide.
He would have ſpoke, but held his peace in fear
To know the truth he dreaded moſt to hear.
The gentle ſwain, who mark'd his ſecret grief,
With cheerful ſpeech to give his pains relief,
Told all th' adventure that the pair befel,
Which oft before his tongue was wont to tell
To every gueſt that gave a willing ear,
For many a gueſt was pleas'd the tale to hear.
He told, how to his cot the virgin brought
Medoro wounded: how his cure ſhe wrought,
While in her boſom, Love's impoiſon'd dart
With deeper wound transfix'd her bleeding heart:
Hence, mindleſs of her birth, a princeſs bred
Rich India's heir, ſhe deign'd, by paſſion led,
A friendleſs youth of low eſtate to wed.
In witneſs of his tale, the peaſant ſhow'd
The bracelet by Angelica beſtow'd,
Departing thence, her token of regard,
His hoſpitable welcome to reward.

This

This fatal proof, his well-known preſent, left
Of every gleam of hope his ſoul bereft:
Love, that had tortur'd long his wretched thrall,
With this concluding ſtroke determin'd all.
At length, from every view retir'd apart,
He gives full vent to his o'erlabour'd heart:
Now from his eyes the ſtreaming ſhower releas'd,
Stains his pale cheek, and wanders down his breaſt;
Deeply he groans, and, ſtaggering with his woes,
On the lone bed his liſtleſs body throws,
But reſts no more than if in wilds forlorn,
Stretch'd on the naked rock or pointed thorn.
While thus he lay, he ſudden call'd to mind,
That on the couch, where then his limbs reclin'd,
His faithleſs miſtreſs, and her paramour,
Had oft with love beguil'd the amorous hour:
Stung with the thought, the hated down he flies:
Not ſwifter from the turf is ſeen to riſe
The ſwain, who, courting grateful ſleep, perceives
A ſerpent darting through the ruſtling leaves.
Each object now is loathſome to his ſight;
The bed—the cot—the ſwain—he heeds no light
To guide his ſteps, not Dian's ſilver ray,
Nor cheerful dawn, the harbinger of day.

He

He takes his armour, and his ſteed he takes,
And through ſurrounding gloom impatient makes
His darkling way, there vents his woes alone,
In many a dreadful plaint and dreary groan.
Unceaſing ſtill he weeps, unceaſing mourns;
Alike to him the night, the day returns;
Cities and towns he ſhuns; in woods he lies,
His bed the earth, his canopy the ſkies.
He wonders oft what fountain can ſupply
His flood of grief; how ſigh ſucceeds to ſigh.
Theſe are not tears (he cry'd) that ceaſeleſs flow;
Far other ſigns are theſe that ſpeak my woe.
Before the fire my vital moiſture flies,
And now, exhaling, iſſues at my eyes:
Lo! thus it ſtreams, and thus ſhall ever ſpend,
Till with its courſe my life and ſorrows end.
Theſe are not ſighs that thus my torments ſhow;
Sighs have a pauſe, but theſe no reſpite know.
Love burns my heart! theſe are the gales he makes,
As round the flame his fanning wings he ſhakes.
How canſt thou, wondrous Love! ſurround with fire,
Yet, unconſum'd, preſerve my heart entire?

---

Ver. 923. *How canſt thou, wondrous Love!* &c.] It is much to be regretted, that the poet has diſgraced this paſſage with ſuch poor conceits.

I am not he, the man my looks proclaim,
The man that lately bore Orlando's name;
He, by his fair one's cruel falſehood, dies;
And now, interr'd, her hapleſs victim lies.
I am his ſpirit freed from mortal chains,
Doom'd in this hell to rove with endleſs pains;
A wretched warning here on earth to prove
For all henceforth who put their truſt in love.
  Through the ſtill night, the earl from ſhade to ſhade
Thus lonely rov'd, and when the day diſplay'd
Its twilight gleam, chance to the fountain led
His wandering courſe, where firſt his fate he read
In fond Medoro's ſtrains—the ſight awakes
His torpid ſenſe, each patient thought forſakes
His maddening breaſt, that rage and hatred breathes,
And from his ſide he ſwift the ſword unſheaths.
He hews the rock, he makes the letters fly;
The ſhatter'd fragments mount into the ſky:
Hapleſs the cave, whoſe ſtones, the trees, whoſe rind
Bear with Angelica Medoro join'd;

---

Ver. 925. *I am not he*—] Imitated from Catullus.
Non ego ſed tenuis vapulat umbra mea.

From

From that curs'd day no longer to receive,
And flocks or ſwains with cooling ſhade relieve;
While that fair fountain, late ſo ſilvery pure,
Remain'd as little from his arm ſecure:
Together boughs and earthen clods he drew,
Crags, ſtones, and trunks, and in the waters threw;
Deep to its bed, with ooze and mud he ſpoil'd
The murmuring current, and its ſpring defil'd.
His limbs now moiſten'd with a briny tide,
When ſtrength no more his ſenſeleſs wrath ſupply'd,
Prone on the turf he ſunk, unnerv'd and ſpent,
All motionleſs, his looks on heav'n intent,
Stretch'd without food or ſleep; while thrice the ſun
Had ſtay'd, and thrice his daily courſe had run.
The fourth dire morn, with frantic rage poſſeſt,
He rends the armour from his back and breaſt:
Here lies the helmet, there the boſſy ſhield,
Cuiſhes and cuiraſs further ſpread the field;
And all his other arms at random ſtrow'd,
In divers parts he ſcatters through the wood;
Then from his body ſtrips the covering veſt,
And bares his ſinewy limbs and hairy cheſt;
And now begins ſuch feats of boundleſs rage,
As far and near th' aſtoniſh'd world engage.

His ſword he left, elſe had his dreadful hand
With blood and horror fill'd each waſted land:
But little, pole-ax, ſword, or mace he needs
T' aſſiſt his ſtrength, that every ſtrength exceeds.
Firſt his huge graſp a lofty pine up-tears
Sheer by the roots, alike another fares
Of equal growth; as eaſy round him ſtrow'd,
As lowly weeds, or ſhrubs, or dwarfiſh wood.
Vaſt oaks and elms before his fury fall;
The ſtately fur, tough aſh, and cedar tall.
As when a fowler for the field prepares
His ſylvan warfare; ere he ſpreads his ſnares,
From ſtubble, reeds, and furze, th' obſtructed land
Around he clears: no leſs Orlando's hand
Levels the trees that long had tower'd above,
For rolling years the glory of the grove!
The ruſtic ſwains that mid the woodland ſhade
Heard the loud craſh, forſook their flocks that ſtray'd
Without a ſhepherd, while their maſters flew
To learn the tumult and the wonder view.

Thus

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Ver. 988. *—the wonder view—*] This Book concludes with one of the fineſt incidents in the poem, which gives name to the whole work, the madneſs of Orlando. The narrative begins at ver. 726. Few paſſages, in any author, excel the remaining

par

Thus far I've reach'd, but further to extend
The preſent ſtory might, perchance, offend;
And rather would I here defer the reſt,
Than with a tedious tale your ear moleſt.

---

part of the book; and it is ſurely needleſs to point out to the Reader of taſte and diſcernment the pathos and fire of the Poet, whether we contemplate his hero in the firſt dawn of his jealouſy, or through the gradual progreſs of this paſſion, in which, while he ſeems to fly from conviction, he finds, by a train of concurrent circumſtances, moſt artfully brought together, the truth forced upon him, till at length he breaks out into a frenzy, that cloſes the book with wonderful ſublimity!

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The extravagant feats of Orlando in his madneſs. Zerbino and and Iſabella are met by Almonio and Corebo, who bring Odorico bound, to receive from Zerbino the puniſhment for his infidelity. Arrival of Gabrina, and the ſentence paſſed on theſe two by Zerbino. Zerbino fights with Mandricardo in defence of Orlando's ſword: iſſue of the combat. Meeting of Mandricardo and Rodomont: A dreadful battle between them for Doralis, till, on the appearance of a meſſenger from the Pagan camp, and at the requeſt of Doralis, they agree to break off the combat, and go to the aſſiſtance of Agramant.

THE

# TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

WHOE'ER his feet on Cupid's ſnares ſhall ſet,
Muſt ſeek t' eſcape, ere in th' entangling net
His wings are caught; for ſage experience tells,
In love's extreme, extreme of madneſs dwell[illegible]
Though each may rage not with the wil[illegible]
Orlando rag'd, their frenzy all expreſ[illegible]
By different ways—what more [illegible]
Than while we others ſeek [illegible]
Various th' effects of th[illegible]
The firſt dire cauſe [illegible]
Love is a foreſt [illegible]
From path [illegible]

And he who leads his life in amorous pain,
Deferves to feel the gyves and fhackling chain.
Here fome may cry—Brother, thy words have fhown
Another's faults, forgetful of thy own.
Yes—in my intervals of fenfe I fee
My bofom's conflict with the charge agree:
Yet have I ftriv'n, and hope in time to cure
The wounds I now from beauty's fhafts endure.

I told, how from his limbs Orlando drew
Furious his arms, and o'er the foreft threw
The fcatter'd harnefs; how his veft he rent,
And to the ground his fatal falchion fent:
How trees he rooted, while the woods around
And cavern'd rocks re-echo'd to the found:
Till ruftic fwains, to where the tumult fpread,
...ir grievous fins, or cruel planets led.
...r now the madman they beheld,
... ftrength all human ftrength ex-
...
...w not where, nor whence,
...ery fenfe.

Swift

Swift he purſu'd, and one who vainly fled
He ſeiz'd, and from the ſhoulders rent the head.

Eaſy,

---

Ver. 34. *He ſeiz'd, and from the ſhoulders rent the head.*] Here the deſcription of the extravagant and ludicrous feats performed by Orlando in his madneſs, which paſſages of our author, Cervantes ſeems to ridicule, when he repreſents Don Quixote in the ſable mountain, debating whether he ſhall imitate the melancholy frenzy of Amadis de Gaul, or the more boiſterous fury of Orlando.

"Have I not told you," ſaid Don Quixoite, "that I deſign to imitate Amadis, acting here the deſperado, the ſenſeleſs, and the madman: at the ſame time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by the ſide of a fountain, ſome indications that Angelica the Fair had diſhonoured herſelf with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, diſturbed the waters of the cryſtal ſprings, ſlew the ſhepherds, deſtroyed flocks, fired cottages, demoliſhed houſes, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thouſand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And ſuppoſing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotelando (for he had all theſe three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, ſaid, and thought, I will make a ſketch of them the beſt I can, in what I judge the moſt eſſential. And, perhaps, I may ſatisfy myſelf with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any miſchievous pranks, by weepings and tenderneſſes, arrived to as great a fame as the beſt of them all."

Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. ii. C. 11.

Though much of the ſatire in the above citation muſt be allowed to be juſt, and though moſt of the actions recorded of Orlando in his

each madneſs

Eafy, as from the ftalk, or tender fhoot,
A peafant crops the flower, or plucks the fruit:
The lifelefs body by the legs he took,
And, as a club, againft his fellows fhook.
Two ftretch'd on earth in lafting flumber lay,
Perchance to rife not till the judgment day.
The reft were foon difpers'd on every fide,
So well advis'd their rapid feet they ply'd;
Nor had the madman loiter'd to purfue,
But on their herds with headlong fpeed he flew.
The labouring hinds the peril near furvey'd,
And left their ploughs, with all the rural trade
Of fcythes and fpades, while feiz'd with pale affright
One climbs a roof, and one the temple's height,
(Since elms and oaks avail not) trembling there,
They view the dreadful havock from afar.

---

madnefs may be given up to all the feverity of criticifm, yet no part of the defcription in the foregoing book, notwithftanding feveral of the circumftances are unfairly included in the ridicule of Cervantes, can be cenfured by any difcerning reader; but let the whole of the paffage be tried by the ftandard of truth and nature, and compared with whatever is excellent of th[illegible] in ancient or modern poetry, and furely Ariofto will not lofe by the comparifon.

Before

Before his fury ſteeds and oxen yield,
And ſwift the courſer that eſcapes the field.
  Now might ye hear in every village riſe
Tumultuous clamours, blending human cries
With ruſtic horns and pipes; while echo'd round
The pealing bells from neighbouring ſteeples ſound.
  All ſeize ſuch weapons as the time provides,
Bows, ſlings, and ſtaves; and down the mountain's ſides
A thouſand ruſh; while from the dells below,
As many ſwarm againſt a ſingle foe.
As when the tide appears the ſhore to lave,
The ſouthern wind impelling wave on wave,
Scarce curls the firſt, the ſecond deeper ſwells,
And this, the third with riſing force excels;
Till more and more the victor-flood aſcends,
And o'er the ſands his liquid ſcourge extends.
Th' increaſing throngs Orlando thus aſſail,
Pour down the hill, and iſſue from the vale.
  Ten wretches firſt, then other ten he ſlew,
That near his hand in wild diſorder drew.
None from his fated ſkin could draw the blood;
His ſkin unhurt each weapon's ſtroke withſtood:

To him ſuch wondrous grace the King of Heaven
To guard his faith and holy church had given.
Could aught of mortal riſk Orlando's life,
Great were his riſk in this unequal ſtrife:
Then had he miſs'd the mail he late unbrac'd,
And miſs'd the falchion which aſide he caſt.
The crowds, that view'd each weapon aim'd in vain,
With backward ſteps retreated from the plain;
When mad Orlando, who no further thought,
The ruſtic dwellings of a hamlet ſought:
All thence were fled; yet there in plenteous ſtore
He found ſuch food as ſuits the village poor,
Of homely kind;—but preſt with pining faſt
On roots or bread his eager hands he caſt;
Greedy alike devour'd whate'er he ſaw,
Or ſavoury viands bak'd, or morſels raw:
Then through the country round, with rapid pace,
To man and beaſt alike he gave the chace;
Through the deep covert of the tangled wood
The nimble goat or light-foot dear purſu'd.
Oft on the bear and tuſky boar he flew,
And, with his ſingle arm, in combat ſlew;

Then,

Then, with their fleſh, his ſavage ſpoils of fight
Inſatiate gorg'd his ravenous appetite.
Thus o'er the realm of France, from land to land,
He ran, till on a day a bridge he gain'd,
Where ſwift (enclos'd in craggy banks and ſteep)
A river pours its current broad and deep,
And built beſide a ſtately caſtle ſtands,
That far around the ſubject fields commands.
What there enſu'd ſome future time ſhall tell;
Now turn to what Zerbino next befel.

Orlando gone, awhile Zerbino ſtood,
Then took the path the Paladin purſu'd;
Scarce paſt a mile, ſlow riding, when he ſpy'd
A recreant knight with hands behind him ty'd,
Plac'd on an humble ſteed, and for his guard,
On either ſide a knight in arms prepar'd.
Full ſoon Zerbino, as he nearer drew,
Full ſoon the lovely Iſabella knew
Falſe Odorico, truſted late to keep
Her virgin charms, like wolves to watch the ſheep.

---

Ver 104. *Now turn to what Zerbino,* &c.] Orlando appears again Book xxix. ver. 281. the laſt we heard of Zerbino was when he parted from Orlando, Book xxiii. ver. 723.

Him had the prince preferr'd o'er every friend,
From ill or ſhame his miſtreſs to defend;
Nor could he think that faith, to him ſo prov'd,
Would fail to her, whom more than life he lov'd.
Then chanc'd fair Iſabella to unfold
Her paſt eſcapes; and all the tale ſhe told.
How, ere her veſſel bulg'd beneath the wave,
She ſought the bark her ſinking life to ſave:
How Odorico had his faith betray'd;
And how the outlaws to their cave convey'd
Her helpleſs youth,—and ſcarce theſe words ſhe ſaid,
When, lo! ſhe ſaw the traitor priſoner led.
The two, who thither brought the faithleſs knight,
On Iſabella caſt their wondering ſight,
As one they oft had ſeen; with her they gueſs'd
Their deareſt lord, the partner of her breaſt,
Companion rode; for well his blazon'd ſhield
The colours of his noble line reveal'd.
Approaching near, they ſaw with raptur'd eyes
His well-known face confirm their firſt ſurmize.
Swift from their ſteeds they leapt, with eager pace,
And open arms, impatient to embrace

Zerbino's knees: bareheaded now they ſtood
Before his ſight, and lowly reverent bow'd.
  Zerbino fix'd on each his earneſt view,
And ſoon Corebo and Almonio knew;
Thoſe well-try'd friends, to whom he gave the care
With Odorico to protect the fair.
  Almonio then—Since Heaven has pleas'd once more
To thee thy Iſabella to reſtore,
Why ſhould I now, my much-lov'd lord, relate,
What well thou know'ſt—why in this captive ſtate
Yon caitiff rides—for ſhe, the fair betray'd,
Has long ere this his treacherous guilt diſplay'd;
Has told, how, by his baſe and guileful art
Deceiv'd, the wretch induc'd me to depart:
How brave Corebo, to defend her, ſtood,
And deeply wounded, ſhed his generous blood.
  Attend the ſequel—From the town in haſte,
With ſteeds and menials to the ſtrand I paſs'd;
Still caſting round my eager eyes, to find
The friends and virgin whom I left behind.

---

Ver. 151. *How brave Corebo, &c.*] See Book xiii. ver. 199. from which part this narrative is continued by Almonio.

Foremoſt I ſpurr'd, and travers'd all the ſhore,
Search'd every part their feet had trod before:
In vain—no ſign appear'd on either hand,
But ſome new marks of footſteps on the ſand.
I follow'd theſe, and theſe my courſe convey'd
Beneath the covert of the woodland ſhade:
Led by the ſound of arms, at length I found
Unbleſt Corebo bleeding on the ground——
Where is our virgin-charge I left ſo late?
Where Odorico? ſay, what adverſe fate
Has here reduc'd thee to this wretched ſtate?
Thus I—and now the fatal truth reveal'd,
I ſought th' apoſtate wretch, the wretch conceal'd
Deceiv'd my ſearch, and, all the day beguil'd,
Through wood and brake I wander'd in the wild;
At length return'd to where a crimſon tide
From pale Corebo's wounds the herbage dy'd;
Where (ſpeedy help delay'd) the gloomy grave,
Alone could take what art refus'd to ſave;
Where friars and monks might funeral rites prepare,
When vain the healing couch and leech's care.

Then from the woodland to the town I bore
The fainting youth, his vigour to reſtore;

Where ſoon our hoſt a ſage phyſician found,
With ſovereign plants to cloſe each bleeding wound.
Corebo cur'd, he took his arms and horſe;
To find the wretch we bent our eager courſe;
Him in Alphonſo's regal court I met,
And dar'd in open liſt, againſt him ſet
My truſty lance: the king allow'd the fight
With every legal form to prove the right.
My cauſe prevail'd; for Fortune, who at will
Oft conqueſt gives, diſpenſing good or ill,
So help'd my arms, his ſtrength avail'd no more,
And he remain'd a captive in my power.
Th' offender's crime reveal'd, the monarch gave
To me his life, to puniſh or to ſave.
Nor would I free, nor take his forfeit head,
But thus to thee in captive chains have led,
That thy decree might doom him to be ſlain,
Or kept alive, reſerv'd for further pain.
Fame ſpoke thee join'd with Charles' imperial force,
And hopes to find thee, hither urg'd our courſe.
All thanks to Heaven! that thus, when leaſt I thought
To ſee my prince my happy ſteps, has brought:

Nor leſs my thanks, that thus I ſee reſtor'd
Thy Iſabella to her plighted lord;
Whom late the traitor, with inſidious art,
Had ſeem'd for ever from thy arms to part.
  Zerbino ſilent, while Almonio ſpoke,
On Odorico fix'd his earneſt look:
Hatred he little felt, but chief he mourn'd
To find his hope from friendſhip thus return'd;
To think that one, who leaſt had cauſe to leave
His prince and friend, ſhould both alike deceive:

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Ver. 208. *Hatred he little felt*, &c.] Zerbino is one of the moſt amiable characters in the whole work, and muſt ſtrongly intereſt the reader. His ſentiments of mercy and generoſity, on the reflection of his friend's treachery and ingratitude, may remind us of the behaviour of Titus the Roman emperor to his friend Sextus, who had conſpired againſt his life, ſo admirably painted by Metaſtaſio, an author who abounds in the moſt noble and elevated ſentiments. Titus, in his interview with Sextus, thus endeavours to make him confeſs his guilt.

> Obſerve me, Sextus, we are now alone,
> Thy ſovereign is not preſent: open then
> Thy heart to Titus; truſt it with thy friend;
> I promiſe thee Auguſtus ne'er ſhall know
> The ſecret thou diſcloſeſt: tell me how
> Thy faith was firſt ſeduc'd: let us together
> Seek ſome pretence t' excuſe thee: I, perchance,
> Shall be ev'n happier than thyſelf to find it.

ACT. iii. Scene viii.

Till,

Till, with a deep-drawn ſigh, he rais'd his head,
And thus, benignant, to the priſoner ſaid:
Declare, unhappy, nor the truth ſuppreſs;
And if we right have heard, thy guilt confeſs.
At this the faithleſs friend, low-bending, preſs'd
His knee to earth, and thus his lord addreſs'd.
To err is ſtill the lot of man below:
But hence the good, from wicked minds, we know;
The laſt, by nature prone to every fault,
At once give way to evil's firſt aſſault.
The good for brave defence their weapons wield,
But, if the foe be ſtrong, no leſs they yield.
Hadſt thou, O prince! conſign'd to my command
Some frontier-poſt, and had my daſtard hand
Without reſiſtance given the hoſtile powers
To plant the ſtandard on thy conquer'd towers;
Then might the fouleſt curſe purſue my name,
The traitor's danger and the coward's ſhame.
But, if compell'd to yield, not blame would meet,
But praiſe itſelf might follow ſuch defeat.
'Twas mine to guard my faith from mental foes,
Like ſome ſtrong fort which numerous troops encloſe.

With all the force ſupply'd me from above
By Heaven's ſupreme decree, full long I ſtrove
To guard the fortreſs, till my vigour fail'd,
And the ſtrong foe with ſtronger arms prevail'd.
  Thus Odorico ſpoke; and more he ſaid
To prove what mighty power his faith betray'd;
With every art of ſoothing ſpeech addreſs'd,
He ſought to move his injur'd prince's breaſt:
While good Zerbino ſtood in deep ſuſpenſe,
Or to forgive, or puniſh ſuch offence.
Thoughts of the heavy crime now ſeem'd to wake
His ſleeping wrath, the traitor's life to take:
Now dear remembrance of their friendſhip paſt,
Which, till that fatal chance, ſo firm could laſt,
With pity's ſtream reſentment's flame ſuppreſs'd,
And nouriſh'd mercy in his generous breaſt.
  While, unreſolv'd, Zerbino ſtill remains
To free th' offender, or to hold in chains;
By death to ſweep him from his ſight, or give
The wretch in lengthen'd ſufferings yet to live,
Behold, loud neighing, comes th' affrighted ſteed,
Which Mandricardo from his bridle freed,

Ver. 254. *Behold, loud neighing,* &c.] See Book xxiii. ver. 673. where Mandricardo takes away Gabrina's bridle.

And with him bears the beldame pale for breath,
Whoſe guile had nearly wrought Zerbino's death.
The roving palfrey, from a diſtant ground
The courſer hears, and ſeeks the kindred ſound.
Soon as Zerbino thither turns his eyes;
He lifts his hands in praiſes to the ſkies,
For two ſo wicked to his power reſign'd,
Whoſe deeds deſerv'd his deepeſt hate to find.
The noble knight that impious crone detains:
And now he ponders with himſelf what pains
Her crimes ſhould meet; to lop her noſe and ears,
To make her piece-meal die, at firſt appears
A juſt decree; to give her limbs for food
To gorge the hungry vultures' ſcreaming brood.
Now this, now that, his wavering thoughts revolve;
At length determin'd, fix his laſt reſolve:
Then, turning to his friends, he cries—I give
My free conſent the faithleſs youth ſhall live.
Though ſuch offence may ſcarce forgiveneſs gain,
At leaſt it merits not ſevereſt pain.
Still let him live, and freed, my mercy prove,
Since well I know his crime the crime of love.
Love has ere this a firmer boſom brought
To guilt more deep than Odorico's fault,

Which now we judge—to him let grace be ſhown
The ſuffering ſhould be mine, and mine alone.
Blind as I was, ſo vaſt a truſt to yield,
Yet knew how flame can catch the ſtubble field!
To Odorico then—Be this thy doom,
The penance of thy deed—thy taſk to come;
One circling year this woman's ſteps attend,
From all that ſeek her life, her life defend;
Her foes be thine—and range, at her command,
The realms of ſpacious France, from land to land.

Zerbino thus: and him, who for his crime
Deſerv'd his death, he gave ſome future time
To certain fate; expos'd in every ſhape
To perils human wit could ne'er eſcape.
So oft ſome ill-ſtarr'd knight, or wife, or maid,
Her arts had ruin'd, and her guile betray'd;
Who'er her ſafety watches, riſks his life
With wandering knights in many a dangerous ſtrife.

Thus each was juſtly puniſh'd—ſhe for crimes
That long for vengeance cry'd in former times,
While he, for her defence who wrongly ſtood,
In ſome ſtern fight muſt ſhed his vital blood.
A ſolemn oath Zerbino fram'd to bind
The recreant knight to keep the terms enjoin'd;

And

And vow'd, if e'er he broke the faith he ſwore,
And fell again the captive of his power,
No longer prayer or mercy to regard,
But with his death his perjury reward.
Then to Almonio and his friend he made
A ſign to free their priſoner; theſe obey'd
With ſlow reluctance; either griev'd to find
Himſelf defrauded of revenge deſign'd.
And now the faithleſs knight the place forſook,
And with him thence that aged beldame took.
What chanc'd to theſe, no further Turpin writes,
But thus another bard the tale recites:
The bard(his name untold) has thus declar'd:
Ere theſe together one day's journey far'd,
Falſe Odorico, deaf to every call
Of plighted faith, to free himſelf from thrall,
Around Gabrina's neck a halter flung,
And to an elm the crone deteſted hung;
And thence a twelvemonth (but unknown the place)
Almonio made him run the ſelf-ſame race.
Zerbino, who the Paladin purſues
With earneſt ſearch, and fears the track to loſe,
Now ſends a meſſage to his martial train,
Anxious what cauſe could thus their lord detain.

To

To good Almonio he his charge declares,
Which now to tell, the muſe for haſte forbears.
To good Almonio is Corebo join'd,
And Iſabella ſole remains behind.
Great was the love Zerbino had profeſs'd,
And great in Iſabella's tender breaſt
For brave Orlando; great was either's zeal
To learn what chance the virtuous earl befel,
So late unhors'd: three days to' await the knight*,
Whoſe fearleſs arm rejects the ſword in fight,
The earl had vow'd; and hence till thrice the day
Had roſe and ſet, the prince decreed to ſtay,
And to the ſquadrons his return delay.

In every place through which Orlando paſs'd,
His hapleſs way Zerbino following trac'd:
At length he came, where midſt the lonely grove,
The fair ingrate had carv'd the notes of love.
The ſpring diſturb'd; the trees, and cave he view'd;
Thoſe lopt and rooted, this in fragments hew'd.
Not far he ſaw a ſudden gleam and light,
And firſt the warrior-cuiraſs ſtruck his ſight:
The helmet next—not that which fam'd of yore,
The haughty African, Almontes wore.

* Mandricardo.

He

He heard a courſer in the woods conceal'd
Repeated neigh, and now advanc'd, beheld
Where Brigliadoro graz'd the verdant plain,
While from his ſaddle hung the looſen'd rein.
He Durindana ſought, and ſoon he found
The ſword, unſheath'd, lie uſeleſs on the ground.
He ſaw the ſurcoat, which in pieces ſtrow'd,
The wretched earl had ſcatter'd through the wood.
  With Iſabella now Zerbino gaz'd
In ſad ſuſpenſe, while every object rais'd
A ſecret fear, yet little they divin'd
(Howe'er they weigh'd the ſigns with anxious mind)
Orlando from his better ſenſe disjoin'd.
One drop of blood diſcover'd on the plain
Had imag'd to their thoughts the champion ſlain.
And now a ruſtic hind with headlong pace
Approach'd, deep terror on his bloodleſs face,
Who late in ſafety from a rock's tall height,
Beheld the wretched madman's frantic might;
How from his limbs he drew his veſt and arms,
And ſhepherds flew, and wrought a thouſand harms.
He certain tidings to Zerbino gives,
Who, fill'd with wonder, ſcarce the truth believes,

Though

Though clear the proofs—the ſhepherd's tale he hears
With pitying heart, and leaves his ſeat in tears.
He lights to gather from the woodland ground
The warlike relicks widely ſcatter'd round.
With him the gentle fair her ſteed forſakes,
And from the ground the arms and veſtment takes;
When, lo! appears a dame in looks diſtreſt,
Sighs frequent burſting from her mournful breaſt:
If any aſk who thus her woes deplor'd,
'Twas Flordelis, who rov'd to ſeek her lord;
For Brandimart, departing thence unknown,
Had left the fair in Paris' regal town;
Where ſeven or eight long moons the mourner ſtay'd;
But when ſhe found his wiſh'd return delay'd,
From ſea to ſea ſhe paſs'd, from plain to plain,
Far as the hills that ſever France from Spain;
All parts ſhe ſearch'd, but where eſtrang'd from home
He liv'd in old Atlantes' magic dome;

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Ver. 383. *'Twas Flordelis, &c.*] In the viiith Book, ver. 604, Flordelis is mentioned to have left Paris in ſearch of her huſband Brandimart, who was gone after Orlando.

Where, with Rogero Brandimart detain'd,
Where, with Orlando ſtern Ferrau remain'd.
But when Aſtolpho, with his wondrous blaſt,
Had driv'n the ſorc'rer from his ſeats aghaſt,
To Paris Brandimart again return'd,
Unknown to her, who ſtill his abſence mourn'd.
Thus lovely Flordelis, to chance reſign'd,
Zerbino and his Iſabella join'd:
Too well ſhe Brigliadoro knew, who ſtray'd
Without his lord, and, ah! with grief ſurvey'd
Each cruel object, while ſhe heard relate
The dreadful ſequel of Orlando's fate,
Who rov'd, of ſenſe diſtraught, from place to place,
A wretched outcaſt of the human race.

Zerbino now the arms together drew,
And fix'd them on a pine in open view,
A trophy fair! and, leſt ſome 'venturous knight
(Native or ſtranger born) on theſe ſhould light,
The verdant rind this ſhort inſcription bore:
THESE ARMS THE PALADIN ORLANDO WORE.
As if he ſaid—Let none theſe arms remove,
But ſuch as dare Orlando's fury prove.

This pious taſk perform'd, the prince with ſpeed
Prepar'd to part; but, ere he rein'd his ſteed,

Fierce

Fierce Mandricardo came, who, when he turn'd
And ſaw the trunk with thoſe rich ſpoils adorn'd,
He aſk'd from whence, and who ſuch arms diſpos'd;
To whom Zerbino, all he knew, diſclos'd.
The Pagan king o'erjoy'd, no longer ſtay'd,
Approach'd the pine, then ſeiz'd the ſword, and ſaid.

Let raſhly none preſume my deed to blame,
This fatal blade by law of arms I claim:
Long, long ere now this gallant ſword was won,
And ſtill, where'er I find, I claim my own.
Orlando, fearing to defend his right,
Has feign'd his madneſs but to ſhun the fight:
Then wherefore ſhould I now forbear to take
What coward baſeneſs urg'd him to forſake?

Raſh knight, refrain—nor think (Zerbino cries)
Without diſpute, to ſnatch the glorious prize.
If ſuch thy claim to Hector's arms, then know
'Twas theft, not valour, did thoſe arms beſtow.

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Ver. 416. *Fierce Mandricardo—*] See Book xxiii. ver. 690. where Mandricardo is laſt mentioned.

Ver. 424. *Long, long ere this the gallant ſword was won,—*] Mandricardo ſeems to mean that he had proved his title to the ſword, by the perilous adventure which he encountered at the caſtle of the Syrian Fairy, where he conquered the armour of Hector. The ſtory is told at large in the note to Book xiv. ver. 240.

No

No more was ſaid; for each with equal heat,
And equal courage, ſprings his foe to meet.
Scarce is the fight begun, when echo'd round
A hundred blows their poliſh'd arms reſound.
Where Durindana threatens from on high,
Zerbino ſeems a rapid flame to fly
The falling ſtroke, whene'er to ſhun the ſteel
Light as a deer he makes his courſer wheel.
Behoves him now his utmoſt ſkill t' employ,
Since, from that edge, accuſtom'd to deſtroy,
One wound might ſend him to the dreary grove,
Where love-lorn ghoſts through ſhades of myrtle rove.
As ſingled from the herd, the nimble hound,
Invades the boar, and cautious circling round,
Shifts every ſide, but ſtill maintains the field,
By turns aſſaulting, and by turns repell'd.

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Ver. 445. ——*ſhades of myrtle*—] Virgil in his ſixth Æneid tells us, that the ghoſts of departed lovers were thus diſpoſed of.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Silva tegit.——

The ſouls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In ſecret ſolitude and myrtle ſhades
Make endleſs moan.—

DRYDEN.

So

So brave Zerbino, as the ſword deſcends,
Or threats aloft, with warieſt heed attends;
Honour and life to guard, his ſharpen'd eyes
Watch every ſtroke, and as he ſtrikes he flies.
Thus he; while fiercely as the Pagan foe
Whirls his dread ſword, and gives or fails the blow,
He ſeems a whirlwind that from Heaven deſcends,
And 'twixt two Alpine hills the foreſt rends;
Now, bent to earth, the trees deep groaning bears,
Now from the trunks the ſhatter'd branches tears.
Though oft Zerbino turn'd aſide, or fled
The trenchant blade, at length the Pagan ſped
A downward ſtroke, that with full force impreſt
Between the ſword and buckler, reach'd his breaſt.
Strong was the corſlet, ſtrong the plated mail,
With texture firm; yet all could nought avail
Againſt the blade, that thundering from above,
Through plate and mail, and ſhatter'd corſlet drove.
The ſword fell ſhort, elſe had the ſtroke deſign'd
Cleft all the knight, yet reach'd ſo far to find
The naked part, whence from the ſhallow wound,
A ſpan in length, the warm blood trickling round
Stray'd o'er his ſhining arms, and ſtain'd the ground.

So have I ſeen a ſilken floweret ſpread,
And dye the ſilver veſt with bluſhing red,
Wrought by her ſnowy hand with matchleſs art,
That hand, whoſe whiteneſs oft has pierc'd my heart.
Ah! what avails the good Zerbino now
Courage to dare, or ſtrength to urge the blow,
Though maſter of the war?—Here virtue fail'd,
Where ſtronger arms and ſtronger nerve prevail'd.
Slight was the wound, though by the crimſon hue
Not ſlight it ſeem'd, but, ſtartled at the view,
Pale Iſabella's heart, with fear oppreſt,
All cold and trembling, ſunk within her breaſt.
Zerbino, fir'd with generous thirſt of fame,
With deep reſentment ſtung, and conſcious ſhame,
Rais'd both his hands, and with redoubled might,
Struck on the helmet of the Tartar knight.
The ſtaggering Saracen the weight confeſs'd,
And to the ſaddle bow'd his haughty creſt:
Th' enchanted caſque made every weapon vain,
Elſe that dire ſtroke had cleft him to the brain.
Impatient for revenge, the Pagan lord
Againſt Zerbino's helmet rais'd the ſword.
Zerbino, who the foe's intent beheld,
Swift to the right his well-taught courſer wheel'd;

Yet not ſo ſwift, nor could he ſhun ſo well
The biting edge, which on his buckler fell,
But through the plates from ſide to ſide it went,
And deep beneath his mailed gauntlet rent;
Laid bare his arm, then glancing downward found
His ſteel-clad thigh, and deep impreſs'd a wound.
Now here, now there, Zerbino ſtrikes in vain;
The foe's tough arms, unhurt, the ſtroke ſuſtain:
Each paſs he tries; no paſs the plates afford,
And harmleſs from the ſurface bounds the ſword.
Not ſo the Tartar king—his fiercer might
With ſuch advantage urg'd th' unequal fight;
Seven times his ſteel has drunk Zerbino's blood,
Has pierc'd or cleft his ſhield, his helmet hew'd.
By ſlow degrees life's iſſuing current drains
His ebbing ſtrength, but dauntleſs he remains:
His vigorous heart, ſtill nouriſh'd with the flame
Of inbred worth, ſupports his feeble frame.
Sad Iſabella, now with fears diſtreſs'd,
To Doralis her earneſt ſuit addreſs'd;
By every power adjur'd her to ſuppreſs
The battle's rage, and turn their ſtrife to peace.
Courteous as fair, and doubting yet th' event
Of combat, Doralis with glad conſent

To

To Iſabella yielding, ſoon inclin'd
To friendly truce her valiant lover's mind.
Not leſs Zerbino calm'd his vengeful heart
For her he lov'd, conſenting to depart
Where'er ſhe led, and, at her powerful word,
Unfiniſh'd left th' adventure of the ſword.
  But Flordelis, who ill-defended view'd
Unbleſt Orlando's falchion, weeping ſtood
To wail the loſs; and oft ſhe wiſh'd that fate
Had brought her lord to ſhare the dire debate.
Yet could ſhe e'er (if chance ſo fair befel)
To her lov'd Brandimart the ſtory tell;
Stern Mandricardo, to his deadly coſt,
Might rue that conqueſt now his haughty boaſt.
  From morn till evening Flordelis in vain
Still ſought her lord, from morn till eve again
At random ſtray'd, while he, whoſe loſs ſhe mourn'd,
Once more to Paris' regal walls return'd.
So long ſhe travers'd mountain, hill, and wood,
At length ſhe came, where near a running flood

Ver. 535. *From morn till evening, Flordelis, &c.*] Here it ſeems that Flordelis departs without accoſting Zerbino and Iſabella, to whom ſhe appears a ſtranger.

The wretched Paladin ſhe ſaw and knew—
But let us now Zerbino's tale purſue.
  Though ſcarce the noble youth his ſeat maintains,
So faſt his blood has flow'd, ſo faſt it drains,
Yet, ſelf-accus'd, affliction rends his mind,
For Durindana to the foe reſign'd:
His pains increaſe—and ſoon with ſhortening breath,
He feels the certain chill approach of death.
Th' enfeebled warrior now his courſer ſtays,
And near a fountain's ſide his limbs he lays.
Ah! what avails the wretched virgin's grief?
What can ſhe here to yield her lord relief?
In deſert wilds for want ſhe ſees him die,
No friend to help, no peopled dwelling nigh,
Where ſhe, for pity or reward, might find
Some ſkilful leech, his ſtreaming wounds to bind.
In vain ſhe weeps—in vain with frantic cries
She calls on Fortune, and condemns the ſkies.
Why was I not in ſurging waters loſt,
When firſt my veſſel left Galicia's coaſt?

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Ver. 542. *But let us now Zerbino's tale purſue*—] He returns to Flordelis, Book xxix. ver. 297. and to Mandricardo in the 689th verſe of this book.

Zerbino, as his dying eyes he turn'd
On her, while thus her cruel fate ſhe mourn'd,
More felt her ſorows, than the painful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling on the verge of life.
My heart's ſole treaſure! may'ſt thou ſtill (he ſaid)
When I, alas! am number'd with the dead,
Preſerve my love—think not for death I grieve;
But thee, thus guideleſs and forlorn I leave,
Weighs heavy here—O! were my mortal date
Prolong'd to ſee thee in a happier ſtate,
Bleſt were this awful hour—content in death,
On that lov'd boſom to reſign my breath.
But ſummon'd now at Fate's unpitying call,
Unknown what future lot to thee may fall—
By thoſe ſoft lips, by thoſe fond eyes I ſwear,
By thoſe dear locks that could my heart enſnare!
Deſpairing to the ſhades of night I go,
Where thoughts of thee, left to a world of woe,
Shall rend this faithful breaſt with deeper pains
Than all that hell's avenging realm contains.

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Ver. 580. —*hell's avenging realm*—] We muſt always remember that the Italian poets, without ſcruple, make uſe of the old Pagan mythology.

At this, ſad Iſabella pour'd a ſhower
Of trickling tears, and lowly bending o'er,
Cloſe to his mouth her trembling lips ſhe laid,
His mouth now pale like ſome fair roſe decay'd;
A vernal roſe, that, cropt before the time,
Bends the green ſtalk, and withers ere its prime.

Think not (ſhe ſaid), life of my breaking heart!
Without thy Iſabella to depart:
Let no ſuch fears thy dying boſom rend:
Where'er thou go'ſt, my ſpirit ſhall attend:
One hour to both ſhall like diſmiſſion give,
Shall fix our doom, in future worlds to live,
And part no more—when ruthleſs death ſhall cloſe
Thy fading eyes—that moment ends my woes!
Or ſhould I ſtill ſurvive that ſtroke of grief,
At leaſt thy ſword will yield a ſure relief.
And, ah! I truſt, reliev'd from mortal ſtate,
Each breathleſs corſe ſhall meet a milder fate,
When ſome, in pity of our hapleſs doom,
May cloſe our bodies in one peaceful tomb.

Thus ſhe; and while his throbbing pulſe ſhe feels
Weak, and more weak, as death relentleſs ſteals
Each vital ſenſe, with her ſad lip ſhe drains
The laſt faint breath of life that yet remains.

To raiſe his feeble voice, Zerbino try'd—
I charge thee now—O ! lov'd in death (he cry'd)
By that affection which thy boſom bore,
When, for my ſake, thou left'ſt thy father's ſhore,
And, if a truth like mine ſuch power can give,
While Heaven ſhall pleaſe—I now command thee, live.
But never be it from thy thought remov'd,
That, much as man can love, Zerbino lov'd.
Fear not but God, in time, will ſuccour lend,
From every ill thy virtue to defend;
As once he ſent the Roman knight to ſave
Thy youth unfriended from the robbers cave:
As from the ſeas he drew thee ſafe to land,
And ſnatch'd thee from th' impure Biſcayner's hand:
And when at laſt all other hopes we loſe,
Be death the laſt ſad refuge that we chuſe.

Thus ſpoke the dying knight; but ſcarce were heard
His latter words in accents weak preferr'd.
Here ended life——the light ſo drooping dies,
When oil or wax no more the flame ſupplies.

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Ver. 623. *Here ended life*——] The death of Zerbino, with all the attendant circumſtances, is one of thoſe fine paſſages ſo admired by the Italians, and which, if the tranſlator has done any juſtice to his author, cannot fail ſtrongly to affect the Engliſh reader.

What tongue can tell how mourn'd the wretched maid,
What plaints ſhe utter'd, and what tears ſhe ſhed,
When in her arms her dear Zerbino lay,
All icy cold, a lump of lifeleſs clay!
Prone on the bleeding corſe herſelf ſhe threw,
Claſp'd his ſtiff limbs, and bath'd with tender dew:
She rav'd ſo loud, that all the plains around,
And woods, re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound:
Nor her white breaſt, nor blooming cheeks ſhe ſpares,
But cruel that ſhe ſtrikes, and theſe ſhe tears;
She rends her golden locks, that know not blame,
Invoking, vainly, oft the much lov'd name;
And, little mindful of Zerbino's charge,
His ſword had ſet her frantic ſoul at large,
But, lo! a hermit, wont each ſtated day,
To the clear fount to bend his lonely way,
Came from his neighbouring dwelling, timely ſent
By Heaven's high will t' oppoſe her dire intent.
This reverend man, in whom at once were join'd
A ſage experience and a gentle mind,

Whoſe

Whoſe hallow'd wiſdom all examples knew,
And brought, as in a mirror, theſe to view;
Now, with a pious healing hand, addreſs'd
The balm of patience to her wounded breaſt,
And many a woman bright in virtue nam'd,
In either volume's* ſacred text proclaim'd.
He ſhow'd how vain our ſearch of bliſs is ſpent,
When God alone can yield us true content;
That earth's enjoyments, ever ſhifting, leave
The wiſh unſated, and the hope deceive.
He wrought ſo far, with mild perſuaſion's breath,
To change her heart ſo lately fix'd on death,
And raiſe her wiſh to quit this vale of ſtrife,
And dedicate to God her future life.
Yet would ſhe never baniſh from her mind
Zerbino's love, or leave his corſe behind,
Reſolv'd through all her pilgrimage to bear
With her the relicks of a form ſo dear.
  Then, by the hermit's aid, who ſhow'd in age
A ſtrength of limb his years could ill preſage,
Zerbino on his penſive ſteed ſhe laid,
And travers'd many a mile the woodland ſhade.

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* Old and New Testament.

The cautious hermit led not to his cell,
The lovely maid, with him alone to dwell,
Where ſtood his manſion in the neighbouring dell.
His thoughts ſuggeſt—that hand we juſtly blame
Which bears at once the fuel and the flame,
Nor would in prudence or in years confide,
By ſuch a proof to find his virtue try'd;
But meant to lead her to Provence, where ſtood,
Near fam'd Marſeilles, a holy houſe, endow'd
With wealthy gifts, whoſe ſpacious walls contain'd,
Of heaven-devoted dames, a ſaint-like band.
Awhile their ſteps a friendly caſtle ſtay'd,
Where, in a ſable coffin clos'd, they laid
The ſlaughter'd knight, and ſafely thence convey'd.

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Ver. 667. *The cautious hermit*—] So light a turn given to the narrative, after ſo beautiful and affecting a cataſtrophe, will, I fear, diſguſt the reader; but, at the ſame time, as it ſtrongly marks the general complexion of the early Italian poets of this claſs, and more eſpecially the genius of Arioſto, it was not thought allowable to omit the paſſage. Theſe are among the parts alluded to by Gravina, who accuſes Arioſto of "ſometimes mingling ludicrous reflections or alluſions with ſerious matter." See the Preface.

Ver. 680. —— *thence convey'd*—] In the time of Arioſto, Joan, queen of Caſtile, in like manner carried with her, in a coffin, the body of her dead huſband, Philip of Auſtria.

ZATTA.

A ſpacious tract of land, day following day,
Through the lone wild and leaſt frequented way,
They ſtrove to paſs unknown, ſecure from harms,
Now all the country round was fill'd with arms.
At length a knight they met, who ſtopp'd their courſe
With brutal inſult and unmanly force:
Of him ſome fitter time the muſe ſhall tell,
Now turn to what the Tartar king befel.

The battle ended thus, his generous ſteed
The warrior from the reins and ſaddle freed,
And turn'd him looſe to graze the flowery mead.
Pleas'd with the fair retreat, his limbs he laid
Beſide the ſtream beneath the cooling ſhade;
But lay not long, ere from a diſtant height
Deſcending to the plain, appear'd a knight:
Him, ſoon as Doralis beheld, ſhe knew,
And pointing out to Mandricardo's view,
Unleſs the diſtant ſight deceive my eyes,
Lo! yonder comes fierce Rodomont (ſhe cries).
To give thee combat from the hill he ſpeeds,'
And well ſuch combat now thy prow eſs needs;

---

Ver. 688. *Now turn to what the Tartar king befel.*] He returns to Iſabella and the hermit, Book xxviii. ver. 676.

Rage for my loſs, affianc'd to his bed,
Has drawn down all his vengeance on thy head.
  As the bold hawk a fiercer mien aſſumes,
Lifts his high head, and ſpreads his ruffled plumes,
If chance ſome birds of houſehold breed he ſpies
(The ſtarling, duck, or dove) before him riſe:
So Mandricardo, well aſſur'd to bear
From Rodomont the bloody wreaths of war,
With joy exulting, mounts his ſteed again,
His feet the ſtirrups preſs, his hand the rein.
  And now the wrathful chiefs approach'd ſo near,
That each the other's threatening words might hear.
The king of Algiers ſhook his haughty head,
Wav'd his right arm, and thus aloud he ſaid:
Soon ſhall I make thee rue thy fatal joy,
Who for a ſhort-liv'd gift, and amorous toy,
Haſt dar'd t' inſult a prince, whoſe powerful hand
Shall wreak the vengeance that ſuch wrongs demand.
Then Mandricardo thus:—In vain he tries
To ſhake my courage who with threats defies.
Women and boys are ſcar'd with ſeeming harms,
Or thoſe that ne'er were bred to uſe of arms:
Not ſuch am I—whoſe ſoul no terror knows,
The hour of combat is to me repoſe:

On foot, on horſe, diſarm'd, or arm'd, I dare,
In the cloſe liſt, or open field of war.
Rage follows rage, and threatenings threatenings breed;
Their ſwords are drawn, and thundering ſtrokes ſucceed.
Like winds that firſt but whiſper through the brake,
Next the high tops of elms or beeches ſhake;
Then whirl the gathering duſt aloft in air,
Sweep cots away, and lay the foreſt bare;
In tempeſts kill the flocks that graze the plain,
And whelm the veſſels in the howling main.
Theſe Pagan knights, whoſe like could ne'er be found
Through all the realms for deeds of arms renown'd,

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Ver. 727. —*In the cloſe liſt, or open fields of war.*] This ſpeech of Mandricardo is in the ſpirit of Hector to Ajax, before the ſingle combat between them. Ajax had defied him with haughtineſs, to which he replies:

> Me, as a boy or woman would'ſt thou fright,
> New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
> Thou meet'ſt a chief deſerving of thy arms,
> To combat born, and bred amidſt alarms:
> I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
> Turn, charge, and anſwer every call of war;
> To right, to left, the dextrous lance to wield,
> And bear thick battle on my ſounding ſhield.
>
> POPE's Iliad, Book vii. ver. 285.

With

With dauntleſs hearts and many a dreadful ſtroke,
Purſu'd a fight that well their race beſpoke.
With horrid clangor oft their falchions meet;
Earth ſeems to groan and ſhake beneath their feet;
While, from their batter'd armour, frequent fly
The fiery ſparks, aſcending to the ſky.
On either ſide alike the knights aſſail
The plates to ſever, or to rend the mail.
Each inch of ground they guard with equal care,
And in a narrow orb contract the war.
Amidſt a thouſand aim'd, the Tartar bends
A ſtroke, that driv'n with both his hands, deſcends
On Sarza's front—the many-colour'd light
Now ſkims in miſt before his dazzled ſight.
Back fell the African, of ſenſe bereav'd,
The crupper of his ſteed his helm receiv'd;
He loſt his ſtirrups, and his ſeat had loſt,
Ev'n in her ſight whoſe love he valu'd moſt;
But as a bow of temper'd ſteel, conſtrain'd
To yield reluctant to a potent hand,
The more it bends, the ſtronger, when releas'd,
It ſprings, and ſends the ſhaft with ſtrength in-
creas'd:

Again

Again the Pagan rifing from the blow,
Return'd redoubled vengeance on his foe.
Where late himfelf the hoftile weapon felt,
Stern Rodomont on Mandricardo dealt
The furious blade; the blade no entrance found;
The Trojan cafque fecur'd the knight from wound;
But fcarce the Tartar, with the blow bereav'd
Of fight and fenfe, the day from night perceiv'd.

While Rodomont repeated ftrokes beftow'd,
And on his helmet laid the furious load;
The Tartar's courfer, that beheld with fear
The hoftile fteel which hifs'd aloft in air,
With his own fate his rider's fafety bought:
For while to fhun the fearful noife he fought,
Full on his neck defcends the weighty fword,
And gives to him the wound defign'd his lord:
He wanted Hector's helm his head to fhield,
And hence he fell—but inftant from the field
Rais'd on his feet, again with fearlefs look
Bold Mandricardo Durindana fhook:
Rage fwell'd his breaft to view his courfer flain;
While Rodomont on him with loofen'd rein
Impell'd his fteed; but Mandricardo ftood,
Firm as fome rock amidft the billowy flood;

While,

While, with his lord o'erthrown, extended low
Was laid the courſer of the Sarzan foe.
Sudden the king of Algiers left his ſteed:
His feet as ſwiftly from the ſtirrups freed,
And ſtood recover'd with the foe to wage
An equal fight; no leſs the Tartar's rage
His rival met——Now blows ſucceeding blows,
Fierce and more fierce the burning combat grows.
But, lo! an envoy came from Afric's bands,
With numbers more diſpatch'd thro Gallia's lands,
Back to their banners every chief to call,
And private knight, when need requir'd them all:
For he*, whoſe arms the golden lily bore,
Had in their works beſieg'd the Pagan power;
And did not ſpeedy aid retrieve their fame,
Deſtruction ſoon muſt whelm the Mooriſh name.
 The truſty herald, as he nearer drew,
By arms and veſtment well the warriors knew;
But more he knew them by their force in field,
And weapons, which like theirs, no hands could wield.
He dares not ruſh between their wrathful ſwords,
And truſt the privilege his name affords:

* Charles.

To Doralis he haſtens firſt to tell
What deep miſchance the Saracens befel;
How Agramant, Marſilius, and their train,
With Stordilano join'd, a ſiege ſuſtain
From Chriſtian Charles; and will'd her to relate
To either combatant their ſovereign's ſtate.

He ſaid—the damſel with undaunted breaſt
Between them ſtept, and in theſe words addreſs'd.

I charge ye, by the love which well I know
To me ye bear, your ſwords your courage ſhow
T' aſſert a nobler cauſe—be now diſplay'd
Your mutual worth our friendly camp to aid;
Where the brave Saracens beſieg'd, await
Your ſaving arm, or ſome diſaſtrous fate.

The herald then his embaſſy reveal'd,
And letters gave to Ulien's offspring*, ſeal'd
From king Troyano's ſon; when either knight
Agreed to calm his wrath, and ſtay the fight;
And fix the truce, till ſome propitious hour
Should raiſe the ſiege, and free the ſuffering Moor.
The ſiege once rais'd, no longer either breaſt
Shall let revenge, or rival hatred reſt,

---

* Rodomont.

But rage anew, till, mutual valour try'd,
Their fatal title to the dame decide.
  Thus they; and ſhe to whom their faith they vow'd,
The ſacred pledge for either warrior ſtood.
But Diſcord ſtern, whoſe unrelenting mind
Abhor'd all treaties that to peace inclin'd,
And Pride no leſs, the friendly terms oppos'd
That thus in hated league their anger clos'd.
But theſe in vain, with force combin'd, aſſail'd,
Where Love's reſiſtleſs power o'er all prevail'd:
He bent his bow, his arrows ſwiftly flew,
Till Pride and Diſcord from the field withdrew:
The truce confirm'd by her whoſe ſovereign ſway
Compell'd each hardy champion to obey.
One warlike ſteed they miſs'd, for in the fight
Lay dead the courſer of the Tartar knight;
When thither gallant Brigliadoro ſtray'd,
Who cropt, beſide the ſtream, the verdant glade.
  Since here the book concludes, permit me here
To pauſe, and for a while the tale defer.

END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO goes, with the damſel, to deliver the youth who was condemned to die. Tale of Richardetto and Flordeſpina. Rogero and Richardetto arrive at the caſtle of Agriſmont, where they are entertained by Aldiger of the houſe of Clarmont. Aldiger gives Richardetto unwelcome tidings of their kinſmen Malagigi and Vivian, who were priſoners to Lanfuſa, the mother of Ferrau. Rogero engages to ſet them at liberty. Rogero's letter to Bradamant to excuſe his abſence. Rogero, Richardetto, and Aldiger, ſet out next day to reſcue Malagigi and Vivian from the hands of the Pagans.

THE

# TWENTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE thirſt of honour and the force of love
Eternal ſtrife in youthful boſoms move:
Nor yet is known which moſt inclines the ſcales,
Since this or that alike in turn prevails.
The call of glory and the ſenſe of right,
Not little now can weigh with either knight
To ſtay the combat, for the damſel fought,
Till ſuccour to the Mooriſh camp was brought?
But love more weigh'd—and had not her commands
(Whoſe power was ſovereign) held their wrathful hands,
Ne'er had the battle ceas'd, till one ſubdu'd
Had ſtain'd his rival's wreaths with vital blood;

And Agramant, with all his ſocial train,
Had hop'd aſſiſtance from their arms in vain.
Condemn not Love—if oft he merits blame,
His generous influence oft our praiſe may claim.

All thoughts of conteſt o'er, the warlike pair
Tow'rds Paris' walls, with her, the gentle fair,
Direct their ſteeds: the dwarf attends their courſe,
The dwarf who led, to meet his rival's force,
The jealous Rodomont, nor ceas'd to trace
The Tartar, till he brought them face to face.
A meadow entering now, at eaſe they find
Four knights beſide a cryſtal fount reclin'd.
Two all unarm'd; two wear their helmets lac'd;
And by their ſide a beauteous dame is plac'd.
But who the knights and dame, ſome future time
Shall tell—Rogero firſt demands my rhyme:
Rogero who, but late the tale has ſhown,
In the deep well his magic ſhield had thrown.
Scarce from the well a mile Rogero paſs'd,
When, lo! an envoy came; (of thoſe in haſte,
Diſpatch'd by king Troyano's ſon, to claim
His champions to retrieve the Pagan name)

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Ver. 27. *But who the knights and dame,* &c.] He returns to theſe Book xxvi. ver. 498.

Ver. 30. *In the deep well—*] See Book xxii. ver. 663.

From

From him he heard the camp's diſaſtrous ſtate,
Where now the powers, beſieg'd by Charles, await
(Unleſs reliev'd) the laſt diſtreſs of fate.

At this, conflicting thoughts Rogero preſs'd,
And rent at once his undetermin'd breaſt
With different calls—nor which t' attend he knows,
Scarce time or place to weigh their choice allows.
At length the herald he diſmiſs'd, and ſped
His courſe to follow where the damſel led,
Who urg'd him on, till with the ſetting ſun
They reach'd a city by Marſilius won
From royal Charles, where ſtill his arms maintain'd,
Amidſt the heart of France, his conqueſt gain'd.
No bridge, nor portal here their haſte delay'd:
None clos'd the portal, nor their paſſage ſtay'd;
Though near the foſſe and gate was ſeen to ſtand
(To guard the place) an arm'd and numerous band.
The maid, his fair conductreſs, well they knew,
And hence, unqueſtion'd, let the knight purſue
His purpos'd way, till to the ſquare he came,
And ſaw the thronging crowd and kindled flame,
Where ſtood the youth, who ſeem'd prepar'd to wait,
With downcaſt looks, his near-approaching fate.

But when, by chance, he rais'd his mournful eyes
Suffus'd in tears, Rogero, with ſurpriſe,
Believ'd in him his Bradamant he view'd;
So much the youth a kindred likeneſs ſhew'd:
Still as he gaz'd, and gaz'd with nearer look,
The mien and features Bradamant beſpoke:
Or this (he cries) is ſhe, or I no more
Am that Rogero I was call'd before.
Through too much zeal to give th' unhappy aid,
She hither came, and here, by fate betray'd,
A priſoner ſtands—Why did thy haſte, my fair,
Forbid thy knight th' adventurous deed to ſhare?
Yet, thanks to Heaven! that favour'd thus I come,
With timely ſuccour to reverſe thy doom.

His ſword unſheathing with a furious look,
(His ſpear on Pinabello's knights he broke)
Againſt the throngs unarm'd his ſteed he guides,
O'er many a body, preſt to earth, he rides.
With cries the wretches fly, and all the train
(So numerous late) are chac'd, or maim'd, or ſlain.
As when, beſide a pool, the houſehold breed
Of ſmaller birds in flocks ſecurely feed;
If chance a hawk, deſcending from the ſkies,
Amidſt them ſtrikes, and makes his ſingle prize;

Each

Each quits his fellow, for himſelf provides,
And from his feather'd foe for ſafety hides:
So had you ſeen diſpers'd the heartleſs crew,
When firſt Rogero on their numbers flew:
From four or ſix that thence too ſlowly fled,
At one fierce ſtroke Rogero lopt the head:
Cleft to the breaſt through ſome his ſteel he ſent;
There, through the ſkull; here, to the teeth it went.
What though no ponderous helms their heads encloſe,
But lighter morions bind each wretch's brows,
Yet, were they arm'd at proof, his raging blade
Through temper'd helmet had the paſſage made.
Rogero's ſtrength, was not the ſtrength we find
In modern knights, or their degenerate kind:
Not ſuch the tuſky boar or lion boaſts,
The fierceſt beaſt of our's, or foreign coaſts:
Perchance the thunder may his force excel,
Or that dire fiend (not he that reigns in hell)
But that which, arm'd with fire, my lord employs,
Which drives through ſeas and ſkies, and all deſtroys.

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Ver. 99. *Or that dire fiend (not he that reigns in hell)*
*But that which, arm'd with fire, my lord employs,*] By theſe lines the poet is ſuppoſed to mean a large piece of artillery belonging to the duke of Ferrara, which, from the vaſt execution it did in the field, had juſtly acquired the name of the GREAT DEVIL.

RUSCELL.

Not leſs than one was ſlain at every wound,
But oftener two at once he hurl'd to ground:
Now four, now five he ſlew; and ſoon remain'd
A hundred breathleſs by his fatal hand.
The ſword, which from his noble ſide he drew,
Cuts, like ſoft curd, the hardeſt ſteel in two.
This ſword, the work of Falerina's ſkill,
Was in Orgagna's garden forg'd to kill
The bold Orlando: but her alter'd mind
Full ſoon repented what ſhe once deſign'd:
For all her arts ſhe found in vain employ'd,
When with this ſword her garden he deſtroy'd.
What horrors now, what ſlaughter muſt it yield,
When giv'n in ſuch a warrior's hand to wield!
If e'er Rogero force or ſkill poſſeſs'd,
To ſave his miſtreſs now it ſhone confeſs'd.
As the poor hare defends her from the hound,
So from the knight the crowds their ſafety found.
What numbers by his thundering arm lay dead!
But who ſhall number thoſe who trembling fled!
Meanwhile the damſel loos'd the cruel bands
That captive held the wretched victim's hands;

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Ver 108. ———— *Falerina's ſkill*, &c] See note to Book xli. ver. 192, for an account of this adventure.

With zealous ſpeed ſhe arm'd them for the fight,
The buckler grac'd his left, the ſword his right.
Fir'd with his wrongs, he ruſh'd with vengeful mind,
To vent his rage on that degenerate kind,
Such were his deeds, as future times ſhall tell
That valour which he then approv'd ſo well.
The parting ſun beneath the weſtern main
Had plung'd, in ruddy waves, his golden wain,
When, with the youth preſerv'd from cruel fate,
Rogero iſſu'd victor from the gate.
The youth, repriev'd by good Rogero's aid
From threaten'd death, his grateful thanks repaid:
Thanks ever due to one, who thus unknown,
Had for another's ſafety riſk'd his own;
Then begg'd him to reveal his name, and ſhow,
To whom his life could ſuch deliverance owe.
Rogero to himſelf—Lo! there are ſeen
My fair-one's features, with her beauteous mien;
But not the voice of Bradamant I hear,
Whoſe ſweetneſs ſtole upon my raptur'd ear.
Not ſuch the thanks that Bradamant would pay
To him ſhe loves on this eventful day.
But can it be——or can my faithful dame
So ſoon forget her dear Rogero's name?

To eaſe his doubts, he thus with courteous grace:
Theſe eyes are, ſure, familiar to thy face;
But when, or where, I ſeek in vain to find,
Thou, gentle youth, relieve my wandering mind.
Thou may'ſt, ere this, Sir knight, have met theſe eyes,
But when, or where, I know not, (he replies)
Since through the world, like other knights, I range
From land to land, to ſeek adventures ſtrange.
Perchance in me a ſiſter's form appears,
Who wears the cuiraſs, and the falchion rears.
Our birth was one—and oft our ſemblant make
Has held our parents in a fond miſtake:
Not thou the firſt, of numbers, who, deceiv'd
By either's looks, have each for each believ'd,
One difference only ſeen—theſe treſſes ſhorn
Scarce reach my ſhoulders, as by men are worn:
While her's, with lengthen'd growth, in many a fold,
Beneath her helm in ſilken braids are roll'd.
Once on her head a Pagan's weapon fell
With ghaſtly wound, but how, 'twere long to tell;

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Ver. 167. *With ghaſtly wound*, &c.] Bradamant, being without her helmet, was wounded by a Pagan, and afterwards cured of the wound by a father of the order of Jeſus, who, for that purpoſe, cauſed her hair to be cut off; to which circumſtance Arioſto ſeveral times alludes.

See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

When, for her cure, a holy father's care
(Of Jeſus' train) lopt cloſe her length of hair:
No ſign was then that either could proclaim,
And all our difference was in ſex and name.
Her Bradamant, call Richardetto me;
I brother to Rinaldo, ſiſter ſhe.
If now you deign to lend attention, hear
A wondrous tale that well deſerves your ear:
A chance, which from our mutual likeneſs roſe,
Begun in joy, but nearly cloſ'd in woes.
Rogero, who no other tale requir'd,
No ſweeter converſe than of her deſir'd,
Of her his beſt belov'd, and ſole delight,
Beſought the youth his ſtory to recite.

He thus began. As through the woodland ſhade,
With treſſes ſhorn, my martial ſiſter ſtray'd,
One day fatigu'd with toil, and faint with heat,
She reach'd a pleaſant fountain's cool retreat;
Then left her ſteed, her ſhining helm unbound,
And ſunk in ſlumber on the verdant ground.
Not all the fables ancient poets tell,
Or fancy'd legends, can this truth excel.
A royal virgin, eager at the chace,
Fair Flordeſpina, to the lonely place

By

By fortune came, and drawing nigh, ſurvey'd
My ſleeping ſiſter in bright arms array'd,
All, ſave her head: her ſide the falchion wore,
And every part a manly ſemblance bore.
Struck with her form, awhile the virgin gaz'd
In wonder rapt, till Love a paſſion rais'd,
That ſoon through all her tender boſom blaz'd.
She urg'd her to the chace; then from the crew
Of horns and hounds the ſeeming champion drew
To where no prying witneſs might intrude,
In deepeſt ſhade of friendly ſolitude.
By words and geſture there, the gentle maid
The ſecret of her deep-ſtruck heart betray'd:
With langour-darting eyes, with ſighs of fire,
She ſhow'd her ſoul conſuming with deſire.
Now from her cheeks the roſy colour fled;
Returning warmth now fluſh'd the deep'ning red:
Till, loſt in thoughts of viſionary bliſs,
And bolder grown, ſhe ventur'd on a kiſs

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† Ver. 210. *And bolder grown*, &c.] This behaviour of Flordeſpina ſeems an outrage on all female decency; but it muſt be remembered, that our poet, in this extenſive work, exhibits every kind of perſonage; that the attractions of Flordeſpina are merely the attractions of beauty, and that her character is ſo far from being amiable, that the Italian commentators have made her to repreſent inordinate and ungoverned paſſion.

Too

Too well my ſiſter knew her manly frame,
And martial guiſe, beguil'd the gentle dame;
She knew no power t' aſſuage the fair one's ſmart,
And ſoft compaſſion touch'd her friendly heart.
Then to herſelf——'Twere better to reveal
My woman's ſex, and thus her frenzy heal;
To own myſelf a maid of gentle mind,
Not ſeem a youth of rude degenerate kind:
And well ſhe ſaid—for recreant muſt he prove
A man, whoſe pulſe was never warm to love;
Who, when ſome beauteous damſel courts his arms,
With youthful ſweetneſs and alluring charms,
Should waſte in talk the hour good fortune brings,
And, like a cuckoo, hang his coward wings.
My ſiſter now, with mild addreſs, prepar'd
To ſoothe the virgin, and the truth declar'd;
That like Camilla, panting for a name,
Or fierce Hyppolita, ſhe burn't for fame;
And in Arzilla born, on Afric's ſhore,
From earlieſt youth the lance and buckler bore.
In vain ſhe ſpoke; her words no ſpark remove
Of paſſion kindled in the fire of love:
Too late the medicine came to heal the ſmart,
Since Love, alas! too deep has plung'd his dart.

Whene'er

Whene'er ſhe views the manly mien and arms,
A tranſient hope her beating boſom warms;
But ſoon the lov'd one's ſex recall'd to mind,
Again is hope to cold deſpair reſign'd.
Whoe'er that day had heard the virgin mourn,
Would ſigh for ſigh, and tear for tear return.
 Did ever wretch (ſhe cry'd) ſuch torments know
To equal what I feel—my cureleſs woe!
All other loves, ſave mine, ſucceſs may find,
Whether of lawful or of impious kind.
From the ſharp thorn the blooming roſe we part,
But vain deſire muſt ever rend my heart.
Ah, ruthleſs Love! ſince envious of my bliſs,
Thou muſt, with cruel pains, pollute my peace,
Suffic'd it not to give ſome common wound,
Which others from thy various darts have found?
Ne'er midſt the human race, or beſtial train,
A female ſeeks a female's love to gain:

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Ver. 241. *Did ever wretch*, &c.] This complaint of Flordeſpina is cloſely copied from the fable of Iphis and Ianthe, in Ovid. See Metam. But while the poet makes Flordeſpina enumerate the unnatural loves of Semiramis, Paſiphaë, and Myrrha, and complain of the ſingularity of her own, he ſeems entirely to forget the ſtory of Iphis and Ianthe.

No

No damſel's charms attract a damſel's ſight,
Nor hinds in hinds, nor lambs in lambs delight:
In air—on earth—but one, alas! can prove,
And I, alas! that one—ſo ſtrange a love.
Thus, ruthleſs power! my wretched fate muſt ſhow
A great example of thy rule below.
The wife of Ninus, by the furies fir'd,
To her ſon's bed with impious luſt aſpir'd:

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Ver. 259. *The wife of Ninus*—] Semiramis. This name is ſaid to have been given her becauſe ſhe was nouriſhed by doves, which are ſo called in the Syrian tongue. Many fables are told of her. Diodorus Siculus relates, that ſhe was born in a wood, near the city of Aſcalonia; that her mother was a reputed goddeſs, and her father a prieſt; that at her birth ſhe was concealed in a grotto, where the doves, ſtealing milk from the ſhepherds, carried it to the infant. He relates, that ſhe was afterwards brought up by the king's head ſhepherd, and in proceſs of time married Ninus, king of Aſſyria. At his death ſhe took upon her the government of the empire, and was famous for her courage and conduct. She was a princeſs of the moſt abandoned principles; and, in order to conceal her amours, is ſaid to have cauſed every man to be put to death who partook of her favours. She had a ſon by her huſband called Ninus, with whom, ſome ſay, ſhe fell in love; and that, upon her ſolicitation to comply with her impious deſires, ſhe was ſlain by him. Others ſay, that ſhe married him; and in order to cover her guilt, enacted a law, by which it was permitted for a mother to marry her ſon.

PORCACCHI.

Myrrha her father lov'd; the Cretan dame
A bull deceiv'd——but wilder is my flame.
In thefe the females ftill the males purfue,
And each attain'd her wifh, if tales be true.
But here fhould Dedalus his arts apply,
No art could fuch a Gordian knot untie,
Which Nature fram'd to make my paffion vain,
Nature, whofe laws muft every power reftrain.
Thus to herfelf laments the fair diftreft,
And feeds eternal anguifh in her breaft:
She rends her locks, fhe tears her lovely cheeks,
While on herfelf a mad revenge fhe feeks:
Touch'd with her woe, my pitying fifter hears,
Sighs back her fighs, and anfwers tears with tears.
In vain fhe ftrives to cure her fenfelefs love,
No words can foothe her, and no reafons move;
While fhe, who feeks not comfort but relief,
Still mourns the more, and finks from grief to grief.
The day but little now remain'd to run,
Red in the weft appear'd the fetting fun:
And time requir'd to feek a port for thofe
That would not there in foreft wilds repofe;
When now the virgin huntrefs made requeft,
For Bradamant beneath her roof to reft.

My ſiſter, yielding to the dame conſent,
Together to Marſilius' town they went;
Where but for thee, whoſe aid ſo tamely came,
Theſe wretched limbs had fed the hungry flame.
Arriving, Flordeſpina to the place,
My ſiſter welcom'd with a ſiſter's grace;
Then in a female garb her friend array'd,
That all who ſaw might know her for a maid:
And more—ſhe hop'd the cauſe of her diſtreſs
From error nouriſh'd by the manlike dreſs;
The dreſs once chang'd, her fond deſire might ceaſe,
And all her boſom be compos'd to peace.
Ah! how unlike that night the couch they preſs'd!
One ſoundly lock'd in all-compoſing reſt:
One waking ſigh'd, or if ſhe clos'd her eyes,
In broken ſlumbers flattering viſions riſe.
She fancies, at her prayer, indulgent Heaven
To Bradamant a better ſex had given.
As worn with tedious watch the patient dreams
(Long parch'd with feveriſh thirſt) of limpid ſtreams,
And cooling draughts; ſo ſhe in ſleep enjoys
What all in vain her waking thought employs.
Sudden ſhe ſtarts, extending round the bed
Her longing hands; but finds the bleſſing fled.

That night what offerings ſhe to Macon vow'd,
To every power!—that for her ſake beſtow'd
Some miracle, in pity to her flame,
Might to a youth transform the virgin dame.
In vain ſhe prays—in vain her tears—her love—
No Macon hears her, and no powers approve.
All night ſhe mourn'd, till Phœbus from the wave
His locks diſclos'd, and light returning gave:
The light return'd, from bed the pair aroſe,
Day adding force to Flordeſpina's woes:
For Bradamant (whom much it irk'd to prove
The hapleſs object of ſo vain a love,
And by her preſence more enflame the ſmart)
Declar'd her ſpeedy purpoſe to depart.
But, ere ſhe went, fair Flordeſpina brought
A ſtately ſteed, with trappings richly wrought;
To theſe a ſurcoat join'd of coſtly make,
Work'd by her hands, and will'd her, for the ſake
Of parting love, the precious gifts to take.
    And now my ſiſter urg'd her ſpeedy way
To Mount Albano, ere the cloſe of day;
Where we, her mother and her brethren, flew
With eager joy, her welcome face to view.

Her helm unlac'd, we ſaw her treſſes ſhorn,
Which once in fillets round her head were worn;
Nor leſs we wonder'd o'er her arms to find
A ſurcoat us'd by knights of foreign kind;
Her wound receiv'd and cur'd, her ſhorten'd hair,
She told, and how in woods the huntreſs fair
Surpriz'd her ſleeping; nor conceal'd the love
The virgin proffer'd in the lonely grove;
What pity touch'd her breaſt, and how the maid
Had to the neighbouring fort her ſteps convey'd,
Where in ſad ſtate ſhe left the fair to mourn:
With all that had befall'n till her return.
  Well known to me was Flordeſpina's name,
At Saragozza I beheld the dame,
And ſince in France; when, not unmov'd, I view'd
Her ſparkling eyes, her features roſy hu'd,
Her neck of ſnow—but cautious I repreſs'd
The young deſire awakening in my breaſt;
Since hopeleſs love can never harbour reſt.
But now ſuch fair occaſion gave it way,
My flame reviv'd that long extinguiſh'd lay.
Love fram'd the web of hope, and in the loom,
Prepar'd the texture of my joys to come:

He taught me with the fair a pleaſing part,
To gain the bliſs that fires the lover's heart.
Eaſy the fraud—my face and mien ſo like
My ſiſter's form, that each beholder ſtrike
With ſemblant looks, might well the dame deceive,
To make her fondly all I wiſh'd believe.

Awhile I paus'd—but young and amorous blood
Impell'd me to embrace the proffer'd good.
The mighty ſecret that employ'd my thought,
To none I told, of none I counſel ſought.
At night I haſten'd where the arms were plac'd,
The arms my ſiſter from her limbs unbrac'd.
Array'd in theſe, and mounted on her ſteed
I went, nor till the day deferr'd my ſpeed:
All night I rode till early dawn of day,
While love and Flordeſpina led the way:
Her ſeat I reach'd, ere from th' ethereal height,
The ſun in briny waves had quench'd his light.
Each knew the ſteed I rode, the arms I wore,
With which my ſiſter left the gate before;
And, happy he, who with diſpatchful care,
Firſt brings the tidings to the royal fair;
Who from the princely dame can bear away
Such thanks and gifts as fits a queen to pay.

Soon Flordeſpina came, with eager pace,
The ſmile of tranſport brightening in her face;
And flew to meet me with a warm embrace.
Around my neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And kiſs'd my lips as to my breaſt ſhe grew.
Think at the time if Love employ'd his dart,
And drove the thrilling weapon to my heart.
My hand ſhe ſeiz'd, nor ſought the menial aid
Of page or dame, but to her room convey'd.
Her ſteps I follow'd: there, with eager haſte,
Herſelf from helm to ſpur my arms unlac'd.
A garment, late her own, ſhe took, and dreſt
My youthful members in a female veſt,
Of artful work, with coſtly labour crown'd;
And in a golden caul my hair ſhe bound.
My eyes I govern'd like a baſhful maid,
Nor look, nor voice, my manly ſex betray'd.
And now ſhe brought me to a ſtately hall,
Where knights and gallant dames, aſſembled all,
Receiv'd us entering, and ſuch honours paid,
As ſuit the rank of queen or princely maid.
In ſecret oft I ſmil'd, when I beheld
The courtly youths, by ſoft deſire impell'd,

With wanton glances meet my baſhful eyes;
Nor know what lurk'd beneath my coy diſguiſe.
'Twas late; and now remov'd the feſtive board,
With every viand of the ſeaſon ſtor'd,
The princely maid, by fond affection led,
That night receiv'd me to partake her bed.
The train of pages gone, with all the ſtate
Of dames and maids accuſtom'd there to wait,
We, both deſpoil'd of veſts, together lay,
With torches flaming like the beams of day.
Then thus—Be not ſurpriz'd, O lovely maid!
To find your gueſt ſo ſoon return'd (I ſaid);
When you, perchance, believ'd me wandering far,
And hop'd to ſee me—Heaven knew when or where!
Firſt learn the cauſe I left you thus to mourn,
Then learn the cauſe of my unlook'd return.
Could my long dwelling here, O gentle dame!
Have quench'd the ſparks of your unhappy flame,
Ne'er had I left your roof, by night or day,
Bleſt in your ſight to wear my life away.
But ſince my preſence more inflam'd your grief,
I deem'd my abſence beſt could yield relief.
Chance led my travel from the beaten road
Through the deep mazes of a tangled wood,

Where

Where loud refounding from the neighbouring fhade,
I heard a female voice that call'd for aid:
I ran, and clofe behind a cryftal brook,
Beheld a fawn, that in his mefhes took
A naked damfel from the ftream, and ftood
Prepar'd to make the prey his living food.
I faw, and inftant flew with fword in hand,
By force his cruel purpofe to withftand.
The impious fifher, of his life bereft,
She to the ftream return'd which late fhe left.
Thou haft not given me aid (fhe cries) in vain,
Afk what thou wilt, and, what thou afk'ft, obtain.
A watery nymph am I, and here refide,
Beneath the furface of this limpid tide.
All miracles are mine—my power can force
The elements, and alter Nature's courfe:
Drawn by my voice, the moon her fphere forfakes,
Fire turns to ice, and air a body takes:
And oft, by fimple words, my power I prove
To ftop the fun, the folid earth to move.
Now fix thy choice—and at thy choice receive
What fits thee beft to afk, and me to give.

So

So proffer'd ſhe; but I no wealth deſir'd,
Nor rule, nor lands, nor o'er mankind aſpir'd
To riſe in knowledge, or in arts excel;
Or gain a victor's name by warring well:
I only wiſh'd ſome healing balm to find,
To cure the longing of thy love-ſick mind;
Nor more preſum'd to ſpeak, her wiſdom beſt
Could point the means—to her I left the reſt.

Scarce had I ended, when beneath the tide
Once more ſhe plung'd, nor to my words reply'd;
But in my face the ſprinkling waters threw;
And ſcatter'd o'er my limbs the magic dew.
When (ſtrange to tell) I felt through all my frame
Unheard of change! my ſex no more the ſame,
And from a woman I a man became.
To eaſe thy doubt—the certain proof receive
Of what, untry'd, thy thoughts could ne'er believe.
As in my former ſex, ſo boaſt I ſtill
To thee devoted all my power and will.
Then taſk them both—for ever ſhall they prove
Henceforth the ſlaves of Flordeſpina's love.

Thus I—and gently now her hand I ſeize,
To ſoothe her hopes, and every doubt appeaſe,

Grant Heaven! (ſhe cry'd) if ſleep ſuch dreams can make,
I ſtill may ſleep, and never more awake.
Between us two, from all ſecurely kept,
A few ſhort months th' important ſecret ſlept.
But ſoon (how fleet is bliſs!) our loves betray'd,
Some ſpy the tidings to the king convey'd.
My doom was ſeal'd—and thou, whoſe noble hand
Redeem'd my life from yon relentleſs band,
Beheldſt me ſentenc'd on the blazing pyre,
My crime to expiate in conſuming fire.

Thus Richardetto to Rogero told
The tale of love, while through the night they hold
Their

Ver. 472. —— *never more awake.*] Two licentious ſtanzas of the original are here omitted in the tranſlation, and were expunged by the poet from a printed copy in his poſſeſſion, publiſhed in the year 1532. Ruſcelli ſaw this copy in the hands of Galaſſo Arioſto, the brother of Ludovico, and it is certain, by a letter from Galaſſo to Peter Bembo, that Arioſto, had he lived, meant to have reviſed this edition, and to have given another with his laſt corrections and improvements; in which, it is highly probable, that moſt of, if not all, theſe exceptionable parts would have been totally changed or omitted.

Ver. 481. *Thus Richardetto to Rogero told,* &c.] This account of Flordeſpina's love for Bradamant is continued from Boyardo. Some readers may probably wiſh that our poet had made the

Their dreary courſe, and gain a riſing ground,
With pendent rocks and caves encompaſs'd round.
A narrow, ſtony path before them lay,
And up the mountain led their weary way,
Where Agriſmont, a ſtately caſtle, ſtands,
Which Aldiger, of Clarmont's race, commands.
Though baſely born, he, Buovo's offspring own'd,
In Vivian and in Malagigi found
A brother's name ; but credit not the tongue
That ſpeaks his lawful birth from Gerard ſprung.
Whate'er his ſire, the youth of generous ſtrain,
Was prudent, liberal, courteous, and humane;
And night or day, what chance might e'er befall,
He watch'd with care his lov'd fraternal wall.
His kinſman, Richardetto, in the place
Due welcome met, nor leſs the courteous grace,

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the concluſion happier for Flordeſpina, but it may be alledged, that the manners of this princeſs not exhibiting a pattern of female modeſty, ſhe has leſs claim to the ſympathy of the reader, or the attention of the poet ; and, perhaps, a kind of moral may be deduced, if we conſider her being totally forſaken by Richardetto, as a puniſhment for her breach of chaſtity.

Ver. 492. ——*from Gerard ſprung*—] Gerardo, a younger brother of Amon and Buovo, (See note to Book xxiii.) and by what Arioſto here ſays, it ſhould ſeem that ſome author had made Aldiger the legitimate ſon of Gerard.

For

For Richardetto's ſake, Rogero prov'd,
A kinſman dear by Aldiger belov'd;
Though now his gueſts he met not with that air
Of cheerful greeting he was wont to wear,
But penſive came: that day were tidings brought,
Which fill'd his face with grief, his breaſt with thought.
Inſtead of glad ſalute, with heavy look,
Young Richardetto firſt he thus beſpoke.

Alas! my kinſman—hear me now diſcloſe
Unwelcome news, to ſpeak our kindred's woes.
Know Bertolagi, ſprung of ruthleſs ſeed,
Has with Lanfuſa, ruthleſs dame! agreed
Large wealth, in ſums of countleſs gold to pay,
For which our captive brethren to convey,
Vivian and Malagigi, to the hand
Of Bertolagi, and his impious band.
E'er ſince the time Ferrau ſubdu'd in fight
Our kinſmen, has ſhe kept each helpleſs knight
In the drear confines of a darkſome cell,
Till this dire compact which I loath to tell.
To morrow's ſun the priſoners, with a guard,
He ſends to Bertolagi, where prepar'd,

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Ver 510. *Has with Lanfuſa—*] Lanfuſa, the mother of Ferrau.

Near fair Bayona, he with gifts of coſt
Shall buy the deareſt blood that France can boaſt.
To our Rinaldo on a ſwift-foot ſteed
The news I ſent, but much I fear our need
Requires that ſpeedy ſuccour from his ſword,
The length of way forbids him to afford.
No force have I to lead againſt the foe;
My will is prompt, but, ah! my means are ſlow.
Then, whither ſhall I turn, what method try?
If in his hands they fall, they ſurely die.

Ill Richardetto this advice receiv'd,
Which, grieving him, no leſs Rogero griev'd:
He ſaw, where both in penſive ſilence ſtood,
Oppreſt with evil chance, deſpairing good;
Then dauntleſs thus—Compoſe each anxious breaſt,
With me alone this enterprize ſhall reſt;
Againſt a thouſand weapons ſhall you ſee,
Mine boldly drawn to ſet your brethren free:
My ſingle arm the Pagan bands ſhall face;
Give but a guide to lead to yonder place,
Where ſuch a compact threats your wretched race.
Soon ſhall the battle's tumult reach your ear,
Though diſtant, each the cries or groans ſhall hear,

Of thoſe that bargain for each wretched thrall,
Of thoſe that fly me, or of thoſe that fall.
  Thus he; and what he ſpoke one warrior knew
By proof late ſeen, his deeds might well make true;
While one ſcarce heard, or heard but as the words
Of thoſe, whoſe boaſting little hope affords.
But Richardetto him aſide addreſs'd,
And told how late his life, when ſore diſtreſs'd,
Rogero ſav'd, and well he knew his deed
On fit occaſion would his ſpeech exceed.
At this good Aldiger with alter'd mind,
To do him reverence every thought inclin'd;
And, at his table plac'd, where Plenty pour'd
Her well-fill'd horn; he honour'd as his lord.
And now the knights and noble youth agree,
Without more aid the captive pair to free.
  The hour approach'd, when ſleep prepar'd to cloſe
The eyes of lords and knights in ſoft repoſe,
All, ſave Rogero's; in whoſe anxious breaſt
Corroding thought repell'd approaching reſt.
The ſiege of Agramant, which late he heard,
Engroſs'd his thoughts; he knew each hour deferr'd

To

To join his lord, muſt ſully his fair fame;
Nor could he, but with deepeſt ſenſe of ſhame,
Aſſiſt his ſovereign's foes, and own the Chriſtian name.
His change of faith at other times had prov'd
A mind ſincere, by pure religion mov'd,
But now, when Agramant, in ſtate diſtreſt,
Requir'd his arm, might rather ſpeak him preſt
With daſtard fear, than urg'd by force of truth:
While theſe reflexions pain the generous youth,
He dares not yet to Agramant depart,
Without her leave, the ſovereign of his heart.
Each thought by turns his dubious boſom ſways;
Now this prevails, and now more lightly weighs.
Once had he hop'd, but vainly hop'd, to meet
His Bradamant at Flordeſpina's ſeat,
Which with the guiding fair and martial maid*,
He lately ſought in Richardetto's aid.
And now he calls to mind his firſt deſign,
At Vallambroſa's walls his love to join,
His virgin-love, who there might well expect
His ſight in vain, and blame his ſlow neglect.

* Bradamant.

His

His thoughts thus changing, never at a ſtay,
He fix'd at lengh, by letter to convey
His ſecret ſoul; though doubtful yet whoſe care
Might to her hand the gentle meſſage bear;
Yet truſts that chance would on his way provide
A meſſenger, in whom he might confide.

He quits his bed—and pens and light demands:
The ready pages, with officious hands,
Each need ſupply—and firſt, as lovers uſe,
He greets her fair, then greets th' unwelcome news.
He bids her think, on him what ſhame muſt wait,
Should death or bondage be his ſovereign's fate:
That ſince he hop'd her huſband's name to gain,
No ſlighteſt blemiſh muſt his honour ſtain:
As nought impure muſt her pure love enjoy,
Whoſe ſoul was truth, refin'd from all alloy.

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Ver. 593. *He quits his bed, and pens and light,* &c.]

The Italian.

——— ———ſalta delle piume,
Sa fa dar carta, inchioſtro, penna e lume

Literally,

———————He leaps from his bed,
And cauſes paper, ink, pens, and a light to be given him.

Theſe familiar paſſages cannot well be rendered in our language, and it is ſurely difficult to convey, in any tolerable manner, the author's ſenſe in Engliſh verſe.

If e'er he wiſh'd to purchaſe virtuous fame,
Or wiſh'd, when purchas'd, to preſerve the claim,
What muſt he now, when ſhe, his future wife,
Would ſhare with him in each event of life?
With him in weal or woe be ever join'd,
Two bodies link'd by one informing mind?
And as he oft had vow'd, he thus once more
His vows confirm'd; the fated ſeaſon o'er,
For which he to his lord muſt keep unſtain'd
His loyal truth; he then, if life remain'd,
By every proof would all her fears relieve,
And Chriſtian faith with open rites receive;
And from her ſire, her brother, all her train
Of kindred friends, her hand in marriage gain.
Firſt will I raiſe (he ſaid) with thy conſent,
The ſiege by which my ſovereign lord is pent,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, while Agramant maintain'd
His proſperous ſtate, Rogero firm remain'd;
But now, for Charles, ſince Fortune changes hands,
He ſpreads his ſtandard with the victors' bands.
Some thrice five days, or twenty, let me prove
My force, my monarch's danger to remove,
Then will I frame a juſt excuſe, to take
My leave of Agramant—for honour's ſake,

I aſk

I aſk no more, and all my future life
I give to thee, my miſtreſs and my wife.
In phraſe like this, Rogero painted well
His ſecret thoughts, which ſcarce the Muſe can tell;
Nor ſtay'd his pen, till words, faſt flowing o'er,
The love-directed page could hold no more.
The letter ending here, the lines he ſeal'd,
And ſealing, in his careful boſom held,
In hopes ſome friend, ere one revolving day,
Might to her hand the gentle charge convey.
The letter clos'd, he clos'd in ſlumber deep,
His heavy lids o'er-watch'd—the Power of Sleep
Stood near his couch, and o'er his members threw
The peaceful drops of Lethe's ſilent dew.
He ſlept, till in the eaſt a breaking cloud,
With blended hues of white and purple glow'd;
Whence flowers were ſtrow'd o'er all the ſmiling ſkies,
And, thron'd in gold, the morn began to riſe.

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Ver. 629. *In phraſe like this,* &c.] Spenſer has in like manner introduced a letter into his poem, upon which Mr. Upton obſerves, " Spenſer has not the authority of Homer and Virgil for introducing an epiſtle in his epic poem, but he has the authority of Arioſto."

When now the birds from every verdant ſpray,
With early muſic hail'd the new-born day,
Good Aldiger (Rogero thence to lead,
With Richardetto, where their venturous deed
Muſt ſet the brethren free from captive bands,
Condemn'd to impious Bertolagi's hands)
Was firſt on foot; and with him either gueſt
Who heard the ſummons, left his downy reſt.
Now cloth'd with temper'd ſteel, in meet array,
Rogero with the kinſmen took his way.

Oft had Rogero pray'd, but pray'd in vain,
His ſingle arm might that day's glory gain;
The two, through ardour in their kinſmen's cauſe
To join his arms, and urg'd by honour's laws,
Like rocks unmov'd, refus'd to him to yield
Alone the danger of ſo brave a field.

The hour approach'd, when either Pagan train
Prepar'd to bring each car, and loaded wain,
With Malagigi, Vivian, and the gold
For which the wretched chiefs were bought and ſold.
The warriors reach'd the place: a field that lay,
Of wide extent, expos'd to Phœbus' ray:
No laurel there, no myrtle's fragrant wood,
Nor oak, nor elm, nor lofty cypreſs ſtood;

But thorns and brambles choak'd the barren ſoil,
That felt no ſpade, nor own'd the ploughman's toil.
The three bold champions check'd their courſers' rein,
Where ſtretch'd a path extending o'er the plain;
When drawing nigh, a warrior they behold,
Array'd in coſtly arms that flam'd with gold,
In whoſe fair ſhield of vivid green, appears
The wondrous bird that lives a thouſand years.

Here ceaſe, my lord, while thus the book I cloſe,
And, pauſing here, entreat awhile repoſe.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO, Richardetto, and Aldiger, meet an unknown warrior, who joins their party. They attack the troops of Maganza and the Moor, and defeat them. Rogero and Marphiſa ſignalize their valour. The priſoners, Malagigi and Vivian are ſet at liberty. The warriors repoſing themſelves after the battle, Malagigi explains to the reſt the myſtical ſculpture on the fountain made by Merlin. Hippalca arrives, and gives an account to Richardetto and Rogero of her loſing Frontino, which was taken away by Rodomont. Rogero departs to revenge the affront. Arrival of Rodomont, Mandricardo, and Doralis: Mandricardo jouſts with all the knights, and overthrows them: His battle with Marphiſa. Rogero returns to the fountain. Strange diſſentions amongſt the warriors. Rogero claims his horſe of Rodomont; and Mandricardo wrangles with Rogero for the device on his ſhield. Rodomont, Mandricardo, and Rogero fight: Marphiſa takes part with Rogero. Malagigi, fearing for the ſafety of Richardetto attacked by Rodomont, cauſes, by his magic art, a demon to enter the horſe of Doralis, which carrying her away, ſhe is immediately followed by Mandricardo and Rodomont, who are afterwards purſued by Rogero and Marphiſa.

THE

# TWENTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

THE generous dames, of ancient time, deſpis'd
The charms of wealth, and virtue only priz'd:
In this our age, we ſee the female train
Scarce bend a wiſh to aught but ſordid gain.
Yet thoſe who, bleſt with inbred goodneſs, ſhun
That love of gold which has the ſex undone,
Living, content and peace may juſtly claim;
And, dead, ſhould find the meed of endleſs fame.
For ever, ſure, muſt Bradamant be prais'd,
Who not her thoughts to power or riches rais'd,
But lov'd, whate'er beſpoke the noble mind,
Grace, courage, honour, in Rogero join'd;
And well deſerv'd a knight of ſuch deſert
Should bear her image in his conſtant heart;

And

And for her ſake thoſe valorous deeds atchieve,
Which after-ages ſcarcely could believe.

Rogero, with the two, as late I told,
With Aldiger and Richardetto bold,
(The knights of Clarmont) bright in ſteel array'd,
Prepar'd to give the brother-priſoners aid.
I told you how a warrior croſs'd the field,
Of fearleſs geſture, bearing on his ſhield
The bird that from its aſhes ſprings to birth,
And (ſtrange to tell) but one appears on earth.
Soon as the knight unknown, advancing, view'd
Where each brave chief prepar'd for combat ſtood,
Eager he burn'd to prove, in martial deed,
How far their valour with their looks agreed.
Is there amongſt you one who dares (he cries)
With me in ſingle fight diſpute the prize?
With ſpear or ſword in rough encounter meet,
Till one ſhall fall, while one retains his ſeat?
That man were I—(thus Aldiger reply'd)
With thee the ſword to wield, the ſpear to guide:
But (as thyſelf ſhalt ſee) far other taſk
Bids us refuſe what courage bids thee aſk;
A taſk, that ſcarce permits theſe few ſhort words,
Much leſs the time to run at tilt affords.

Behold, where ftation'd here we three prepare,
At leaft fix hundred men in arms to dare,
That by our love and valour may be freed
Two wretched friends, to cruel bonds decreed.
He faid; and to the brave unknown reveal'd
The caufe at full that brought them to the field.
Well haft thou urg'd fuch reafons as fuffice
For juft excufe, (the ftranger thus replies)
And fure three knights you feem whofe dauntlefs worth
Scarce meets its equal through the fpacious earth.
With you I fought, erewhile, to run the courfe
On equal terms, for proof of either's force:
But fince on others I fhall fee your might
Far better try'd—I claim no more the fight:
But this I claim—my arms with yours to wield,
With yours to join this helmet, lance and fhield,
And truft to prove, when on your fide I ftand,
Not undeferving of fo brave a band.

Some here may wifh to learn the warrior's name,
Who thus, a fearlefs candidate for fame,
Would with Rogero and his fellows meet
The dreadful hazards of their hardy feat.

SHE

SHE then (no longer HE this champion call)
Was bold Marphiſa, from whoſe hand his fall
Zerbino ſuffer'd, ſworn by her to guard,
Gabrina foul, for every ill prepar'd.
  The good Rogero, and each noble lord
Of Clarmont's houſe, receiv'd with one accord
The proffer'd aid of her, whom all eſteem'd
Of manly ſex, as by her dreſs ſhe ſeem'd.
  Not long they ſtay'd, ere Aldiger beheld,
And ſhow'd his friends at diſtance on the field,
A banner rais'd, that to the breezes flow'd,
And round the banner throng'd a mingled crow'd.
When now advanc'd, ſo near in ſight they drew,
That by their Mooriſh garb the warriors knew
The hoſtile band; amid the ſhouting throng
They ſaw the hapleſs brethren borne along
On two low ſteeds, expecting to behold,
For ſums of wealth their perſons chang'd and ſold.
  Then thus Marphiſa—Wherefore ſuch delay,
When theſe are preſent, to begin the fray?
Rogero anſwer'd—Of th' invited train
To crown the banquet, many gueſts remain,
Nor yet arriv'd—we form a ſolemn treat,
And all muſt join to make the feaſt complete,

Soon will the reſt attend—While thus he ſaid,
His bold compeers the remnant foes ſurvey'd:
The traitors of Maganza's line advance,
And all is ready to begin the dance.
  There ſwarm'd the numbers of Maganza's crew,
With groaning mules in loaded wains, that drew
Gold, veſts, and precious wealth; while here were
  ſeen
The captive brethren, with dejected mien;
Who ſlowly rode, in ſhameful ſhackles bound,
With lances, ſwords, and bows, encompaſs'd round;
And Bertolagi (cauſe of either's grief)
Was heard conferring with the Mooriſh chief.
Not Buovo's ſon, nor he * of Amon's ſtrain,
The traitor preſent, could their wrath contain.
At once his ſpear in reſt each warrior took;
And each, at once, the proud Maganzan ſtruck.
One through his helm the deadly wound impreſs'd;
One drove the thrilling weapon through his breaſt.
As Bertolagi by theſe knights was ſlain,
Like him ſo periſh all, that wrong maintain.
  At this Marphiſa with Rogero fir'd,
No other ſignal for th' attack requir'd;

---

* Richardetto.

And ere her ſpear ſhe broke, the martial maid
Low on the ground three warriors breathleſs laid.
The other impious chief was worthy found,
From fierce Rogero's ſpear to meet his wound:
He fell; and, by the ſame dire weapon ſlain,
Two more were ſent to Death's relentleſs reign.
An error now amidſt th' aſſail'd was bred,
That wide and wider to their ruin ſpread:
Thoſe of Maganza deem'd themſelves betray'd
By the fierce Saracens; the Moors, diſmay'd
By frequent wounds and deaths on every hand,
With treacherous murder charg'd Maganza's band;
Till fell reproach to mutual carnage roſe,
With ſpears in reſt, drawn ſwords, and bended bows.

Now here, now there, by turns Rogero flew
On either troop; now ten, now twenty ſlew.
As many by the virgin's weapon kill'd,
In divers parts lay ſcatter'd o'er the field.
The rider from his ſaddle lifeleſs fell,
Whene'er deſcended either trenchant ſteel;
Helmet and corſlets yielded where it came;
As crackling ſerewood to deſtroying flame.

If

If e'er you ſaw, or e'er have heard the tale,
How, when fierce factions in the hive prevail,
As to the ſtandard in the fields of air,
The buzzing legions for the fight prepare,
Amidſt them oft the hungry ſwallow pours,
Rends, kills, or ſcatters, and whole troops devours:
So think Marphiſa, ſo Rogero rag'd;
Alike by turns each daſtard troop engag'd.
But Richardetto, nor his kinſman chang'd
The ſlaughter thus; nor thus alternate rang'd;
The band of Saracens untouch'd they leave,
While all their furies to Maganza's cleave.
Rinaldo's brother, to the dauntleſs mind
That fits a knight, had mighty proweſs join'd;
And now the hatred he Maganza bore,
Gave twofold vigour to his wonted power:
This fir'd the baſe-born ſon of Buovo's bed,
Who, like a lion, his reſentment fed:
Through helm and head his weapon took its courſe,
And both gave way before the craſhing force.
What ſoul but here had caught the martial ire?
What breaſt but here had glow'd with Hector's fire?
Here, with Marphiſa and Rogero join'd,
The choice, the flower of all the warrior-kind.

Marphiſa

Marphiſa, as ſhe fought, oft turn'd her eyes,
And view'd her comrades' deeds with vaſt ſurpriſe;
She prais'd them all; but good Rogero rais'd
Her wonder moſt, him o'er mankind ſhe prais'd:
Sometimes ſhe deem'd that Mars had from above
Left his fifth heaven, the fights of men to prove.
She mark'd his dreadful ſword, that never fail'd,
Againſt whoſe edge no temper'd ſteel avail'd;
The helm and cuiraſs ſtrong it pierces through,
It cleaves the rider to the ſeat in two,
And ſends, divided, in a crimſon tide,
The corſe in equal parts on either ſide,
Nor, deaden'd there, its dreadful fury ſtays,
But with his wretched lord the courſer ſlays.

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Ver. 163. *And ſends, divided in a crimſon tide,*
*The corſe in equal parts on either ſide,*
*Nor, deaden'd there,* &c.] Theſe paſſages remind us of the wounds given by knights-errant in romances, ſo often ridiculed by Cervantes, and for which Arioſto is, with theſe authors, liable to the cenſure of extravagance. The hoſt, who, like Don Quixote, is intoxicated with reading romances, makes the following eulogium on thoſe performances, in anſwer to the prieſt who had recommended hiſtory. " Before God, your worſhip ſhould have read what I have read concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who with one back-ſtroke, cut aſunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been ſo many bean-cods."

Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iv. C. i.

From many a neck his falchion lops the head ;
Oft o'er the hips, ſheer through the body ſped,
It parts the trunk : now five the rapid ſteel
Severs at once—and more I fear to tell,
Leſt truth ſhould falſehood ſeem : but Turpin fam'd,
Who knew the truth, and what he knew proclaim'd,
Leaves men to credit or reject his page,
Which blazons deeds unknown in this degenerate age.
Alike appear'd Marphiſa's martial ire,
Her foes all frozen, and herſelf all fire !
While ſhe no leſs attracts Rogero's gaze,
Than he before might claim the virgin's praiſe :
And as ſhe deem'd him Mars, ſo, had he known
His partner's ſex, to equal wonder won
Of her great deeds, he ſure had ſtil'd the fair
The dread Bellona, patroneſs of war !
Caught each from each, their kindling ardor roſe,
Dire emulation for their wretched foes !
On whom they thus their mutual proweſs ſhow'd,
On nerve, on bone, on limbs all drench'd in blood.
Full ſoon the might of theſe reſiſtleſs four
Diſpers'd each camp, and broke their ſtrongeſt power.
Who hop'd to 'ſcape, his limbs from armour freed,
And ſtript in lighter veſture urg'd his ſpeed.

Happy the man whoſe courſer ſwifteſt flies,
No common pace his ſafety now ſupplies;
While he, who wants a ſteed, laments the harms
That more on foot attend the trade of arms.

The field and plunder to the conquering band
Were left; nor guard, nor muleteer remain'd.
There fled Maganza's force, here fled the Moor,
Thoſe left the priſoners, theſe their wealthy ſtore.
With joyful looks, and with exulting mind,
The noble kinſmen haſten'd to unbind
Vivian and Malagigi, whilſt a train
Bore heaps of treaſure from the loaded wain;
Vaſes of ſilver wrought, (the victor's prize)
And female veſts that flam'd with coſtly dyes;
Viands, on which their hunger might be fed,
With generous wines, and all-ſuſtaining bread.

Each helm unlac'd, the noble warrior-maid
Appear'd confeſt: her golden locks diſplay'd

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Ver. 207. ——————— *the warrior-maid*
*Appear'd confeſt*———] So Britomart diſarms in Spenſer.

> With that her glittering helmet ſhe unlac'd,
> Which doft her golden locks that were upbound
> Still in a knot, unto her heels down trac'd.
>
> Fairy Queen, Book III. C. iv. St. 13.

Both poets compare their reſpective heroines to Bellona.

Her hidden ſex, and on her lovely face
Bright ſhone the charms that female features grace.
With rapture, all the generous virgin view'd,
And now to learn her glorious name they ſu'd:
She, with her friends, to mild deportment us'd,
Complacent heard, nor what they wiſh'd refus'd.
On her, whoſe deeds ſo late their wonder rais'd,
Each ardent knight with eye inſatiate gaz'd:
She on Rogero; him alone ſhe heard,
With him alone ſhe ſtood, with him conferr'd.
But now the pages call'd her to repair
Where, by a fountain's ſide, the feaſt to ſhare,
In the cool ſhelter which a hill diſplay'd,
Her friends repos'd beneath the grateful ſhade.
This fountain, rais'd with art, was one of four
Which Merlin made in France by magic lore;
Of pureſt marble was the ſtructure bright,
With dazzling poliſh ſmooth, and milky white;
Here Merlin, by his ſkill divine, had brought
Expreſſive forms in riſing ſculpture wrought.
Thou would'ſt have ſaid they ſeem'd in act to ſtrive,
And breathe, and move—in all but ſpeech alive!

There, ſculptur'd, from the woods a monſter came,
Of fearful aſpect, and of mingled frame:

---

Ver. 231. *There, ſculptur'd, from the woods a monſter came*—] Moſt of the commentators have explained this monſter to mean Avarice, which had over-run all the Chriſtian world, and brought ſcandal on the profeſſors of the faith. Sir John Harrington, who lived in an age of allegory, ſays, that Arioſto deſcribes this vice very ſignificantly; he makes "her ugly, becauſe of all vices it is moſt hateful; ears of an aſs, being for the moſt part ignorant, or at leaſt careleſs of other men's good opinions; a wolf in head and breaſt, namely, ravenous and never ſatisfied; a lion's griſly jaw, terrible and devouring; a fox in all the reſt, wily and crafty." See notes to Sir John Harrington's tranſlation of this book.

Lavezuola, a commentator, extols this deſcription of Arioſto, as far ſuperior to Dante, who ſimply repreſents Avarice in the form of a lean and hungry wolf.

> E una lupa, che di tutta brame,
> Scontra carca con la ſua magrezza,
> E molte genti fè gia viver grame.
>
> INFERNO, Cant. I.

> ———Inflam'd with every fierce deſire,
> A famiſh'd ſhe-wolf like a ſpectre came,
> Beneath whoſe gripe ſhall many a wretch expire.
>
> HAYLEY.

Mr. Upton thinks, that by this monſter is characteriſed Superſtition, as ignorant, ravenous, cruel, and cunning. See his note to Fairy Queen, Book I. C. viii. St. 48.

The different explanations prove the uncertainty that often attends allegorical deſcription, though I cannot but think, from many circumſtances, that Arioſto means to repreſent Avarice. Spenſer, whoſe work is one continued allegory, would ſometimes be totally unintelligible, but that he generally gives the names to his perſonified characters.

An

3

An aſs's ears, a wolf's ſtern front he wore,
With ravening teeth as long undrench'd with gore;
A lion's rending paws: in all the reſt
His ſhape and hue the wily fox expreſs'd.
With rage untam'd he travers'd Gallia's land,
Spain, Italy, and England's diſtant ſtrand:
Europe and Aſia had his force o'er-run,
And every clime beneath the rolling ſun.
Where'er he paſs'd the wounds or deaths he dealt,
The low, the proud, and every ſtation felt:
But moſt the laſt—his felleſt wrath he pour'd
On king, on prince, on potentate and lord.
The Roman court his worſt of furies knew,
There popes and mitred cardinals he ſlew.
This beaſt the hallow'd ſeat of Peter ſoil'd,
And with lewd ſcandals the pure faith defil'd.
Before the monſter's rage in ruins fall,
Each ſtrong-built fort, and well-defended wall.
To honours even divine he dares pretend;
He makes th' inſenſate crowd in homage bend;
Bids ſervile tongues his impious glories ſwell,
And boaſts to keep the keys of heaven and hell.

Behold

Ver. 254. *And boaſts to keep the keys*, &c.] It is not eaſy to ſay how far Arioſto meant to carry his ſatire, but a Proteſtant com-



mentator

Behold a warrior near, who round his hairs
The ſacred wreath of regal laurel wears:
Three youths beſide, whoſe kingly veſtments hold,
Inwrought with ſilk, the fleur-de-lis of gold:
With theſe a lion the like ſignal ſhows;
And all combin'd the raging beaſt oppoſe.
Of one the name is graven o'er his head,
The name of one is in his garment read.
Behold the chief, who to the hilt has gor'd
The monſter's bowels with his crimſon'd ſword:
Francis the Firſt of France—and near him ſtands
Great Maximilian, lord of Auſtria's lands;
The emp'ror Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
Has pierc'd his ravenous throat with deadly aim.
Henry the Eighth of England next ſucceeds,
Pierc'd by whoſe ſhaft in front the ſavage bleeds:
Leo the Tenth, the name yon lion bears,
Who faſtening on his ears the monſter tears:

---

mentator might very eaſily deduce from this paſſage a ſevere reflection on the ſale of pardons and indulgences, in order to feed the avarice of the Romiſh clergy.

Ver. 271: *Leo the Tenth*—] Pope Leo X. here figured under the ſimilitude of a lion, in which manner the poet often ſpeaks of him; a kind of punning alluſion to his name.

Cloſe

Cloſe and more cloſe theſe four the foe invade,
And others now advancing join in aid.
Pale terror ſeems to fly from every place,
While, ready to retrieve each paſt diſgrace,
The nobles, though but few, united ſtrive,
And the dire peſt at length of life deprive.
  Marphiſa with the knights impatient ſought
To know the chiefs at full, whoſe arms had wrought
A deed ſo brave, by whom the beaſt lay dead,
That far and wide ſuch deſolation ſpread;
Since the fair fount, with figures ſculptur'd o'er,
The names diſcover'd, but reveal'd no more.
On Malagigi Vivian turns his eyes,
Who near in ſilence ſat, and thus he cries:
'Tis thou muſt ſpeak what all requeſt to learn,
For in thy looks thy knowledge I diſcern:
Say, what are thoſe, whoſe weapons, well employ'd,
Have, with yon lion's aid, the beaſt deſtroy'd
  Then Malagigi—Think not you behold
A paſt event in ſtory'd annals told;
Know firſt, the chiefs you ſee are yet unborn,
The chiefs whoſe deeds the marble fount adorn.
Seven hundred years elaps'd, their matchleſs worth
Shall gladden, in their age, the wondering earth:

Merlin, the magic ſage, this fountain made,
What time the Britiſh realm king Arthur ſway'd.
From hell this monſter came to plague mankind,
When lands were firſt by ſtated bounds confin'd;
When commerce, weights, and meaſures firſt began,
When written laws were fram'd 'twixt man and man.
As yet his power no diſtant realm attain'd,
But various countries long unhurt remain'd:
He troubles, in our age, full many a place,
And ſpreads his miſchiefs through the human race.
Since firſt on earth appear'd th' infernal beaſt,
We ſee, and ſtill ſhall ſee, his bulk increas'd
Beyond the worſt of plagues; not that ſo fam'd
In ancient page, terrific Python nam'd,
Can equal this!—What carnage ſhall be ſpread!
In every part what baneful venom ſhed!
Whate'er the ſculpture ſhows his rage exceeds;
Unutterable and deteſted deeds!
Long ſhall the groaning world for mercy ſue
When theſe, whoſe names are read, theſe choſen few,

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Ver. 310. ———*terrific Python*—] Python was a monſtrous ſerpent, ſaid by the ancient poets to have been engendered from the ſlime of the earth after the deluge. He was killed by the darts of Apollo; in commemoration of which event were inſtituted the Pythian games.

Whoſe

Whose fame must shine like Phœbus' beams dis-
play'd,
At utmost need shall bring their glorious aid.
Not one shall more the cruel beast appall,
Than Francis, whom the Franks their sovereign call.
He first of men!—with happy omens led, 321
The crown scarce settled on his youthful head,
Shall cross th' opposing Alps, and render vain
Whate'er against him would the pass maintain; 324
Impell'd by generous wrath t' avenge the shame
Which from the rustic folds and sheep-cotes came,
With sudden inroad, on the Gallic name.
To Lombardy's rich fields he then descends,
The flower of Gallia on his march attends.
Th' Helvetian power he routs, as never more 330
To raise its pride to what it rose before:

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Ver. 320. *Then Francis,—*] The poet, in this allegory, celebrates the liberality of the most magnanimous king Francis I. the successor of Lewis XII. who, for the unbounded generosity of his disposition, may not only be said to have deeply wounded, but in a manner destroyed, the monster Avarice. He was a munificent patron of art and genius.

Ver. 326. *Which from the rustic folds and sheep-cotes came—*] The poet means the Switzers, who, at that time followed no employment in their own country but that of shepherds and herdsmen.

Then

Then to the church's ſcandal, to the ſtain
Of either camp, of Florence and of Spain,
He ſtorms the caſtle, which till then was held,
Through ſtrength of bulwark, never to be quell'd.
Where'er he wields his weapon, proſtrate lies
Each hoſtile ſtandard, or before him flies:
Nor foſſe nor rampart can his force oppoſe,
And ſtrongeſt walls in vain the town encloſe.
This glorious chief ſhall every gift poſſeſs
By Heaven decreed the happieſt prince to bleſs:
As Cæſar brave; his prudence far renown'd,
As his at Thraſymene and Trebia found:
Him Alexander's fortune ſhall attend:
On every deed in vain our toil we bend,
Unleſs good fortune our deſigns befriend.

Thus Malagigi ſpoke, and new deſire
In every knight was kindled to enquire
The names of other chiefs, whoſe arms could quell
The dreadful beaſt by whom ſuch numbers fell.

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Ver. 336. *Where'er he wields, &c.*] He means the emperor Charles V. whom he compares to Cæſar for his valour, to Fabius Maximus for his prudence, and to Alexander the Great for his ſucceſs.

There,

There, midſt the firſt, was read Bernardo's name,
Whom Merlin's ſculpture chronicled to fame:
By him ſhall Bibiena gain renown,
With neighbouring Florence, and Sienna's town.
No foot ſhall ſtep before Giovanni's place;
Ghiſmond or Ludovico's deeds efface.
Franciſco ſee, nor from his generous ſire
Brave Frederico ſhrinks: an equal fire

His

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Ver. 351. —— *Bernardo's name.*—] This Bernardo was ſurnamed Divitio, though he was generally called Bibiena, from the town of that name near Florence, where he reſided. He attached himſelf to the fortune of Giovanni di Medici, afterwards Leo, and was by him created cardinal of Santa Maria, in Portico. He wrote the comedy called Callandra, and cauſed it to be repreſented at Rome by the young nobility, in honour of Iſabella ducheſs of Mantua. He died at no advanced age, having conceived hopes of obtaining the popedom on the deceaſe of Leo.

Ver. 355. —*Giovanni—Ghiſmond—Ludovico*—] Three cardinals, Giovanni Salviati, one of the moſt ancient and illuſtrious families of Florence; a man of profound learning and virtue. Ghiſmondo Gonzaga, created cardinal by Julius II. The third was Ludovico of Arragon, likewiſe a cardinal.

Ver. 357. *Franciſco ſee*—] Franciſco Gonzaga, ſecond of the name, and fourth marquis of Mantua, he ſucceeded to the poſ-ſeſſions of his father Frederic at eighteen years of age, and fought

againſt

His kinſmen feel: alike each dauntleſs look:
Ferrar'as there, and here Urbino's duke:
From one of theſe brave Guidobaldo ſprung,
Purſues his fire, with love of glory ſtung:
With Ottobon there Sinabaldo drives
The raging beaſt, and each for conqueſt ſtrives.

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againſt Charles VIII. of France; he was a general of conſummate ſkill and intrepidity, and Charles, enamoured of his worth, in vain endeavoured to corrupt his faith, and detach him from the Venetians. FORNARI.

Ver. 358. —— *Frederico.*—] Frederico Gonzaga, ſon of Franciſco, after the death of his father, was by Leo X. made captain general of the Roman church, and of the republic of Florence. He was magnificent, liberal, juſt, and a great patron of virtue and learning. FORNARI.

Ver. 360. *Ferrara's there, and here Urbino's duke:*—] Alphonſo of Eſte, and Franciſco Maria delle Rovere.

Ver. 361. —— *Guidobaldo*—] Guidobaldo the ſecond, afterwards duke of Urbino, ſon of Franceſco Maria.

Ver. 363. —*Ottobon—Sinabaldo*—] Of theſe names were two noble youths, brothers of the family of Fliſchi at Genoa. Ottobon was an eccleſiaſtic. Theſe retired into voluntary exile, that they might not, by a private enmity which they had incurred, draw a war upon their country. There were likewiſe two pontiffs of the ſame name. One was Innocent IV. firſt called Sinabaldo of Genoa, of the family of the Fliſchi. He ordered the cardinals to wear a red hat, and was a liberal and munificent pontiff. The other, Adrian IV. before called Ottobon, nephew of pope Innocent IV. of the ſame family and country, created cardinal by his uncle. He was a man of great ability and application, but lived only forty days after he came to the papal chair.

FORNARI.

Lewis

Lewis of Gazalo, with ſpeeding art,
Warms in the monſter's neck the feather'd dart:
His dart and bow had Phœbus' gift ſupply'd,
When Mars the falchion girded to his ſide.
See two Hippolitos of Eſte's breed;
Two Hercules, and next of kindred ſeed
Another Hercules, and near him ſhine
A third Hippolito: this laſt the line
Of Medicis: the firſt Gonzaga's race:
All theſe with equal warmth the monſter chace.

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Ver. 365. *Lewis of Gazalo*—] Luigi Gonzaga, ſurnamed Rodomont from his valour, was the ſon of Ludovico Gonzaga, and called Gazalo from a caſtle which he held. This perſon is further ſpoken of in the ſucceeding notes.

Ver. 369. —— *two Hippolitos*—] One, to whom the poet dedicates his book; the other, ſon of Alphonſo duke of Ferrara, likewiſe a cardinal.

FORNARI.

Ver. 370. *Two Hercules*—] Hercules, the father of Alphonſo duke of Ferrara, and his ſon afterwards duke of Ferrara.

FORNARI.

Ver. 371 *Another Hercules—a third Hippolito*—] Hercules Gonzaga, cardinal of Mantua: Hippolito of the honoured family of Medicis, cardinal of St. Lovenza. He died by poiſon, much lamented for his many virtues.

FORNARI.

Not

Not Julian's ſon above his ſire prevails,
Nor in his brother's ſteps Ferrantes fails:
Unconquer'd Dorea ſhows an equal mind:
By none Franciſco Sforza left behind.
See two appear, whoſe blood illuſtrious flows
From noble Avolo, whoſe banner ſhows
The rock which whelm'd beneath Typhœus bore,
Typhœus fell with ſerpents cover'd o'er.

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Ver. 375. *Not Julian's ſon*—] The brother of Lorenzo of Medicis was called Julian, and loſt his life in a popular inſurrection: but his death was afterwards ſeverely revenged by the Florentines. His ſon was Pope Clement VII. born a few days after his father's death. FORNARI.

Ver. 376. ——*Ferrantes*—] Ferrantes Gonzaga, brother to the duke of Mantua, at one time viceroy of the iſland of Sicily, and afterwards lieutenant of the duchy of Milan, and general of the army for the emperor. FORNARI.

Ver. 377. *Unconquer'd Dorea*—] See Book xv. note to ver. 218, where his character is diſplayed at large.

378. —*Franciſco Sforza*—] He means the ſecond Franciſco Sforza, ſon of Ludovico il Moro, who having married the daughter of Chriſtiern king of Datia, and ſiſter to Charles V. obtained the duchy of Milan. FORNARI.

Ver. 379. ———*two appear, whoſe blood illuſtrious flows*
*From noble Avolo*——] This noble family of the Avoli came from Spain, well known at Toledo, and of great repute and antiquity. FORNARI.

Scarce one ſo prompt as theſe in noble deed,
Scarce one ſo prompt to make the monſter bleed.
See here Franceſco of Peſcara fam'd,
And there Alphonſo ſee of Vaſco nam'd.
Where is Gonſalvo next, whoſe acts ſhall raiſe
The Spaniſh realm with never-dying praiſe?
Of him would Malagigi gladly tell,
Whom none, in this intrepid band, excel.

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Ver. 385. — *Franceſco of Peſcara*—] Marquis of Peſcara and ſon of Alphonſo. He was a great commander, and proſperous in every undertaking, except at Ravenna, where, receiving many wounds, he was taken priſoner; but fortune from that time was ever favourable to him. To the ſtudy of arms he joined the embelliſhment of letters; and while priſoner with the French, addreſſed to his wife Victoria an elegant dialogue on love. At laſt, after many victories obtained over the French, his ſtrengh being waſted with fatigue, he died in the flower of his age, covered with laurels. FORNARI.

Ver. 386. — *Alphonſo—of Vaſco*—] Couſin to the before-named Franceſco, and no leſs an ornament to the houſe of Avoli.

FORNARI.

Ver. 387. ——*Gonſalvo*—] Gonſalvo Ferrantes was born at Cordova in Andaluſia, of an ancient and noble family. By his aſſiſtance Ferdinando conquered the city of Granada, and the kingdom of Naples. He gained the title of Great, and at laſt died of a fever in the ſeventy-ſecond year of his age, in the year 1515. FORNARI.

William of Monferrato's name is read,
With thofe who come the monfter's blood to fhed,
While midft the chiefs that thus th' affault maintain,
Lo! fome are wounded there, fome here are flain.
Thus in difcourfe, the banquet of the mind,
Their hunger fled, on carpets rich reclin'd,
Befide the fount in bowery fhades they lay,
And carelefs pafs'd the fultry hours away;
While Malagigi, and while Vivian dreft
In fhining fteel, kept watch to guard the reft.
Now unaccompany'd behold a dame,
With looks impatient, to the fountain came:
Hippalca was fhe call'd, from whom the hand
Of ruthlefs Rodomont Frontino gain'd:
Him all the live-long day purfu'd the maid,
With threats to move him, or with prayers perfuade;
But when fhe found nor threats nor prayers fucceed,
Direct for Agrifmont fhe bent her fpeed,

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Ver. 391. *William of Monferrato*—] He means William the third marquis of Monferrato. He was rich in every accomplifhment of mind and body, and gained many victories in France. He died in the flower of his age. FORNARI.

Since

Since there ſhe heard (but how, remains untold)
Rogero ſtay'd with Richardetto bold.
The place full well ſhe knew, the ready way
As well ſhe knew that near the fountain lay.
She came, and ſudden there Rogero view'd;
But as Love's prudent envoy, well indu'd
With cautious thought, whatever chance might fall,
And prompt to change at meet occaſion's call;
Soon as her lady's brother ſhe beheld,
She check'd her bridle, and her haſte repell'd,
And midſt the warriors coldly paſſing by,
On young Rogero caſt a ſtranger's eye.
Then Richardetto roſe to meet the dame,
And aſk'd her whither bound, and whence ſhe came.
She then with heavy cheer, and eyes yet red
From many a falling tear, thus, ſighing, ſaid;
But ſpoke ſo loud, that brave Rogero's ear,
Who ſtood beſide, might every accent hear.

Late, at your ſiſter's charge, o'er hill and plain
I led a generous courſer by the rein,
In the ſwift race, and fields of battle prov'd,
Frontino call'd, and much the ſteed ſhe lov'd.

Full thirty miles I unmoleſted paſs'd,
And hop'd ſecure to reach Marſeilles at laſt;
To which ere long ſhe meant to bend her way,
And bade me there for her arrival ſtay
A few ſhort days—and ſuch my fond belief—
I thought the world knew not ſo bold a chief
To ſeize the beaſt, when I, t' oppoſe the deed,
Should ſay—" Rinaldo's ſiſter owns the ſteed."
But vain my thoughts have prov'd, ſince yeſter's
ſun
A Pagan hand by force Frontino won;
Nor, when he heard his noble owner's name,
Reſtor'd the courſer, or allow'd the claim.
With many a curſe, with many a fruitleſs prayer,
Him I purſu'd; nor yet have left him far,
Where his ſtol'n courſer, and his boaſted might,
Can ſcarce defend him, cloſely preſs'd in fight
By one who ſeem'd to challenge all his ſkill,
And may, I truſt, avenge the wrongs I feel.

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Ver. 431. *Full thirty miles*—] In the xxiiid Book, Arioſto ſays ten miles only.

Ver. 447. *By one who ſeem'd*, &c.] After Rodomont had taken Frontino from Hippalca, ſhe followed him till he met Madricardo, with whom ſhe left him engaged in ſingle combat; to which circumſtance ſhe here alludes. See Book xxiv.

 She

She ſaid; and ſcarcely thus her ſpeech could cloſe,
Ere, ſtarting from his ſeat, Rogero roſe,
And, turning ſwift to Richardetto, pray'd
(The ſole reward he aſk'd for welcome aid
But late beſtow'd) that he alone might go,
And with the damſel ſeek her daring foe,
The haughty Saracen, whoſe lawleſs force
Had from her guidance reft the warrior horſe.

Though Richardetto deem'd it ill became
A courteous champion, at another's claim,
To quit the deed that on his honour lay;
Yet, now compell'd, he gave unwilling way
To good Rogero's ſuit, who bade adieu,
And with Hippalca from the reſt withdrew;
Who, left behind, all ſilent with amaze,
Scarce found a tongue his valorous acts to praiſe.

Meantime at diſtance now from liſtening ears,
Hippalca to th' impatient knight declares
Her tender greeting, in whoſe gentle breaſt
His matchleſs virtues ever liv'd impreſt;
Which late before her faithful lips had told,
But Richardetto's ſight her ſpeech control'd:
She ſaid, the Pagan, as he ſeiz'd the ſteed,
This vaunt had added to his lawleſs deed:

"Since 'tis Rogero's, I more gladly make
This courſer mine, which, if he would retake,
Tell him, whene'er he dares aſſert his right,
I ne'er ſhall ſeek to hide me from his ſight;
That Rodomont am I—whoſe dauntleſs name,
Where'er I go, my noble deeds proclaim."

Rogero heard, and by his features ſhow'd
What deep reſentment in his boſom glow'd:
Frontino much he priz'd, and more he lov'd,
As ſent from her whoſe deeds her truth had prov'd:
He deem'd this outrage done in foul deſpite,
To ſtain the name and honour of a knight;
And ſhame were his, unleſs his arm with ſpeed
From Rodomont redeem the generous ſteed,
And on the Sarzan's head avenge th' ungentle deed.

The dame Rogero led with eager pace,
To bring him with the Sarzan face to face:
They journey'd till they reach'd a double way:
One, down the plain; one, up the mountain lay;
And either to the neighbouring valley brought,
Where Rodomont with Mandricardo fought:
Short was the uphill path, but rough to tread:
Longer, but ſmooth, the path that downward led.

Hippalca took the firſt, in zeal to gain
The loſt Frontino, and revenge obtain.
The king of Algiers, with the dwarf, the dame,
And Tartar knight, the way leſs rugged came.
Theſe knights, who fought but late each other's life,
With Doralis, the lovely cauſe of ſtrife,
In friendſhip rode, deſcending to the plain,
And reach'd the fountain where the noble train,
Where Malagigi, and where Vivian ſtay'd;
Where Aldiger and Richardetto laid,
With bold Marphiſa reſted in the ſhade.
  Marphiſa, at each noble knight's requeſt,
Had cloth'd her perſon in a female veſt,
With rich attire and coſtly ornament,
By Bertolagi to Lanfuſa ſent;
And though but rare appear'd the martial maid
Without her cuiraſs, helm and beamy blade;
Yet, at their ſuit, ſhe now her mail unbrac'd,
And ſhone a dame with every beauty grac'd.
  Soon as the Tartar had Marphiſa ſeen,
He purpos'd from her knights the dame to win,
And, in exchange for Doralis, beſtow
Her youthful beauties on his rival foe,

As if the lover ſhould ſuch terms approve,
To ſell a miſtreſs, or transfer a love!
With joy he view'd Marphiſa's mien and face,
That worthy ſeem'd the braveſt knight to grace;
And ſudden every chief he there beheld
He call'd to jouſt, and dar'd them to the field.
Vivian and Malagigi, ready dreſt
In helmet, plate, and mail to guard the reſt,
Upſtarted from their ſeats, prepar'd to fight
With each advancing chief; but Sarza's knight,
Who came not thither in the jouſts to run,
Stood ſtill, and left the champions one to one.

First Vivian, with a heart unus'd to fear,
Firm in the reſt declin'd a ponderous ſpear:
The Pagan monarch with ſuperior force
Appear'd well vers'd in every dreadful courſe:
Each aim'd his weapon, where he deem'd the blow
Might ſureſt take—full on his helm the foe
From gallant Vivian's hand receiv'd the ſtroke;
But he nor fell, nor bow'd beneath the ſhock.
The Pagan king his tougher ſpear impell'd,
Which broke, like ice, the plates of Vivian's ſhield:
Hurl'd from his ſeat, amid the flowery way,
Stretch'd on his ſide the hapleſs warrior lay.

Then Malagigi, rouz'd at honour's call,
In haſte advanc'd t' avenge his brother's fall;
But unadvis'd his haſte—ſo ill he far'd,
He leſs aveng'd him than his fortune ſhar'd.
The third brave brother, eager for the fight,
Before his kinſman on his courſer light
Leaps clad in arms, the Saracen defies,
Throws up the reins, and to the trial flies.
Fierce on the Pagan's temper'd helm, below
The vizor's ſight, reſounds the forceful blow:
Shiver'd in four, the ſpear to heaven aſcends:
Firm ſits the knight, nor in the ſaddle bends.
The Tartar champion, in the furious courſe,
On Aldiger's left ſide with cruel force
His weapon drove—The ſhield oppos'd in vain,
And leſs the cuiraſs could the ſtroke ſuſtain:
Through his white ſhoulder paſs'd the ruthleſs ſteel,
And wounded Aldiger began to reel;
Then falling, on the flowery turf lay ſpread,
All pale his features, and his armour red!
Next Richardetto to th' encounter preſs'd,
And coming, plac'd ſo huge a ſpear in reſt,

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Ver. 562. *All pale his features*, &c.] Literal from the Italian. Roſſo fù l'arme e pallido nel volto.



And

And prov'd how juſtly (often prov'd before)
The name of Paladin of France he bore.
Well on the Pagan knight his ſpear he bent,
Had favouring fortune anſwer'd his intent,
But headlong on the ground he lay o'erthrown,
His falling courſer's fault, and not his own.
No knight appearing more whoſe venturous hand
With Mandricardo in the jouſt might ſtand,
The Pagan deem'd his arms had won the dame,
And where ſhe ſate he near the fountain came,
And thus began—Thou, damſel, art my prize,
If in thy cauſe no other champion riſe
To rein the ſteed—thy charms revert to me,
For ſo, thou know'ſt, the laws of arms decree.
Marphiſa, raiſing with indignant pride
Her haughty looks—Thy judgment errs (ſhe cry'd)
I grant the plea (nor ſhould thy right decline)
That I by laws of war were juſtly thine;
Did I, of theſe thy ſpear to earth has thrown,
One for my lord, or for my champion own.
I own no lord, to none have ſubject been,
And he who wins me, from myſelf muſt win.
I wield the buckler, and the lance ſuſtain,
And many a knight by me has preſs'd the plain.

My arms and ſteed !—The fiery virgin ſaid,
And, at her word, the ready ſquires obey'd.
Stripp'd off her flowing robe, in veſture light
She ſtands with well-turn'd limbs reveal'd to ſight;
Beauty and ſtrength uniting in her frame,
All ſave her face the God of war proclaim.
And now with plate and mail encompaſs'd round,
Her ſword ſhe girts, and, with an active bound,
Beſtrides her ſteed, which, govern'd by her hand,
Rears, turns, and wheels ſubſervient to command.
Now boldly ſhe the Pagan prince defies,
Wields her ſtrong lance, and to th' encounter flies.
Pentheſilea thus, in battle prov'd,
Through Trojan fields to meet Achilles mov'd.
  Cloſe to the graſp, like brittle glaſs, were rent
The craſhing ſpears; but neither rider bent
One foot, one inch—then fir'd with generous rage,
To prove how well her daring foe could wage
A cloſer fight, Marphiſa bar'd the ſword,
And ruſh'd intrepid on the Tartar lord.
The Tartar, who the dame unhurt eſpies,
Blaſphemes each element, and threats the ſkies;
While ſhe, who hop'd his ſhield to rend in twain,
Accuſes heaven in no leſs angry ſtrain.

Each wields the gleaming ſword, while batter'd round,
Their jointed arms like beaten anvils ſound.
Alike in arms of fated ſteel attir'd,
Arms never more than on this day requir'd:
So ſtrong the helm, the cuiraſs, plate, and greave,
No point could pierce them, and no edge could cleave.
The ſtrife had laſted till the ſetting light,
Nor yet th' enſuing day had clos'd the fight,
But Rodomont ruſh'd in their rage to ſtay,
And chide his rival for ill-tim'd delay.
If war thou ſeek'ſt (the king of Algiers cry'd)
Firſt let us two our late diſpute decide.
Thou know'ſt (he ſaid) our truce was made to give
Our monarch ſuccour, and his camp relieve;
Nor muſt we, ere our friends are freed from harms,
Engage in jouſts, or mix in fiercer arms.
Then to Marphiſa, with a courteous air,
He turn'd, and ſhow'd the regal meſſenger,
And told her how from Agramant he came,
To aſk their ſwords to ſave the Mooriſh name;
And hop'd, at his requeſt her valour won,
Would aid the cauſe of king Troyano's ſon:

By

By this 'twere better far, with generous aim,
To lift to heaven the pinions of her fame,
Than by low brawls defeat the great deſign,
Againſt the common foe their ſtrength to join.
Long had Marphiſa wiſh'd, with ſword and lance,
To prove, in equal field, the peers of France,
Who fought for Charles; and hence the dame agreed
To aſſiſt their ſovereign at his greateſt need,
Till from the Chriſtian powers the camp was freed.
Meanwhile Rogero, with the guiding maid,
The rugged path, that up the hill convey'd,
Purſu'd in vain, for when the vale they gain'd,
No longer there fierce Rodomont remain'd.
Rogero thence, to reach the fount that ſtood,
By Merlin rais'd, with eager ſpeed purſu'd
The late-worn track that in the turf he view'd.
He will'd Hippalca then, without delay,
Should Mount Albano ſeek, that diſtant lay
A day's ſhort journey—but a different road
The traveller to Merlin's fountain ſhow'd.
He bade her truſt in him, nor truſt in vain,
His arm, ere long, Frontino would regain;

To her he gave the tender lines to bear,
Which late, at Agriſmont, his anxious care
Had penn'd to eaſe the dear expecting maid,
And hither, in his breaſt conceal'd, convey'd.
To this he added many a gentle charge,
To ſpeak his love, and plead his cauſe at large.
All theſe Hippalca promis'd to retain;
Then bade adieu, and turn'd her palfrey's rein.
Swift on her way the truſty envoy goes,
And Mount Albano ſees at evening cloſe.
  Rogero then the Sarzan prince purſu'd,
With anxious ſpeed, till near the fount he view'd
The king, with Mandricardo at his ſide,
And Doralis in peace and friendſhip ride.
Now to the place in haſte Rogero drew,
And by Frontino well his rider knew:
Low o'er his ſpear the youth impatient bent,
And to the chief a ſtern defiance ſent:
But leſs the ſuffering patience Job of old
Diſplay'd, ſo full in hallow'd pages told,
Than Rodomont that day, who curb'd his pride,
His wonted fury, when to fight defy'd.

---

Ver. 666. *And Mount Albano ſees*, &c.] He returns to Hippalca, Book xxx. ver. 548.

Deaf to the combat! he, whom danger's charms
Had ever fir'd, who joy'd to mix in arms!
Ne'er till this day, nor ſince, the Sarzan knight
Was ever known to ſhun the proffer'd fight;
So much the wiſh to aid his king diſtreſs'd,
The ruling paſſion of his ſoul ſuppreſs'd.
So fix'd he ſtood, that had his preſcient mind
The certain iſſue of the ſtrife divin'd,
As ſure a prize, as when the leopard draws
The fearful hare within his ravenous paws,
Ev'n then his prudence had declin'd the fray,
Nor with a ſingle blow prolong'd his ſtay.
Even that Rogero, who the battle claim'd,
That champion, high o'er other champions fam'd,
The man he wiſh'd to ſingle from mankind,
And through the world had gladly rov'd to find,
Now fail'd to rouze him to the liſted plain;
And him Achilles had provok'd in vain;
So well his ſoul repreſs'd her wonted ire,
So deep in embers ſlept the ſmother'd fire.
He told Rogero why he ſhunn'd the fight,
And aſk'd his aid to guard their ſovereign's right,
As well beſeem'd a true and loyal knight.

The

The ſiege once rais'd, full leiſure would remain,
Among themſelves their quarrels to maintain.
  I give conſent (to him Rogero cry'd)
To ceaſe awhile our battle to decide,
Till Agramant is freed from hoſtile power;
So thou to me Frontino firſt reſtore.
Say, would'ſt thou have me till the camp's releaſe
Delay the combat and confirm the peace?
(The combat claim'd, to prove thy deed has ſtain'd
The name of knighthood, from a damſel's hand
To take my ſteed) Frontino now reſign,
Elſe ſhall the powers of earth in vain combine
To make me for one hour the fight decline.
  While thus Rogero from the Sarzan's hands
Frontino, or the inſtant fight, demands;
And he, reſolv'd, to neither will accede,
To give the battle, or reſtore the ſteed,
Lo! Mandricardo, on a different ſide,
New cauſe for conteſt in the field deſcry'd:
He ſees, for his defence Rogero bear
The bird, that reigns o'er others prince of air,
The argent eagle in an azure ſhield,
Which once the Trojan knight* was ſeen to wield;

* Hector.

Which now Rogero challeng'd as his due,
Rogero, who his line from Hector drew.
 Fierce Mandricardo at the ſight inflam'd,
With anger rav'd to view the bird he claim'd
Uſurp'd by other hands, and to his ſcorn,
On other ſhields great Hector's eagle borne.
Like him intrepid Mandricardo wore
The bird that Ganymede from Ida bore,
Such as he won it that tremendous day,
When at the magic dome he ſeiz'd the dazzling prey.
Known is the tale, how from the fairy's land,
This ſhield, with all the glorious arms, he gain'd,
Thoſe arms by Vulcan forg'd, with ſkill divine,
To grace the knight of Priam's regal line.
For this before, in mutual ſtrife engag'd,
Had Mandricardo and Rogero rag'd;
Why then the conflict ceas'd, I leave to tell,
Nor longer ſpeak of what is known ſo well:
Thenceforth till now they never met in field,
But Mandricardo, when he view'd the ſhield,
Stept proudly forth, and, with a threatening cry—
Lo! here, Rogero, I thy force defy.

---

Ver. 734. *When at the magic dome,* &c.] See note to Book xiv. ver. 240. for the hiſtory of this adventure.

Thou dar'st for thy device my eagle take;
Nor is this day the first my claim I make:
Think'st thou, as once my arm revenge forbore,
I still shall pass thy usurpation o'er?
Since neither threats, nor gentle means addrest,
Suffice to drive this folly from thy breast,
Soon shall I prove thou better might'st have weigh'd
The charge I gave, and in good time obey'd.

As in the crackling wood, when breath inspires
The sudden blaze to wake the sleeping fires;
So to his ear when first the challenge came,
Rogero's anger burst to instant flame.

Thou think'st t' o'erpower me now—(he cries enrag'd)
But though another has my arms engag'd;
They soon shall win (thou to thy cost shalt see)
From him Frontino, Hector's shield from thee.
For this but late before I wag'd the strife,
And late refrain'd to touch thy forfeit life.

---

Ver. 763. *For this but late before,* &c.] Boyardo tells us, that when first Rogero and Mandricardo met, a dispute ensued between them for this shield of Hector, which Mandricardo had won at the Fairy's castle.

Orl. Innam. Book III. C. vi.

As

As then no weapon at thy ſide I view'd:
Thoſe deeds were ſport, but theſe muſt end in blood.
Ill fate for thee yon argent bird to bear,
Which thou uſurp'ſt, and I with juſtice wear;
Deliver'd down to me, the rightful heir.

'Tis thou uſurp'ſt my right—and at the word,
Stern Mandricardo graſp'd his dreadful ſword,
That ſword, which once in fight Orlando drew,
And late in madneſs midſt the foreſt threw.
Rogero then, whoſe unexampled mind
From courteous lore had never yet declin'd,
Soon as he ſaw his foe the falchion wield,
Let fall his ſpear as uſeleſs on the field.
His ſword, good Baliſarda, then with haſte
His right hand ſeiz'd, his left the ſhield embrac'd;
But Rodomont between them ſpurr'd his ſteed:
Marphiſa interpos'd with equal ſpeed.
This, one; and that, the other knight repell'd;
By prayers implor'd them, and by force with-held;
While of the treaty Algiers' king complain'd,
By Mandricardo twice ſo ill maintain'd;
Firſt, when to win Marphiſa's charms, he mov'd
Againſt her knights, and well his valour prov'd;

And from Rogero now his ſhield to take,
Could thus the cauſe of Agramant forſake.
If ſtrife thou ſeek'ſt—then let our ſwords (he cry'd)
A quarrel nobler far than theſe decide:
With thee the combat done, my dauntleſs hands
Shall anſwer him who now his ſteed demands:
If from my ſword thy life ſurvives the fight,
Thou may'ſt with him diſpute the buckler's right.
Far other may the chance of arms provide.
To Rodomont (fierce Mandricardo cry'd)
When, like ſome fount, that ne'er its current drains,
My dauntleſs vigour unimpair'd remains,
To meet Rogero, or a thouſand foes,
With all the world, ſhould all the world oppoſe.
Words follow words, and wrath new wrath ſupplies,
Now here, now there, increaſing tumults riſe.
Fell Mandricardo, whom new rage inflames,
With Rodomont, and with Rogero claims
At once the fight: unus'd affronts to bear,
Rogero ſpurns at peace, and breathes but war.
On either ſide Marphiſa would reſtrain
The growing ſtrife, that makes her labour vain.

As when, efcaping from its broken fhores,
The angry ftream through various channels pours,
The peafant fees the waves the meads o'erflow,
And trembles for his promis'd crops below;
While here his cares againft the flood provide,
Through other breaches burfts the founding tide:
Thus, while with Rodomont Rogero rag'd,
And Mandricardo in like ftrife engag'd;
Where each afpir'd, his brother-chiefs above,
Himfelf in courage, ftrength, and fkill to prove,
Marphifa ftrove to calm each reftlefs foul,
No words can foothe them, and no art control.
If one a moment from the fight fhe drew,
She faw the other chiefs th' affault renew.
The dame, who fought to calm each furious peer,
Thus fpoke—Attend, my lords, my counfel hear:
O! let us yet thefe vain debates compofe,
Till Agramant is freed from Chriftian foes.
If each will thus neglect his country's right,
Then I with Mandricardo claim the fight;
To prove how well (for fuch his boaft has been)
He from myfelf in arms myfelf can win;
But if our king demands our better care,
Then let us hence, and every ftrife forbear.

Not one ſhall aid our king with readier ſpeed
Than I—But let him firſt reſtore the ſteed,
(Rogero cry'd)—let him my words attend,
Reſtore the courſer, or himſelf defend.
Here will I fall in glorious combat ſlain,
Or, with Frontino, victor quit the plain.
Then Rodomont—The firſt may well befall;
The laſt for other force than thine may call—
Then thus purſu'd—Hear, what I now proteſt,
If further ill betide our king diſtreſt,
Yours be the blame, ſince here prepar'd I ſtand,
To act what duty and what fame demand.
Thus he—but little heedful of the word,
Rogero furious graſp'd his ſhining ſword:
Like ſome wild boar with Rodomont he cloſ'd,
To ſhoulder ſhoulder, ſhield to ſhield oppos'd:
With ſudden force the Sarzan prince he ſhook,
One foot the ſtirrup unawares forſook.
Defer the combat (Mandricardo cry'd)
Or if thou fight'ſt, with me thy arm be try'd.
He ſaid, and now inflam'd with deeper ſpite,
Struck on the helmet of the youthful knight:
Low to his courſer's neck Rogero bent,
Nor ſoon recovering roſe, for ſwiftly ſent

By

By Ulien's mighty ſon, the thundering ſteel,
With dreadful ruin on his head-piece fell:
Of adamantine proof his helm was made,
Elſe to his chin had cleft the reeking blade.
Rogero's hands unclos'd with ſudden pain,
One loſt the falchion, and one loſt the rein;
The ſtartled courſer bears him o'er the land,
And Baliſarda glitters on the ſand.

Marphiſa, who that day in arms had ſtood
With brave Rogero, now the warrior view'd
By two at once in ſtrife unequal preſt,
And indignation fill'd her generous breaſt.
On Mandricardo, turning ſwift, ſhe ſped
Her unſheath'd falchion at the Tartar's head.
The king of Algiers on Rogero drives—
Frontino's won, unleſs ſome aid arrives.
But Richardetto and bold Vivian bring
Their friendly aid: while 'twixt the knight and king
That ſpurs his ſteed, and this with ready ſword
Supplies Rogero, now to ſenſe reſtor'd.
T' avenge his late diſgrace Rogero burns,
And ſwift on Algiers' king indignant turns.
So when by chance ſome ox a lion gores
At unawares, the generous ſavage roars

With fury more than pain, while round he flings
His laſhing tail, and ſwift to vengeance ſprings.
On Rodomont's proud head Rogero pour'd
A ſtorm of blows, and had his own good ſword
Then arm'd his hand, the Afric knight had found
His helm, though tough, too weak to ward the
 wound;
That helm, which once for Babel's king was wrought,
When with the ſtars an impious war he fought.
Diſcord, who now beholds with joyful eyes
Strife follow ſtrife, on tumult tumult riſe;
Exults that conteſt never more could ceaſe,
By truce ſuſpended, or compos'd by peace;
Secure of ill, her ſiſter Pride ſhe calls,
With her to ſeek again the cloiſter'd walls.
 But let them hence—while we attend the fight,
Where, on the forehead of the Sarzan knight,
Rogero drove his weighty blade ſo well,
That backward on his ſteed the rider fell;
His harden'd ſcales behind, his haughty creſt,
And clanking helm, Frontino's crupper preſs'd;
While thrice, and four times, here and there he
 reel'd,
And ſeem'd juſt falling on the graſſy field:

Nor had his open'd graſp the ſword retain'd,
But that a chain ſecur'd it to his hand.
With Mandricardo fierce Marphiſa wag'd
A dreadful fight, that all his force engag'd.
Not leſs the Tartar fought with temper'd charms;
Their corſlets well ſecur'd each breaſt from harms,
And either equal ſeem'd in ſtrength and arms.
At length Marphiſa's courſer wheeling round
In narrow circuit on the ſlippery ground,
Fell ſidelong down, and while to riſe he ſtrove,
Fierce Mandricardo Brigliadoro drove
Againſt his flank, forgetting knightly lore,
And low to earth the ſtruggling courſer bore,
With grief Rogero ſaw the warrior-maid
In evil plight, nor long his help delay'd:
His arm at freedom, while the Sarzan foe
Was ſenſeleſs from his late inflicted blow.
On Mandricardo ſwift the ſword he ſped,
The well-aim'd ſtroke had cleft the Tartar's head,
With Baliſarda had his hand been arm'd,
Or the fierce Tartar's helm leſs ſtrongly charm'd.
The king of Algiers, now recovering, view'd
Young Richardetto, whom he ſaw intrude

With daring aid the combat to moleſt,
When late his powerful arm Rogero preſs'd.
To him he turn'd, and came full well prepar'd,
His deeds of good with evil to reward:
But Malagigi, deep in magic taught,
A ſtrange device to ſave his kinſman wrought.
Though wanting here his book, whoſe potent force
Could ſtop the ſun in his meridian courſe,
His mem'ry yet thoſe awful words retain'd,
Which the foul demons at his will reſtrain'd:
On Doralis he prov'd his magic flight,
And in her beaſt convey'd a ſubtle ſpright:
The beaſt, that Stordilano's daughter bore,
Receiv'd th' infernal angel, which the power
Of Vivian's brother from the realms of hell,
Where Minos ſits, had drawn by fated ſpell.
The palfrey, late ſo gentle to command,
That only mov'd by her directing hand,
The ſudden impulſe of the demon found,
And thrice ten feet he vaulted from the ground;
A dreadful leap! yet though he ſeem'd to fly,
The fair one kept her ſeat, while from on high,
Trembling for life ſhe gave a fearful cry.

Now lighting on his feet, the frantic ſteed
Runs as the ſpirit drives, with furious ſpeed;
He bears the damſel, ſhrieking with affright,
And leaves behind the feather'd arrow's flight.
  Rouz'd at her voice, the ſon of Ulien ſtays
His arm from combat, and the fair ſurveys.
The fair he follows, rapid as the wind,
And Mandricardo ſpurs as ſwift behind.
The Tartar bent no more, with hoſtile arm,
To work Rogero or Marphiſa harm,
Awaits not truce or peace, but where he views
Stern Rodomont and Doralis, purſues.
  Meantime Marphiſa from the earth aroſe,
(With rage and ſhame her generous boſom glows)
And burning for revenge, too late beheld
The Tartar champion diſtant on the field.
Rogero, when he ſees th' unfiniſh'd fray,
Roars like a lion baffled of his prey.
Both knew 'twas vain to chace, with either ſteed,
Good Brigliadoro or Frontino's ſpeed.
Rogero deem'd diſgrace muſt ſtain his name,
In his Frontino to renounce the claim
The liſt untry'd—nor will Marphiſa reſt,
Till prov'd in fight the Tartar breaſt to breaſt.

The

The martial virgin and the knight agree
To follow those on whom they wish'd to see
Their full revenge, and, if unfound before,
They hop'd to find them with the Turkish power;
Where, lest the siege might work the Pagans woe,
The knights would haste t' attack the Christian foe.
  Rogero, ere he yet his friends forsook,
A courteous leave of every warrior took;
And back returning to the fountain, came
Where the lov'd brother of his beauteous dame
Remain'd apart; to him the gentle knight
Firm friendship vows, in good or evil plight;
Then to his sister, by the youth, conveys
Fair thoughts and greeting, couch'd in cautious phrase;
Such cautious phrase, as may her fears remove,
But no suspicion wake of secret love.
To Malagigi, Vivian, then in few,
To wounded Aldiger he bids adieu:
While these, with good Rogero, change no less
The grateful farewel, and their thanks express,
Again renew'd, with future service vow'd,
For ever due to aid so well bestow'd.

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Ver. 995——*aid so well bestow'd.*] Alluding to the delivery of Vivian and Malagigi, Book xxvi.

Marphiſa, eager Paris' walls to find,
Scarce bent a thought on thoſe ſhe left behind:
But Malagigi and good Vivian, preſt
By friendly zeal, with diſtant ſigns addreſs'd
The parting maid: her Richardetto view'd,
And with like greeting her retreat purſu'd;
While hapleſs Aldiger, with recent wound,
Unwilling lay, reclin'd along the ground.

First Rodomont with Mandricardo fled;
Next theſe Marphiſa and Rogero ſped
Their courſe to Paris—deeds tranſcending thought,
Shall in th' enſuing book to light be brought;
Deeds of thoſe noble four, whoſe matchleſs hands,
With rout and death o'erthrew the Chriſtian bands.

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Ver. 1002. *While hapleſs Aldiger*—] We hear no more of Aldiger in this poem.

END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-SEVENTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Rodomont and Mandricardo, following Doralis, are drawn near the Chriſtian forces, where they are met by Gradaſſo and Sacripant, and all together fall upon the camp of Charles. Rogero and Marphiſa arriving next, join them in the attack. Great ſlaughter of the Chriſtians, who are compelled to retire within the walls of Paris. The archangel Michael finds out Diſcord in the monaſtery, and ſends her again to the Pagans. Diſſentions renewed amongſt the leaders. Agramant commands that the contending knights ſhould draw lots for the order of the combat. The firſt lot falls on Rodomont and Mandricardo. Preparations for the liſts. While the knights are arming, a debate ariſes between Sacripant and Mandricardo for the ſword Durindana. Rogero again aſſerts his claim to the ſhield of Hector. Agramant and Marſilius endeavour to pacify them. Another quarrel breaks out between Rodomont and Sacripant for the horſe Frontino, which is likewiſe claimed by Rogero. Brunello is forcibly carried off by Marphiſa in the face of Agramant and his whole court. Agramant perſuades Rodomont and Mandricardo to refer their title to Doralis to her own deciſion: they agree, and Doralis decides in favour of Mandricardo. Rodomont leaves the camp with indignation. His invective againſt women. He is received and hoſpitably entertained by a country hoſt.

THE

# TWENTY-SEVENTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AMIDST the various gifts by heaven affign'd,
With fpecial grace to enrich the female kind,
Be this the praife, where moft the fex afpires,
To counfel well when fudden need requires:
But feldom man mature advice fupplies,
When time the means of long debate denies:
Good Malagigi wrought with fair intent,
And well it feem'd, but different was th' event:
For while he kept, by force of magic charms,
His kinfman Richardetto fafe from harms,
The fiend, obedient to his potent word,
Convey'd the Tartar* prince and Sarzan lord

* MANDRICARDO and RODOMONT.

4 To

To diſtance far; nor then the ſage foreknew,
What miſchief hence on Chriſtian Charles he drew.
Had time allow'd him leiſure to reflect,
Some ſafer means had offer'd to protect
His kinſman's life, nor would, in evil hour,
His ſpells have thus diſtreſt the Chriſtian power:
Some wiſer arts the demon had conſtrain'd,
To bear to furtheſt eaſt or weſtern land
Th' affrighted dame, for France no more to view,
Where both the lovers might her flight purſue.
But that malignant fiend, man's endleſs foe,
By heaven's high juſtice doom'd to realms of woe,
Contriv'd what moſt the faithful would diſmay,
Since his dread maſter ne'er preſcrib'd his way.

The palfrey with the hidden demon, held
His rapid flight; no croſſing ſtream repell'd
His bounding courſe; nor woods' entangled ſhade,
Nor fen, nor cliff, nor rock, his ſpeed delay'd:

---

Ver. 26. *Since his dread maſter*—] Since Malagigi had not preſcribed the rout which the demon was to take, but left him to his own diſpoſal, he took that courſe with the damſel which would draw Mandricardo and Rodomont towards the Chriſtian camp, and conſequently bring diſtreſs on Charlemain.

Till

Till through the Franks and Engliſh camps he bore
(And all the unnumber'd hoſt that Chriſt adore)
Th' affrighted dame, and ſafely had reſtor'd
To her lov'd ſire Granada's royal lord.
Meanwhile the ſon of Agrican purſu'd
The flying fair, and ſoon no longer view'd:
With him was Ulien's ſon, but either knight
Had loſt her image from his ſtraining ſight:
Yet, by the track, they follow'd ſtill the chace,
As nimble hounds the goat or leveret trace:
Till either lover certain tidings gain'd,
That with her ſire the princely dame remain'd.
    Take heed, O Charles!—What clouds thy ſky
        deform!
Hang o'er thy head, and threat the burſting ſtorm!
Not theſe alone, but king Gradaſſo ſtands
With Sacripant, prepar'd to aſſault thy bands;
While fortune, to complete thy ruin'd ſtate,
Has robb'd thee of each glorious lamp, that late,
Of ſtrength and wiſdom beam'd thy pureſt light,
And leaves thee now in long enduring night.

---

Ver. 45.—*king Gradaſſo.*] The laſt we heard of Gradaſſo was at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, Book xii. from which place all the knights were releaſed by Aſtolpho.

Orlando now, eftrang'd to every thought
Of good or evil, roves with wit diftraught,
O'er hill and plain, unhous'd and naked lies
In heat or cold, in fair or ftormy fkies!
Rinaldo, fcarce with better fenfe infpir'd,
Has left his prince, when aid was moft requir'd,
Of fair Angelica the news to gain,
In Paris lately fought, but fought in vain:
An aged hermit, vers'd in magic art,
(As once I told) had play'd a fraudful part;
And wrought th' unwary knight to fond belief,
That fhe, fo lov'd, was won by Brava's* chief.
At this, with jealous rage and grief diftreft,
That ne'er before a lover's heart oppreſs'd;
He enter'd Paris walls, then voyag'd o'er
(So chance decreed) to Britain's diftant fhore.
The battle fought, in which fuch fame he won,
The Moors befieg'd and freed the regal town,
Paris again he view'd; each covent there,
And every dome explor'd with fruitlefs care;

* Orlando.

Ver. 59. *An aged hermit*—] See Book ii. ver. 89. where the hypocritical hermit deceives Rinaldo and Sacripant with a lying vifion, and parts the battle between the two rivals.

Ver. 67. —*fuch fame he won*, &c.] See Books xvi. xvii. and feq.

He

He deem'd, with Brava's chief, the lovely maid
To Brava or Anglante's ſeats convey'd:
Now paſs'd the hours; and thither haſtes the knight;
But there nor chief nor damſel meets his ſight;
And thence to Paris walls he turns anew,
In hopes, ere long, the Paladin to view:
No Paladin he views: with rage he burns:
Again to Brava and Anglante turns.
Alike he journeys on by night or day,
In morn's cool breeze, or noon-tide's ſultry ray;
And many a time one path repeated tries,
The ſun or moon, by turns, its light ſupplies.

But he, our ancient foe, through whom the hand
Of hapleſs Eve tranſgreſs'd the high command,
With livid eyes imperial Charles beheld,
What time vain love had from the camp expell'd
Albano's knight: he mark'd with horrid joy,
What force might then the Chriſtian powers annoy;
And now together brought againſt their hoſt,
The flower of arms the Pagan world could boaſt.
He fires the king Gradaſſo, fires the breaſt
Of noble Sacripant; who, ſince releas'd

From old Atlantes' caſtle, where they ſhar'd
One common error, had companions far'd
Along the way: he theſe incites to aid
Their ſovereign Agramant, and Charles invade.
Himſelf, by ſecret ways, their courſe attends,
And ſafely brings to join their Pagan friends.
Another fiend he bids with truſty ſpeed,
Fierce Rodomont and Mandricardo lead,
Where late the demon urg'd the damſel's ſteed.
A third he ſent, that to the Pagan crew,
Valiant Rogero and Marphiſa drew;
Nor yet ſo ſwiftly to the camp they paſs'd,
But of the ſix, theſe two arriv'd the laſt.
  Th' infernal angel who relentleſs ſought
The Chriſtian's loſs, this ſubtle train had wrought,

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Ver. 94. ——*had companions far'd*] This ſeems to be a little ſlip of the poet's memory, as Sacripant and Gradaſſo did not leave the palace of Atlantes together; for Sacripant (ſee Book xii. ver. 220.) when the ring had diſpelled the illuſion that ſo long detained him, had quitted the palace with Orlando and Ferrau, and followed the flight of Angelica; but it appears (See Book xxii. ver. 141.) that Gradaſſo remained behind in the enchanted palace with Rogero, Bradamant, Iroldo, and others, till the enchantment was diſſolved by Aſtolpho. Of this overſight of the poet the Italian commentators have taken no notice.

Leſt

Leſt with Rogero Rodomont arriv'd,
The late contention for the ſteed reviv'd
Should croſs his great deſign, for either knight
Might then renew his undecided fight.
The firſt brave warrior that together join'd,
Beheld in diſtant proſpect to the wind
The banners wave, and ſaw the tents aſcend,
Where thoſe beſiege the works, and theſe defend.
  And now, the counſel held, the dauntleſs four,
In ſpite of Charles, and all his numerous power,
To raiſe the ſiege, with joint conſent agree,
And Agramant from threatening ruin free.
Compact and firm they bend their daring way,
Where deep encamp'd the Chriſtian army lay;
While Africa and Spain aloud they cry,
Now Pagans known to every ear and eye.
Through all the hoſt, to arms to arms, reſound
A thouſand tongues; but ere their arms they found,
The hoſtile ſteel invades them unprepar'd,
And the firſt onſet puts to flight the guard.
The Chriſtian chiefs, while thus the tumult ſpread,
Scarce knew from whom, or why their ſoldiers fled:
Some deem'd this daring inſult they ſuſtain
From the fierce Swiſs or hardy Gaſcon train:

 But,

But, while uncertain whence th' incurſion came,
They call the troops of every clime and name.
Loud beats the drum; the trump its clangor pours;
The ſky re-echoes, and the tumult roars!
Imperial Charles, amidſt his gathering bands,
All, ſave his helmet, arm'd, intrepid ſtands.
He calls his Paladins, and bids them tell,
What ſudden force could thus his legions quell.
By threats now theſe, now thoſe he ſtays from flight,
And others he beholds (too cruel ſight!)
With heads diſſever'd by the furious blade,
With boſoms pierc'd, and bowels open laid;
While ſome return (eſcap'd from greater harms)
With bleeding limbs, with ſever'd hands and arms.
Advancing ſtill, he ſees where, ſcatter'd round,
Unnumber'd wretches gaſping bite the ground;
Dreadful to view! all weltering in their gore,
When leech or drugs ſhall ne'er avail them more.
Where'er this little band reſiſtleſs came,
They left eternal monuments of fame;
While Charles with wonder, grief, and ſhame, beheld
The fearful carnage of ſo dire a field.
So one, who ſuffers by the thunder's force,
Explores the track of its deſtructive courſe.

These noble four the tents had ſcarcely gain'd,
Where Afric's monarch ſtill entrench'd remain'd;
When on a different ſide, th' aſſault to aid,
Appear'd Rogero and the martial maid*.
Soon as the generous pair had darted round
Their ſkilful ſight, to mark the camp and ground;
And ſaw how beſt the combat to maintain,
And raiſe the ſiege; they gave their ſteeds the rein.
As, when the mine is fir'd, the ſtraining eyes
Scarce view the flame as through the train it flies,
'Till burſting forth, the fury levels all,
Tears the firm rock, and ſhakes the ſtrongeſt wall.
So ſwift Rogero and Marphiſa flew,
Such was their rage amongſt the warring crew.
Aſlant, direct, their furious blows they dealt;
Diſſever'd ſcalps, lopt arms, and ſhoulders felt
The trenchant ſteel, while, for eſcape too ſlow,
Huge crowds divide before each gallant foe.
Whoe'er has ſeen o'er hill or vale a ſtorm
Sweep fiercely on, with ruin part deform,
Part leave unhurt, may judge how, ſcatter'd wide,
This warlike couple pierc'd the martial tide.

* Marphisa.

Thoſe, who from Rodomont's deſtructive hand
Had fled, and 'ſcap'd the firſt aſſailing band
Of four ſuch warriors, gave their thanks to heaven,
That ſtrength and ſwiftneſs to their feet had given.
But now with weapons brandiſh'd at their breaſt,
By bold Rogero and Marphiſa preſt,
They ſee too late that him who ſtands or flies,
What fate has ſentenc'd, fate to ſhun denies.
New danger follows one already paſt,
Who 'ſcapes the firſt, muſt doubly pay the laſt.
So fares it with the timorous fox, expell'd
From ancient ſeats which once ſhe ſafely held;
Whom for her thefts the village hinds conſpire,
To chace with vapour of the ſmouldering fire,
Driv'n with her cubs upon the hound to run,
And meet that death ſhe hop'd in vain to ſhun.
  At length Marphiſa and Rogero gain
The inmoſt trenches, whom the Pagan train
Joyful receive with eyes on Heaven intent,
In grateful thanks for aid ſo timely ſent.
No longer fear the meaneſt boſom knows,
Each Pagan arm defies a hundred foes;

---

Ver. 180. *Of four ſuch warriors*—] Rodomont, Mandricardo, Gradaſſo and Sacripant, who firſt attacked the camp of the Chriſtians, and were afterwards joined by Rogero and Marphiſa.

With

With one united voice, their chiefs they call,
And burn with ardor on the camp to fall.
The Mooriſh drum, the horn and timbrel blend
Their rattling ſounds that to the ſkies aſcend:
While ſtreamers rais'd aloft, and banners join'd,
With mix'd devices tremble in the wind.
Not leſs the chiefs of Charles, with martial care
The troops of Britanny and France prepare:
With theſe Italian, German, Engliſh, cloſe
Their martial lines, and fierce the battle glows!
Stern Rodomont, of unreſiſted might,
With Mandricardo, dreadful in the fight:
Noble Rogero (virtue's conſtant ſtream)
And king Gradaſſo, every nation's theme:
Marphiſa ſteel'd in arms, and with her join'd
Circaſſia's* prince, who never lagg'd behind;
All theſe at once the king of France aſſail'd,
And urg'd his vows, that nothing now avail'd.
On John and Dennis (patron ſaints) he calls,
But ſoon compell'd, retires to Paris' walls.
Th' o'erbearing valour of this matchleſs train
(The knights and dame), the muſe, my lord! in vain
Attempts to paint, nor can deſcribe in ſpeech,
What beggars fancy, and no words can reach.

---

* Sacripant.

Think

Think then what numbers fell of life bereav'd,
What loſs that day unhappy Charles receiv'd!
With theſe Ferrau demands his ſhare of fame,
And with him many a Moor of gallant name;
For haſte, what numbers in the Seine were loſt,
The bridge unequal for the flying hoſt!
Some wiſh, like Icarus, for wings to ſoar
From death, that threats behind and threats before.
What hapleſs Paladins were then enſlav'd!
Vienna's marquis *, and Ugero ſav'd
Alone from bonds: ſee Olivero ſtand,
Near his right ſhoulder by a hoſtile hand
The wound inflicted deep, while at his ſide
Ugero's head pours forth a purple tide.
If, like Rinaldo or Orlando loſt,
Brave Brandimart had left the Chriſtian hoſt,
In exile then might Charles have led his life,
Had fortune giv'n him to ſurvive the ſtrife.
Whate'er cool thought or ſtrength of nerve ſupply'd,
Intrepid Brandimart had vainly try'd;
Till forc'd at length to give the tempeſt way,
Slow he recedes, and ſcarce reſigns the day.

* Olivero.

Thus

Thus Agramant propitious Fortune view'd,
And once again the ſiege of Charles renew'd.
The cries of orphans, and the widows' moans,
Sons for their fathers, fathers for their ſons,
From earth aſcending reach'd th' empyreal height,
Where Michael ſate in realms of pureſt light.
He heard; and looking down with ſad ſurvey,
Beheld, the food of wolves and birds of prey,
Stretch'd in their blood by thouſands on the plain,
Of every nation his lov'd people ſlain.

The bleſſed angel bluſh'd celeſtial red,
To find his great Creator ill obey'd:
To Diſcord late he gave his high command,
To kindle ſtrife amidſt the Pagan band;
Far different now, he ſees the Pagans' hate
All firmly join'd againſt the Chriſtian ſtate.
As when ſome faithful envoy, who at large
Receives commiſſion for a weighty charge,
Chides his neglect, recalling to his thought
Some valu'd purpoſe, midſt his zeal forgot,

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Ver. 256. *The bleſſed angel bluſhed celeſtial red*] Thus Milton makes his angel change colour,

> To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
> Celeſtial roſy red——
>
> PARADISE LOST, B. viii. ver. 618.

And,

And, ere he fees his lord, with eager care
Bends every power th' omiffion to repair:
The angel thus will not to God afcend,
Till future deeds his error paft amend.
To where before in hallow'd cloifters plac'd,
He Difcord met, he ply'd his wings in hafte:
Again he found, where midft the monks fhe fate,
And at a chapter urg'd the dire debate:
Pleas'd with their ftrife fhe view'd with joyful eye,
Caft at each other, prayers and maffes fly.
With holy wrath the heavenly angel burn'd,
Her by the locks he feiz'd, and feizing fpurn'd;
Then in his hand a crofier fwift he took,
And on her head, her arms, and fhoulder, broke.
Mercy! ah, mercy!—(loud the fury yell'd,
While clofe the heavenly nunciate's knees fhe held)
But Michael fet not yet the fiend at large,
Till to the Saracens, with weighty charge,
He thus difmifs'd her—Hence! nor more forfake
Yon hoftile camp my heavier wrath to wake.

Though Difcord, forely bruis'd with back and breaft
The livid marks of many a ftripe confefs'd,
Yet trembling more with fear of future harm,
From the ftrong power of that angelic arm;

Her

Her bellows ſwift ſhe ſeiz'd with kindled fire,
And ſtore of fuel that might well conſpire
T' increaſe the flame, with which her ruthleſs art
Lights up fell ſtrife, that rankling in the heart,
To Rodomont and Mandricardo ſpread,
With good Rogero: theſe the fury led
Before the king, for now each peril o'er
From Chriſtian foes, their legions fear'd no more
A new aſſault from Charles' defeated power.
  Their quarrels told, each to the monarch ſhows
The cauſes whence their late diſſentions roſe,
And begg'd his voice the conteſt to decide,
By whom in arms their claims ſhould firſt be try'd.
Marphiſa with the reſt attention won,
Eager to end her combat late begun,
Which firſt the Tartar urg'd; nor would ſhe yield
A day, an hour, her title to the field;
But with a generous warmth enforc'd her right,
To meet with inſtant arms the Tartar knight.
Not leſs would Rodomont conclude the ſtrife,
That to himſelf or rival gives the wife;
The mighty ſtrife, by joint conſent delay'd,
To give their friendly camp and ſovereign aid.

Rogero would annul his claim, and vow'd
That ill his honour Rodomont allow'd
From him the ſteed unjuſtly to detain,
And not in battle firſt the deed maintain.
More to perplex their broils the Tartar knight
Stept forth, and loud deny'd Rogero's right
To bear the bird with ſilver wings diſplay'd:
And, as he ſpoke, ſuch rage his boſom ſway'd,
He dar'd the three at once to combat call,
By one ſole trial to determine all:
Alike the reſt in mingled fight had clos'd,
But that the king his high commands oppos'd.

King Agramant, that further ſtrife may ceaſe,
With prayers and ſoothing words entreats the peace,
In vain he ſooths and prays—with deafen'd ear,
Each knight refuſes peace or truce to hear:
And now his thoughts ſuggeſt the warriors' names
Inſcrib'd on lots ſhall fix their ſeveral claims:
He bids four ſcrolls the written names diſcloſe:
One Rodomont, and Mandricardo ſhows:
With Mandricardo one Rogero bears:
Rodomont with Rogero one declares:
One Mandricardo with Marphiſa joins:
Theſe to be drawn, as fickle chance inclines,

The king commands; and lo! the firſt that came
Bore Sarza's king * and Mandricardo's name.
Next, with Rogero Mandricardo ſtood:
Rodomont and Rogero third were view'd:
Laſt, Mandricardo with Marphiſa join'd;
Which ſore diſpleas'd the martial virgin's mind.
Not better pleas'd his lot Rogero ſaw,
Leſt he *, decreed the foremoſt chance to draw,
Should wage ſuch conflict with the Tartar knight,
Marphiſa and himſelf might loſe their right
To meet the ſon of Agrican in fight.

Not far from Paris' walls a tract of ground
Was ſeen, a little mile in compaſs round;
Where, in theatric guiſe, the ſeats diſpos'd,
With gentle riſe a middle ſpace enclos'd.
There once a caſtle ſtood, but now o'erthrown
By wars and time no more the place was known.
The liſts were here deſign'd; with buſy care
The workmen clear'd the ground and form'd a ſquare
Of large extent, and fenc'd on either hand,
With two wide gates, as ancient rites demand;
And at the barrier's end, the liſts to cloſe,
On either ſide a fair pavilion roſe.

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* Rodomont.

Now came the day, when ſwords muſt fix the right,
Nam'd by the king, and wiſh'd by either knight:
Plac'd in the tent that to the weſt appears,
His giant limbs the king of Algiers rears,
There bold Ferrau and Sacripant aſſiſt,
With ſcaly hide to arm him for the liſt:
And where the eaſtern gate its valves expands,
With king Gradaſſo Falſirones ſtands,
Theſe for the ſon of Agrican * employ
Their aid, to deck him with the arms of Troy.
High on a lofty throne, in royal ſtate,
The king of Spain and king of Afric ſate:
Next Stordilano and the peers were plac'd
Above the reſt, in rank and honours grac'd.
Happy is he who on ſome riſing height,
Or tufted tree can ſit to view the fight!
Great is the preſs, and deep on every ſide,
Through all the camp, was pour'd the mingled tide.
Caſtilia's queen was preſent; many a queen
And princeſs fair, with noble dames were ſeen,
From Aragon, Caſtile, Granada's land,
And near the bound where Atlas' pillars ſtand.
There Stordilano's daughter, with the reſt,
Appears in robes of various colour dreſt:

* Mandricardo.

One veſt was green, and one a paly red
Of ſoften'd dye, like roſes newly ſhed:
A garb Marphiſa wore, that might proclaim
(Succinct and ſimple) both the knight and dame.
Like her apparell'd, near Thermodöon's flood,
Hippolyta with all her virgins ſtood.
Already in his coat of arms array'd,
That royal Agramant's device diſplay'd,
The herald enter'd, in the liſt to draw
The bounds preſcrib'd, and ſtate the duel's law.
While now impatient throngs demand the fight,
While oft their murmurs chide, and oft invite
Each tardy champion; ſudden in their ear
From Mandricardo's tent a noiſe they hear,
Loud and more loud, deriv'd from wrathful words
Between the Sericane and Tartar lords.
Soon as the king of Sericane had dreſt
The Tartar monarch in his martial veſt,
He ſtood prepar'd to gird the ſword, which, try'd
In battle oft, had grac'd Orlando's ſide,
When DURINDANA on the hilt he views,
And that device Almontes wont to uſe,
From whom, long ſince, beſide a limpid brook,
This ſword, while yet a youth, Orlando took.

He ſaw, and knew full well the famous ſword,
That arm'd the hand of great Anglante's lord;
Which prize to gain he left his native ſhore,
With ſuch a force as ne'er was ſeen before;
And, ſome few years elaps'd, Caſtilia view'd,
And France itſelf beneath his arms ſubdu'd.
He marvell'd now, by what ſtrange means obtain'd
He ſaw this ſword in Mandricardo's hand,
Then aſk'd what chance had given the fatal blade,
And when and where he from the earl convey'd
The precious prize—The Tartar prince reply'd:
Erewhile in fight Orlando's force I try'd:
At length he feign'd a madneſs to conceal
His daſtard feelings, for he knew too well,
While this he wore, he ſtill his trembling life
With me muſt riſk in never-ending ſtrife.
The beaver thus, who ſees the woodland crew
Near and more near his hunted ſteps purſue,
Well conſcious what they ſeek, behind him leaves
The ſought-for treaſure, and his life reprieves.
  Ere yet he ceas'd, Gradaſſo took the word:
To thee, nor any, will I yield the ſword.
Juſtly I claim what long I toil'd to gain,
My gold expended and my people ſlain!

Some other weapon ſeek—nor deem it ſtrange
That this I challenge——let Orlando range
Frantic or wild, where'er this ſword I hold,
The ſword is mine—thou, as thyſelf haſt told,
Found'ſt it far diſtant from its owner thrown,
But, found by me, I claim it for my own.
This falchion ſhall the right I plead maintain—
The liſt ſhall be my judge—prepare to gain
This ſword by force, if this thou ſeek'ſt in fight,
To wield on Rodomont; ſince every knight
Who uſes arms, ſhould win them by his might.

At this the Tartar rais'd his daring head:
What ſweeter ſound can reach my ears (he ſaid)
Than aught that ſpeaks of war?—But firſt, in field,
To thee his turn the Sarzan prince muſt yield.
Procure with me the foremoſt fight to wage,
And let the ſecond Rodomont engage:
Doubt not I ſtand prepar'd for thee—for all—
To anſwer thine and every mortal call.

Rogero then increaſing ſtrife to breed:
Think not t' infringe the terms ſo late agreed.
Be Rodomont the firſt in liſt to join,
Or, if he change, his fight muſt follow mine.

Grant what Gradaſſo pleads, that in the field
A knight muſt win his arms who arms would wield.
Shalt thou my bird with argent wings diſplay,
Till from my graſp thou rend'ſt the ſhield away?
Lo! here I ſtand t' abide the lot's decree;
The firſt to Rodomont—the next to me!
If thou perſiſt our treaty to confound,
I ſpurn all order, and deſpiſe all bound:
Nor will I for a moment wave my right,
But call thee forth this inſtant to the fight.
Let each of you be Mars, (then made reply
Fierce Mandricardo) each his proweſs try:
What arm ſhall dare forbid me here to wield
The truſty falchion or the glorious ſhield?
Then fir'd to wrath, with ſteely gauntlet bent,
At Sericana's king a ſtroke he ſent,
Whoſe better hand at unawares it took,
And Durindana ſtrait his graſp forſook.
Gradaſſo, burſting then with rage, beheld
The ſword diſputed from his hand compell'd.
Indignant ſhame, deſpite, and burning ire,
Fluſh'd all his face; his eyeballs ſparkled fire:
Fierce for revenge a backward ſtep he made,
And ſtood in act to draw the deadly blade:

But Mandricardo, ever unappall'd,
Him and Rogero to the battle call'd.
Come, both at once—come, Rodomont! (he cry'd)
To make the third, and come all three defy'd.
Come, Spain and Afric! all of human race,
No flight ſhall e'er my glories paſt diſgrace.
Thus he who nothing fear'd; and as he ſpoke,
In his right hand Almontes' weapon ſhook,
Firmly embrac'd his ſhield, for fight prepar'd,
And good Rogero and Gradaſſo dar'd.
Leave him to me, and ſoon this ſovereign ſteel,
(Exclaims Gradaſſo) ſhall his frenzy heal.
Not ſo (Rogero cries) to me reſign
Yon boaſting chief——the combat firſt is mine.
Go thou—the fight is mine—by turns they cry'd—
Then all at once each other loud defy'd.
Nor this nor that would yield; and now enrag'd
All three at once a medley war had wag'd;
When numbers preſent as the warriors clos'd,
With ill advice amidſt them interpos'd;
And to their coſt had ſoon his fortune known,
Who for another's ſafety riſks his own:
Not all the world their ſouls to peace had won,
But lo! the Spaniſh monarch, with the ſon

Of great Troyano came, whoſe preſence quell'd
Their frantic rage, and each in reverence held.
  Now Agramant demands, what ſudden cauſe
To new contention thus each warrior draws.
Th' occaſion known, he ſtrives with every art
To calm the rage of ſtern Gradaſſo's heart;
That he to Mandricardo might afford
One ſingle day the loan of Hector's ſword,
Till the dire fight was wag'd with Sarza's lord.
  While Agramant with ſoothing words addreſt,
Aſſays by turns t' appeaſe each angry breaſt,
New ſounds of tumult in the weſtern tent,
From Rodomont and Sacripant were ſent.
Circaſia's monarch ſtood with Sarza's knight,
(As late we told) to arm him for the fight,
And with Ferrau had on the champion brac'd
Thoſe arms which once his proud forefather grac'd.
And now they came to where the courſer ſtood,
Who daſh'd around the whitening foam, and chew'd
The golden bit: this ſteed, Frontino nam'd,
Was that whoſe loſs Rogero's wrath inflam'd.
Meanwhile the generous Sacripant, whoſe care
Muſt ſuch a champion for the liſt prepare,

Obferv'd the gallant fteed with nearer view,
When foon his marks and faultlefs limbs he knew,
And own'd his Frontaletto, for whofe fake
He went on foot, nor other fteed would take:
Stol'n by Brunello, on that fatal day,
When from the fair* he bore her ring away;
When Balifarda and his horn he reft
From great Anglante's earl with impious theft;
When from her fide Marphifa's fword he bore,
And with his plunder reach'd Biferta's fhore;
Then gave Rogero Balifarda fam'd,
With this good courfer, fince Frontino nam'd.
Each certain proof the fierce Circaffian weigh'd,
Then turning to the Sarzan king, he faid:
Know, chief! this fteed is mine—by fraud purloin'd
Before Albracca—numbers left behind
Could witnefs what I tell—behold my fword
Shall full conviction of the truth afford.
But fince together for awhile we far'd
In friendly fort, and mutual converfe fhar'd;

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* Angelica.

Ver. 532.——*his horn bereft*—] This horn was won by Orlando from Almontes, when he flew him at the fountain. See Aspramont.

And ſince thy want I know—to thee I yield
My generous courſer for the liſted field,
My right acknowledge firſt; elſe hope in vain
To keep a ſteed which only arms can gain.
  Stern Rodomont, than whom no prouder knight
E'er wielded weapon in the liſt of fight,
Thus anſwer'd—Had another's lips declar'd
Such ill-judg'd words as Sacripant has dar'd,
He to his coſt might find 'twere better far,
That ſpeechleſs born he breath'd the vital air;
But as thou urgeſt, for the friendſhip late
Between us held, in this I wave debate,
To bid thee now (and heed what I adviſe)
Defer awhile thy arduous enterprize,
Till thou haſt mark'd the iſſue of the fight,
This day, between me and the Tartar knight,
When his example ſhall thy prudence wake,
To beg me as thy gift this ſteed to take.
With thee 'tis courteous to be brutal (cries
Fierce Sacripant, with lightening in his eyes)
But mark me plainer now—henceforth take heed
How far thou dar'ſt uſurp my truſty ſteed:
I here forbid thee, while this better hand
Can, graſp'd aloft, the vengeful ſword command.

If

If other means ſhould fail, unarm'd I fight,
And ſtand with tooth and nail to guard my right.
Cries, threats ſucceed, and ire enkindles ire:
Leſs ſwift through ſtubble runs the blaze of fire.
Fierce Rodomont complete his armour wears,
But Sacripant nor helm nor cuiraſs bears,
Yet ſeems (ſo well he knew his ſword to wield)
Securely fenc'd as with a covering ſhield:
Though Rodomont excell'd in nerve of fight,
No leſs in ſkill excell'd Circaſſia's knight.
Not with more ſwiftneſs turns the kindling wheel,
When from the ſtone is ground the whitening meal,
Than Sacripant, with hand and foot untir'd,
Turn'd, chang'd, and parry'd ſtill as need requir'd.
Their ſwords Ferrau and Serpentino drew,
And midſt the chiefs themſelves undaunted threw:
Then Iſolero, king Grandonio came,
And many nobles of the Mooriſh name.
Such was the tumult, ſuch the noiſe combin'd,
That reach'd the tent where both the princes join'd,
Eſſay'd to calm Rogero's wrath in vain,
The Tartar lord and king of Sericane.
Now to king Agramant, perplex'd in thought,
A meſſenger unwelcome tidings brought,

That Sacripant, with Rodomont engag'd,
A cruel battle for his courſer wag'd.
Then thus the king beſpoke the lord of Spain:
Amidſt theſe new alarms, thou here remain,
Leſt aught ſhould worſe among theſe chiefs befall,
While I attend where yonder tumults call.
  When Rodomont his royal lord beheld,
He ſtay'd his weapon, and his fury quell'd:
Not with leſs awe Circaſſia's prince retir'd,
When Agramant appear'd; who now enquir'd,
With kingly looks, and with majeſtic tone,
From what new cauſe this ſudden ſtrife was grown.
The whole declar'd, he ſought with fruitleſs care
T' appeaſe each warrior, and the breach repair.
Unmov'd, Circaſſia's monarch ſtill deny'd
The king of Algiers longer ſhould beſtride
The generous ſteed, unleſs by fair requeſt,
For that day's uſe he firſt his lord addreſs'd.
But Rodomont, as wont, with fell diſdain
Reply'd—Nor thou, nor Heaven, ſo far ſhall gain,
That, what this arm can on myſelf beſtow,
I ever to another's gift will owe.
The king enquir'd of Sacripant his right
To urge ſuch claim, and if by force or flight

He

He loſt the ſteed: the prince the truth diſplay'd,
And, as he ſpoke, a bluſh his ſhame betray'd.
He own'd how well the ſubtle thief had wrought,
Who marking, while he ſate entranc'd in thought,
Four ſtakes beneath his ſaddle plac'd, and drew
The courſer thence, ere aught his rider knew.

Amidſt the train appear'd Marphiſa bold,
Who, while his courſer's loſs the warrior told,
In colour chang'd, for on the ſelf-ſame day,
A robber's hand* had borne her ſword away.
Advancing near, her eyes confeſs'd the ſteed,
On which Brunello once with light-foot ſpeed,
Eſcap'd purſuit: brave Sacripant ſhe knew,
Till then unfound; ſhe mark'd the mingled crew
That crowded near, when numbers there appear'd,
That oft theſe thefts from baſe Brunello heard.
All turn'd to him, by whom they knew abus'd
The knight and dame, and by their looks accus'd.
Of each Marphiſa aſk'd, nor fail'd to find
That this was he whoſe hand her ſword purloin'd.

---

* Brunello.

Ver. 620. *He own'd how well the ſubtle thief*, &c. ] This ludicrous and extravagant incident is taken from Boyardo. The paſſage is wittily ridiculed by Cervantes, where Sancho, while aſleep, loſes his aſs, which is ſtolen from him by Gines de Paſſamonte in the ſame manner.

She

She learnt, for this and many an impious cheat,
For which he well deſerv'd a nooſe to meet,
By Agramant the ſhameleſs wretch was prais'd,
And (ſtrange to tell) to regal honours rais'd.
Marphiſa felt her former wrath to wake,
Determin'd, for her injur'd honour's ſake,
On the foul thief a juſt revenge to take.

Now by her ſquire ſhe bade her helm be lac'd,
Her other ſhining arms already brac'd
Her martial limbs, for never yet the maid
Ten days was ſeen, but bright in mail array'd,
Since her fair perſon, brave beyond compare,
She firſt inur'd the weight of ſteel to bear.
Then, with her helmet clos'd, ſhe went and found
Brunello ſeated midſt the peers around.
Him, when ſhe ſaw, the dame with furious heat
Seiz'd by the throat, and dragg'd him from his ſeat;
Eaſy, as grip'd within his hooky claws,
The ravenous eagle ſome weak chicken draws,
And bore him thus before Troyano's heir,
Then deep engag'd to heal inteſtine war.
Brunello, fearing worſe might yet befall,
Ceas'd not to weep, and loud for pity call.

His cries were heard amidſt the mix'd alarms
Of ſhouts and tumults from the camp in arms.
For mercy now he ſues, now aid demands:
Near as he drew, thick crowd the gazing bands:
To Afric's king the dame her priſoner took,
And thus addreſs'd him with an haughty look:
This wretch, thy vaſſal, by my hand ere long
Aloft ſuſpended, ſhall atone the wrong
My honour felt—for know his ſhameful theft,
Him of his horſe, me of my ſword bereft.
Should there be one who dares my purpoſe blame,
Forth let him ſtand, and what he thinks proclaim:
To prove my juſtice, I his might defy,
And in thy preſence give his tongue the lye.
Since ſome may urge, ill-choſen time I take,
When civil broils ſo many murmurs make;
When diſcord kindles now, with dire alarms,
The braveſt warriors of the camp to arms;
Three days I reſpite his determin'd fate,
Meanwhile would any friend prolong his date,
Let ſuch appear—if not ere then releas'd,
I give him to the birds a welcome feaſt.

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Ver. 670. ——*me of my ſword*—] This is told in Boyardo. See Book xviii. note to ver. 732.

But

But three miles diſtant by the wood's lone ſide,
To yonder tower behold my courſe I guide:
Without companion ſhall I there retire,
Save two, a damſel and a faithful ſquire.
If any dare this wretch's cauſe befriend,
There let him come, I there his arms attend.
 She ſaid; and waiting no reply, purſu'd
Her deſtin'd way to reach the neighbouring wood;
Brunello on her courſer's neck ſhe caſt,
And in his locks the martial virgin faſt
Her hand ſecur'd, while loud he ſhriek'd and pray'd,
Invoking every friend by name for aid.
 King Agramant, amid theſe tumults toſt,
Where thought itſelf to find a clue was loſt,

Above

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Ver. 695. *King Agramant, amid theſe tumults*—] Nothing can be better worked up than the confuſion in the camp of the Pagans, from theſe diſſentions among their leaders. Cervantes humourouſly makes Don Quixote, in the midſt of the quarrels at the Inn, thus allude to the above paſſage of Arioſto: "Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this caſtle was enchanted, and that ſome legion of devils muſt certainly inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you ſee, with your own eyes, how the diſcord of Agramant's camp is paſſed over, and transferred hither among us. Behold how there they fight for the ſword, here for the horſe, yonder for the eagle—here again for the helmet; and we all fight, and no one underſtands another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you maſter prieſt, and let one

of

Above the reft more forely now difpleas'd,
Beheld Brunello by Marphifa feiz'd:
Not that he ftill the treacherous caitiff lov'd;
Who (fome few days elaps'd) his anger mov'd.
Ere fince the ring's late lofs, the king revolv'd
Brunello's fault, and oft his death refolv'd.
But now he deem'd a monarch's facred name
Too boldly fcorn'd, and red with confcious fhame,
He ftood prepar'd to follow, with his hand
T' avenge th' affront that regal power fuftain'd:
But grave Sobrino, prefent, foon inclin'd,
To better thoughts the prince's wrathful mind.
It ill befeem'd, in fuch a caufe, (he faid)
So great a king, of fovereign kings the head,
To wage a fight, where, fhould his arms fucceed,
More blame than honour muft attend the deed:

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of you ftand for king Agramant, the other for king Sobrino, and make peace among us, &c."

See JARVIS's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iv. C. xviii.

Ver. 707. *But grave Sobrino*, &c.] This is the firft appearance of Sobrino in Ariofto. His character is continued from Boyardo, where he makes a figure in the council held by Agramant, to debate on the intended invafion of France, and endeavours to diffuade the king from that expedition. Sobrino appears to be the Neftor of the poem.

When

When men would ſay—“ Much has our king obtain’d,
Who ſcarce hard conqueſt o’er a woman gain’d!”
Great is his danger, ſmall his praiſe muſt prove
Who dares againſt her arm to combat move.
’Twere beſt to leave Brunello to his death:
Or if a word could ſave the culprit’s breath
From threaten’d nooſe, that word we ſhould withhold,
And leave the courſe of juſtice uncontrol’d.
Thou canſt (he added) to Marphiſa ſend,
That ſhe his ſentence may to thee commend
As king and judge—and firſt thy promiſe plight,
The hangman’s hand ſhall do her honour right.
But ſhould ſhe this refuſe—the conteſt ceaſe,
Leave him to her—and reſt the maid in peace:
So ſtill to thee her love be firmly ty’d,
Hang up Brunello, and all thieves beſide.

Sobrino’s words the monarch’s warmth aſſuage,
Who liſtens to his counſel juſt and ſage;
Nor only leaves himſelf at large the maid,
But wills that none ſhould her retreat invade;
For public good, his feelings he ſuppreſs’d,
And hop’d, by his example o’er the reſt,
To ſoothe to concord each contending breaſt.

But Difcord laugh'd aloud, who knew no fear
Of peace or friendfhip ever more to hear:
Now here, now there, fhe travers'd o'er the plain;
Nor could the tumult of her joy contain:
No lefs exulting, ftalk'd her fifter Pride,
Who conftant fuel to the fire fupply'd,
And, with a fhout that reach'd the firmament,
The fign of victory to Michael fent.
At that dread voice, at that tremendous found,
The Seine ran back, and Paris trembled round;
Through Arden's fable groves the echoes fpread,
And favage beafts in gloomy coverts fled:
Blaia, and Arli, Rhone's far-winding fhore,
The Alps, and mount Ghibenna heard the roar:
This Rhodan, Soane, Garonna, Rhine confefs'd;
While mothers clafp'd their infants to the breaft.
Each furious chief, demands the fight to wage,
And each will foremoft in the lift engage:

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Ver. 744. *At that dread voice, &c.* ] See Virgil.

Contremuit nemus, &c.
Et trepidæ matres preffere ad pectora natos.

ÆN. VII.

Young mothers wildly ftare with fears poffeft,
And ftrain their helplefs infants to their breaft.
The woods all thunder'd———

DRYDEN.

Their claims, ſo various, ſo perplex'd the nooſe,
Apollo's ſelf could ſcarce the bands unlooſe:
Yet every art king Agramant would try,
And firſt the Gordian knot of ſtrife untye
Between the African* and Scythian † lord,
For beauteous Doralis, by both ador'd.
The king, by turns, would each to reaſon bend,
As prince, as brother, counſellor, and friend:
But when he ſaw, that neither would incline
To truce, or peace, or her he lov'd reſign;
Fair cauſe of all their ſtrife! he ſought to find
Some middle courſe, to meet each rival's mind.
He meant the damſel ſhould decide their loves,
And name the conſort, whom her choice approves.
So, at her ſovereign bidding, might they ceaſe
From further ſtrife, and firmly bind the peace.
Each knight agreed, for each his love believ'd
With mutual paſſion by the dame receiv'd.
The king of Sarza, who long time had ſu'd
To gain her hand, ere Mandricardo woo'd;
Accuſtom'd in her preſence ſtill to live,
With every grace that fits a maid to give;
Securely hop'd, her ſentence would diſmiſs
His jealous pangs, and fix his future bliſs.

* Rodomont. † Mandricardo.

Nor he alone, but thus each Pagan thought,
Who knew for her what deeds his arm had wrought,
In tournament and field—not thus (they cry'd)
Should Mandricardo by her doom abide.
But he who love's ſoft hours with her had led,
While Sol on worlds below his ſplendor ſhed;
Who knew what flame her gentle heart avow'd,
Laugh'd at the judgment of the erring crowd.

Before his ſovereign lord each peer confirms,
With every ſolemn form, the ſtated terms,
Then to the dame appeals; with downcaſt eyes,
While her fair face the bloomy colour dyes,
She owns her boſom held the Tartar dear:
With wonder all the ſoft confeſſion hear.
Fierce Rodomont, as if each ſenſe was fled,
Scarce dares again exalt his drooping head;
But when his wonted fury had diſpell'd
The firſt ſurpriſe and ſhame, that ſilence held
His falt'ring tongue, he call'd the doom unjuſt,
And, ſnatching from his ſide his ſureſt truſt,
Before the king and camp the blade he draws,
And ſwears, that this ſhall win or loſe the cauſe;
Not the light breath of woman's wayward will,
Who what they leaſt ſhould value, favour ſtill.

Swift Mandricardo anſwers to his call:
Act as thou wilt—I ſtand prepar'd for all.
Yet ere thy ſhip the harbour ſafely gains,
A mighty tract of ſea unplough'd remains.
But Agramant here interpos'd, and blam'd
The Sarzan prince, who 'gainſt all order claim'd
The fight anew—ſo far the king prevails,
He makes this riſing fury ſtrike her ſails.

Now Rodomont, indignant to ſuſtain
A two-fold ſhame before this princely train:
Firſt from his king, to whom his pride gave way,
And next his dame, in one ill-omen'd day,
No longer there will dwell, but from the band,
That late in battle own'd his guiding hand,
Two ſquires alone he takes, and, ſwift as wind
Departing, leaves the Mooriſh tents behind.
As when the ſurly bull, o'ercome in fight,
Reſigns his heifer for the victor's right;

For

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Ver. 818. *As when the ſurly bull, —* ] See Virgil.

Nec mos bellantes una ſtabulare, ſed alter
Victus abit, longeque ignotus exulat oris,
Multa gemens, ignominiam, plagamque ſuperbi
Victoris, tum quos amicit inultus amores;
Et ſtubula ſpectans regnis exceſſit avitis.

Georg. Lib. III. v. 224.

Nor,

For woods and barren ſands he leaves the mead,
Where once he us'd the numerous heards to lead:
Loudly he roars, as night or day returns,
While ſtill his breaſt with inbred fury burns.
So ſtruck with rage, with frenzy and deſpair,
Goes Algier's king, rejected by the fair.
Him good Rogero had prepar'd with ſpeed
To follow, and regain his faithful ſteed;
But ſoon recalling to his generous mind
The liſt with Mandricardo next deſign'd,
He checks his rein, and turns to claim the fight
Ere king Gradaſſo next aſſert his right
To Durindana, with the Scythian * knight.
Yet much he griev'd to ſee, before his eyes,
Frontino loſt, an undiſputed prize.

---

Nor, when the war is o'er, their rage expires;
To diſtant vales the vanquiſh'd wretch retires;
Weeps his diſgrace, his conquering rival's boaſt,
Yet more the fair, that unreveng'd he loſt;
And oft with penſive looks, as he retreats,
The parting exile views his ancient ſeats.

WARTON, ver. 290.

* MANDRICARDO.

Though once his battle with the Tartar fought,
Not long his generous ſteed ſhall reſt forgot.
But Sacripant, whom no ſuch cauſe detain'd,
For whom no other ſtrife or liſt remain'd;
In haſte the courſe of Rodomont purſu'd,
And ſoon had join'd him, but a chance withſtood;
A ſudden chance that croſs'd him in the way,
And kept him wandering all the live long day.
By fortune fall'n amidſt the Seine he found
A hapleſs maid, who in the ſtream had drown'd,
But that he came to give her timely aid,
Leapt in the flood, and her to land convey'd.
He ſought his ſteed, but looſen'd from his hand
The ſteed awaited not his lord's command:
All day he fled, and ſcarce with ſetting light,
Reſign'd his bridle to the weary'd knight.
Two hundred miles o'er hill and plain he paſs'd,
But where he found ſtern Rodomont at laſt,
And how they met, I ſhall not here record,
With ſmall advantage to Circaſſia's lord.

---

Ver. 844. *A hapleſs maid,—*] This adventure, juſt touched upon here by Arioſto, is no where elſe mentioned by him, or by Boyardo.

How

How there he loſt his ſteed, and how he fell,
In captive bonds—I haſten now to tell,
How fir'd with wrath, before the princes ſham'd,
Againſt his miſtreſs and his king inflam'd;
Far from the camp the king of Sarza went,
And how on both he gave his anger vent.
  Where'er the Saracen in frenzy griev'd,
The ambient air his burning ſighs receiv'd.
In pity Echo from her cavern mourn'd,
And to his plaints, in plaintive notes return'd.
  O female ſex! (he cry'd) whoſe worthleſs mind,
Inconſtant, ſhifts with every changing wind:
O faithleſs woman! perjur'd and unjuſt,
Moſt wretched thoſe who place in thee their truſt!
Not all my ſervice try'd, my love expreſt
By thouſand proofs, could in one cruel breaſt
Secure a heart, ſo ſoon, alas! eſtrang'd
From truth like mine, and to another chang'd.
Nor have I loſt thee now, becauſe my name
Is deem'd eclips'd by Mandricardo's fame:

Ver. 856. *In captive bonds*—] In another part, mention is made of Sacripant being vanquiſhed by Rodomont at the bridge; but no particular account is given of that incident.

Nor know I what my ſource of woe to call—
But thou art woman—that comprizes all!
O ſex accurs'd!—by God and Nature ſent,
A deadly bane to poiſon man's content!
So hateful ſnakes are bred, the wolf and bear
So haunt the ſhades; ſo nurs'd by genial air
Swarm gnats and waſps, the venom'd inſect train,
And tares are bred amids the golden grain.
Why could not Nature (foſtering nurſe of earth!)
Without thy aid, give man his happier birth?
As trees, by human ſkill engrafted, bear
The juicy fig, ſmooth plum, or racy pear?

---

Ver. 878. *O ſex accurs'd!*] This exclamation of Rodomont againſt the female ſex, may recall to the mind of the reader, the reflections of Adam on the tranſgreſſion of Eve, particularly theſe lines.

————O! why did God,
Creator wiſe, who peopled higheſt heaven
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind——

Par. Lost, Book X.

But it muſt be frankly acknowledged, that the paſſage of Arioſto is, as too uſual, debas'd by ludicrous images and expreſſions.

But,

But, ah! can Nature aught that's perfect frame,
When Nature bears herself a female name?
Yet be not hence with empty pride o'er-run,
To think, O woman! man is born your son.
On prickly thorns appears the blooming rose;
And from a fetid herb the lily grows.
Insidious, cruel sex! whose faithless mind
No love can influence, and no truth can bind;
Ingrate and impious, plagues of human kind!
  Complaining thus, the king of Sarza rode,
Now murmur'd low, now rais'd his voice aloud,
Heard far and wide; with undistinguish'd blame,
At once involving all the female name.
Rash! unadvis'd! though some our anger raise,
For three found ill, a hundred merit praise.
What, if amidst the fair I yet have lov'd,
Not one, perchance I met, that faithful prov'd:

Shall

---

Ver. 889. *When Nature bears herself a female name?*] Surely the poet has carried this conceit to the utmost, that Nature, being herself a female, and consequently imperfect, could produce nothing perfect.

Ver. 903. *What, if amidst the fair, &c.*

*Ere creeping age shall change these locks to grey.*] The attachment of Ariosto to the fair sex, has been shewn in the account of his life, and appears in various parts of his works, and this passage

in

Shall I the whole with general cenſure blot,
And not accuſe my own unhappy lot?
Such was my chance—if, midſt a hundred, one
Were faithleſs found, on her my choice muſt run.
But ſtill I truſt, ere life with years decay,
Ere creeping age ſhall change theſe locks to grey,
Some happier hour may yet my hope renew,
And ſee my love repaid with love as true.
Should e'er ſuch future bliſs my vows befall,
That faithful ſhe will make amends for all:
While to the height her honours I rehearſe,
With pen or tongue, in proſe, or numerous verſe.
The Saracen, who thus his miſtreſs blam'd
As ill advis'd againſt his king exclaim'd;
And oft he wiſh'd ſome ſtorm of adverſe fate
Might fall unlook'd, to overwhelm his ſtate;
To make each wretched houſe in Afric mourn,
And to the loweſt ſtone each pile o'erturn;
That Agramant, expell'd his realm in grief,
Might rove a mendicant without relief;

in particular, among many others, ſeems to prove that his love had been divided by a number of objects, though, at the ſame time, it likewiſe ſeems to prove that he had been rather unſucceſsful in the fidelity of his miſtreſſes.

Till

Till once again his prowefs ſhould reſtore
The exil'd monarch to the regal power;
And in his proof of loyal duty ſhow,
What to a faithful friend a friend muſt owe;
A faithful friend, whoſe merits ſhould receive,
(Though worlds oppos'd) whate'er his prince could
give.

The Pagan thus, as troubled paſſions wrought,
Now on his king, now on his miſtreſs thought:
He ſpurr'd his ſteed, but ne'er to ſleep addreſs'd
His watchful eyes, nor gave Frontino reſt:
Next day his courſe to Sonna's banks he ſped,
(That to Provence with winding current led)
For Africa once more to croſs the main,
And ſee his long forſaken realms again.
He view'd the river, fill'd from ſide to ſide
With barks and veſſels floating on the tide;
That from afar, with all proviſions ſtow'd,
To Pagan bands convey'd the welcome load.
The country round was ſubject to the Moors,
From Paris' walls to Acquamorta's ſhores;
A pleaſing tract! and all from plain to plain,
Stretch'd on the right, that reach'd the bounds of
Spain.

Now

Now from the ſhips remov'd, the buſy crow'd
On many a beaſt and wain the burthens ſtow'd:
From different parts the banks were cover'd round
With well-fed herds, that graz'd the verdant ground;
And near the river divers huts were kept,
Where all night long the hinds and drivers ſlept.
  The king of Algiers here, ſurpriz'd by night,
When damps and gloom ſucceed departing light;
Yields to a country hoſt (there born and bread)
Who begg'd him for his gueſt at board and bed.
His ſteed diſpos'd; rich plenty crown'd the board,
With Greekiſh wines, and wines of Corfù ſtor'd.
In all the reſt a Moor the Pagan ſhow'd,
But in his drink preferr'd the Gallic mode.
The hoſt, with welcome looks and ſumptuous fare,
Would every honour for his gueſt prepare;
Whom by his garb and mien he well divin'd,
A knight of prowefs high, and noble kind.
But he, at variance with himſelf (whoſe heart,
As if divided from its better part,

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Ver. 960. *In all the reſt a Moor*, &c.] By the law of Mahomet his votaries are forbidden the uſe of wine: but the poet, who meant Rodomont for a character of impiety, makes him pay no attention to the dictates of his own religion, and only obſerve the cuſtoms of a Moor when they did not combat his paſſions.

Still

Still to his miſtreſs turn'd) with penſive look
There ſate, nor with a word the ſilence broke.
Our jolly hoſt, who better could advance
His private good than any hoſt of France;
Who midſt a land with foreign foes o'er-run,
Preſerv'd his chattels, goods, and houſe his own;
Had call'd, in honour of his noble gueſt,
His friends and kindred to partake the feaſt.
Of theſe none dar'd to ſpeak, but gaz'd with awe,
While mute and ſad, the Saracen they ſaw;
Who ſate with head caſt down in mournful wiſe,
As if he fear'd to meet a ſtranger's eyes.
Thus long he mus'd, till from his boſom broke
A ſigh, when ſudden as from ſleep he woke;
Prepar'd to ſpeak, his drooping lids he rais'd,
And round the board with look compos'd he gaz'd;
Then aſk'd his hoſt, and next to each apply'd,
If any there the marriage ſtate had try'd,
And ſlumber'd with a conſort at his ſide.

He ſaid; the hoſt, and every gueſt he found
In wedlock's law to female partners bound.
He next enquir'd, if each believ'd his ſpouſe
Had duly kept her matrimonal vows:

When,

When, ſave mine hoſt, they one and all declar'd,
That none with them their wives' affections ſhar'd.
To this the hoſt—Each, as he will, believes,
But ſure am I—that each himſelf deceives:
For this your credulous, uxorious mind,
I can but call you each with dotage blind;
And ſo no leſs muſt ſay this noble knight,
Unleſs he means to tell you black for white.
For as to enrich the world has Fate preferr'd
A ſingle Phœnix (rare and only bird!)
So, is it ſaid, one only man through life,
Is giv'n to 'ſcape the falſhoods of a wife:
Each will himſelf that happy mortal call,
That huſband ſole, who bears the palm from all!
Yet how can each the boaſted treaſure own,
When through the ſex no two chaſte wives are known?
Like you I thought, and ſtill perhaps had deem'd
All women virtuous, that were ſo eſteem'd;
But, that a gentle ſquire, in Venice bred,
And late for my good fortune hither led,
Such ſtories told, all which full well he knew,
As from my thought the fond deception drew.

Francis

Francis Valerio was he call'd, whofe name
Shall ever place in my remembrance claim.
Right was he learn'd in women, and could well
The frauds of marry'd and unmarry'd tell:
Tales new, and tales long fince, of every kind,
He told, with thefe his own experience join'd;
He fully prov'd, of high or low degree,
How vain the hope a virtuous dame to fee.
Should ever one feem chafter than the reft,
'Tis that her art can veil her frailties beft.
From thofe (of which fuch numbers would he tell,
That fcarce the third in my remembrance dwell)
One ftory fix'd within my mind remain'd,
And there engrav'd has ftill its place maintain'd;
Which, all that hear, fhall like myfelf receive,
And every falfhood of the fex believe;
And if it pleafe thine ear, I, noble knight,
To their confufion will the tale recite.

---

Ver. 1013. *Francis Valerio*—] Gian' Francefco Valerio, a Venetian gentleman, a great enemy to women: he lived in intimacy with the poet, and is mentioned by him with particular kindnefs at the beginning of the XLVIth Book, and is here likewife, by a poetical anachronifm, made to live in the time of Charlemain, and from his hatred of women, Ariofto puts into his mouth this fevere tale againft the Sex.

What

What better (cry'd the Pagan) canſt thou find,
To ſuit the preſent temper of my mind,
Than ſtories, where examples may diſplay
That worthleſs ſex, accuſtom'd to betray?
Yet ere thou ſpeak'ſt, againſt me take thy place,
So ſhall I better hear thee face to face. 1036

But, in the enſuing book, we ſee declar'd
What tale for Rodomont mine hoſt prepar'd.

END OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-EIGHTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

RODOMONT hears from his hoſt the tale of Aſtolpho and Jocundo, a ſevere ſatire upon the female ſex. The characters of women further diſcuſſed. Rodomont leaves his hoſt, and purſues his intended journey for Algiers, but meeting with a pleaſing ſpot, he takes poſſeſſion of a chapel which the Chriſtians had deſerted, and reſolves to fix his reſidence there. The arrival of Iſabella and the hermit with the dead body of Zerbino.

THE

# TWENTY-EIGHTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

YE dames! and ye to whom each dame is dear,
To this unhallowed tale refuſe an ear;
A tale mine hoſt has caught from lying fame,
To ſtain the luſtre of the female name:

Yet

Ver. 1. *Ye dames*, &c.] This celebrated tale, one of the ſevereſt ſatires that was ever written upon the female ſex, has been imitated by ſeveral authors, particularly by the witty Fontaine, the prior of France.

Boileau has compared this tale of Fontaine with the Joconde of M. Boüillion, and not only given the preference to the former, but endeavours to ſhew, that for the pleaſantry of narrative, Fontaine is ſuperior to the Italian author; at the ſame time he candidly ſpeaks thus of Arioſto. "Donnez, ſi vous voulez, à l'Arioſte toute la gloire de l'invention, ne lui denions pas le pris que lui eſt jeſtement



dû,

Yet ſuch a tongue alike in vain eſſays
To blot with cenſure, or exalt with praiſe:
In blaming others, fools their folly ſhow,
And muſt attempt to ſpeak when leaſt they know.
Paſs o'er this part unread, the ſtory ſtands
Unhurt without it, nor the page demands;
What Turpin told before, I but rehearſe,
No envy prompts, no malice points the verſe:
My better lines your matchleſs worth have ſhown,
My loyal faith to all your ſex is known.
To ſeal this truth a thouſand proofs I give,
That ſtill in you, and you alone, I live.

---

dû, pour l'elegance, la nettetè et la brevité inimitable avec laquelle il dit tant de choſes en ſi piu de mots; ne rabaiſſons point malicieuſement, en faveur de notre nation, le plus ingenieux auteur des derniers Siecles." Diſſertation ſur la Joconde de M. Fontaine.

It muſt be confeſſed, that ſeveral parts of this tale are highly exceptionable in the original for licentiouſneſs of idea and language; yet, if we compare the paſſages with other writers of the early times, we ſhall find that Arioſto is by no means entitled to excluſive cenſure. A general groſſneſs then prevailed among the poets, particularly of the humorous kind, as our own Chaucer will ſufficiently prove; and Spenſer, in a later age, will ſcarcely incur leſs condemnation. The account of Hellenor among the Satyrs, is equal for indelicacy to any parts of Arioſto. To this we may add, that the poets of a much more refined time have given themſelves ſuch unjuſtifiable berties, that the ſevere eye of decency may find numerous paſſages to expunge in Prior, Dryden, and even Pope himſelf.

Then

Then paſs, or with a careleſs eye ſurvey
Th' opprobrious tale, the fable of a day.
But to reſume my taſk—when every gueſt
A due attention in his looks expreſs'd,
Mine hoſt oppos'd againſt the Pagan ſate;
And thus began his ſtory to relate.

Where Lombardy extends her fruitful plain
The young Aſtolpho held his peaceful reign,
His brother's heir—renown'd for every grace
Of manly perſon, and the charms of face.
Scarce could Apelles, Zeuxis, or a name
More fam'd in art, have ſketch'd a lovelier frame.
Thus freſh in blooming youth the monarch ſhone,
Fair in all eyes, but fairer in his own.
Much leſs he priz'd his ſtate of kingly power,
His numerous armies, his exhauſtleſs ſtore
Of wealth and friends, in which he far excell'd
Each boaſted prince that near dominion held,
Than beauty's gift, whoſe full perfection rais'd
His form o'er every youth for beauty prais'd.
Amongſt the train that in their prince's ſight
Paid daily homage, was a Roman knight,
Fauſtus his name, whom dear the king eſteem'd,
And oft with him would boaſt how high he deem'd

His perſon's charms, and bade him boldly tell
If one he knew to match, much leſs excel,
Such manly grace: Thus he in vaunting pride:
And, as he little thought, the knight reply'd,
O king! (ſaid Fauſtus) doubtleſs few there are
Whoſe beauty can with Pavia's lord compare:
But one I know may urge ſo bold a claim,
My brother he, Jocundo is his name:
Set him apart, your charms all charms efface:
His equal yours, or boaſt ſuperior grace.
  Aſtolpho with ſurpriſe theſe words receiv'd,
And ſcarce ſuch unexpected truth believ'd;
Then felt a wiſh within his boſom rais'd
To ſee this youth unknown, ſo highly prais'd;
And Fauſtus urg'd his ſacred faith to plight,
To bring this wonder to his prince's ſight.
  Great king (the knight return'd) with truth I fear,
Hard is the taſk to bring Jocundo here:
Pleas'd with his humble lot aſſign'd by Fate,
Scarce is he known to paſs the city's gate;
He lives content with his paternal ſtore,
Nor ſquanders that, nor ſeeks to gather more;

And

And he as diftant Pavia's towers would deem,
As fome the banks of Tanais' icy ftream;
But moft I dread the attempt the youth to tear
From her whofe love partakes his joy and care;
Th' enamour'd hufband from a wife to draw,
Whofe every wifh to him is more than law.
Yet, gracious king, thy fervant fhall obey,
And prove each art to fpeed him on his way.
  The king adds royal gifts to earneft prayers,
And for his embaffy the knight prepares.
  On wings of zeal obfervant Fauftus flew,
And foon Imperial Rome arofe in view:
Then to his brother's humble roof he went,
Told the king's wifh, and gain'd his flow confent;
Implor'd the wife, and check'd each rifing figh
With thoughts of mighty gifts and honours high,
And for his fake befought her to comply.
  At length Jocundo fix'd the parting day,
And fteeds and fervants hir'd, and fair array
To deck his manly form, for oft the grace
Of coftly veft improves a beauteous face.
Meanwhile with heaving breaft and flowing tears,
The dear companion of his life appears;

Vows that his abſence ſhe ſhall ever mourn,
And never live to ſee his wiſh'd return.
Ceaſe, my lov'd ſpouſe, (the tender huſband cries,
While equal ſorrows trickle from his eyes)
Ceaſe thy dear plaints, ſo Fortune ſpeed my way,
As but two months I my return delay,
Nor Pavia's proffer'd crown ſhould bribe my longer ſtay.
Ah, me! (ſhe ſigh'd) and muſt I then ſuſtain
Such length of abſence, ſuch an age of pain?
Ah! no, the grave will firſt my portion be,
Theſe fading eyes no more their lord ſhall ſee:
Then welcome death!—To ſorrow thus a prey,
Food ſhe rejects, and groans the night away;
Touch'd with her grief he lifts his eyes to Heaven,
Oft ſighs, and oft repents his promiſe given.
  Now from her lovely neck a croſs ſhe drew,
Thick ſet with precious gems of various hue,
Which once a pilgrim of Bohemia bore
When ſick, returning from Judæa's ſhore;
Her ſire the drooping ſtranger entertain'd,
And at his death the hallow'd relick gain'd.
This croſs ſhe begg'd him at his neck to wear,
And in his mind her dear remembrance bear.

With joy the youth is ſeen the pledge to take,
Not for memorial, but the giver's ſake;
Since neither time nor place his faith could move,
Nor fortune, good or ill, diſperſe his love;
Nor could her image from his thought depart,
Or death's ſtrong graſp divide it from his heart.
On that black evening, which fore-run the day
That her lov'd conſort ſummon'd on his way,
Increaſing grief her tender ſoul oppreſs'd,
And oft ſhe fainted on her huſband's breaſt.
Not once they clos'd their eyes; no tongue can tell
How oft they kiſs'd, how oft they bade farewel;
Till breaking from her ſoft embrace he fled,
And left her drown'd in ſorrow on the bed.
Scarce two ſhort miles he journey'd, ere his mind
Recall'd the treaſure to his care conſign'd,
The precious croſs, which in his thoughtleſs haſte,
He left behind beneath his pillow plac'd.
Ah me! (he cry'd) how fitly ſhall I frame
A fair pretence to mitigate the blame?
Well may my wife my loyal truth ſuſpect,
Her gifts and love repaid with ſuch neglect.
He knew 'twere vain, with cold excuſe to ſend
A menial ſervant, or a nearer friend:

Himſelf in perſon muſt return to prove
His faith untainted, and her doubts remove.
He rein'd his ſteed, and cry'd, my Fauſtus, go
Tow'rds Pavia's court with gentle ſteps and ſlow,
I muſt again to Rome, but ſhort my ſtay,
Soon ſhall my ſpeed o'ertake you on the way;
No other can ſupply my wants—He ſaid;
Then bade adieu, and turn'd his courſer's head:
Alone he croſs'd old Tyber's yellow ſtream,
What time the ſhade retir'd from Phœbus' beam:
When, haſtening home, he found the darling fair
Faſt lock'd in ſleep (ſo poignant was her care!)
The curtain with a cautious hand he drew,
And view'd, what little there he thought to view;
For, lo! his chaſte, his faithful ſpouſe he found
In wanton ſheets, with amorous fetters bound,
Claſp'd by a youth, in whoſe adulterous face,
He knew the author of his foul diſgrace:
A low-born hind defil'd his maſter's bed,
Whoſe hand had rear'd him, and whoſe bounty fed.
Think what amazement chill'd his curdling blood,
As fix'd in ſtupid gaze he ſpeechleſs ſtood:
Ne'er may your ſoul, by ſad experience, know
The cruel anguiſh of Jocundo's woe.

Rage urg'd him on to draw the ſword, and take
A juſt revenge; but Love, that ſtill could wake,
For this ingrate, ſoft feelings in his breaſt,
Spite of himſelf the threatening ſtroke repreſs'd.
All-powerful Love, that from his anger ſav'd
Her forfeit life, ſo far his heart enſlav'd,
He fear'd to chace the ſlumber from her eyes,
And with the ſhock her tender ſoul ſurpriſe.
Silent the room he left, with ſilent ſpeed
The ſtairs deſcended, and regain'd his ſteed;
Goaded by grief, he goads his fiery beaſt,
And joins his brother ere the hour of reſt.

All mark'd his change of cheer, his mournful look,
That ſome near anguiſh at his heart beſpoke;
Yet none, amidſt ſo many, e'er divin'd
The ſecret cauſe that rankled in his mind:
All knew he left them to return to Rome,
But he had made a trip to Cuckoldom.

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° Ver. 174. *But he had made a trip to Cuckoldom*—] The Italian is,

——gito era a Corneto:—

Corneto, the name of a place near Rome. The word likewiſe means Cuckoldom; but the humour of the original ariſing from the double meaning of the word, could not be preſerved in the ſame manner in the tranſlation.

Each

Each deem'd that love lay feſtering in his thought,
But none could tell how love his ſorrow wrought.
His brother deem'd he mourn'd his conſort, left
Of comfort and ſociety bereft:
But he had different motives to complain,
Her too much company had caus'd his pain.
He ſighs, he weeps, while Fauſtus to his grief
(The cauſe unknown) can yield no kind relief:
In vain he ſeeks the healing balm to pour,
What hand can heal, that cannot probe the ſore?
The healing balm is rankeſt venom found,
Which more inflames, and wider makes the wound.
His conſort's once-lov'd name diſtracts his breaſt,
His appetite is gone, and loſt his reſt;
While thoſe fair features, that ſo late might claim
The prize of beauty, ſeem'd no more the ſame:
With deep-ſunk eyes, and large projecting noſe,
With wither'd fleſh, a ſkeleton he ſhows;
And, bred from grief, a fever on the way
At Arbia, and at Arno forc'd his ſtay,
Till loſt thoſe charms that once ſuch fame had won,
Like gather'd roſes fading in the ſun.

Though Fauftus, touch'd with deep regret, perceiv'd
His brother's woeful ftate, no lefs he griev'd
To think the prince, to whom his faith he ow'd,
Should doubt his truth for praife fo ill beftow'd.
He promis'd one of matchlefs form and face,
And one he brings depriv'd of every grace:
Yet with Jocundo, ftill he journey'd on,
Till now they enter'd Pavia's regal town:
But, fearful of difgrace, the Roman knight
At firft declin'd to meet Aftolpho's fight,
Till to the king by letter he reveal'd
That dire difeafe, and fome diftrefs conceal'd,
Prey'd on his brother's ruin'd health, defac'd
His rofy bloom, and laid each beauty wafte.
Aftolpho, gracious prince, well pleas'd to hear
The man he long'd fo much to fee was near,
Refolv'd his nobleft welcome to extend,
And greet Jocundo as his deareft friend
No envy in his generous breaft was known,
To find a beauty that excell'd his own;
Since, but for pale difeafe, full well he knew
His rival's charms muft every charm fubdue.

Superb

Superb apartments to the youth he gives,
And only in Jocundo's prefence lives:
His wifhes to prevent all means applies,
And every way to do him honour tries;
While he, unbleft, in langour waftes his life,
Lamenting ftill the falfehood of his wife:
Nor fong, nor dance, nor mufic's fprightly ftrains
Can drown remembrance, or affuage his pains.

In thefe apartments of the regal dome,
An ancient hall was next his lonely room,
The room where oft retir'd in grief he pines,
And fhows, and games, and company declines;
Broods o'er the deed that robb'd his foul of reft,
And adds new fcorpions to his tortur'd breaft;
Yet, ftrange to tell, a balfam here he found,
Of fovereign power to clofe his rankling wound.

Far in the hall, where artificial night,
With windows ever clos'd, expell'd the light,
A chink appear'd, and through the mouldering flaw,
Whence came a feeble ray, he thought he faw
What few would hear, and fewer would believe,
Nor from another would himfelf receive.
There, through the opening chink, reveal'd was feen
The fecret chamber of Aftolpho's queen;

A facred

A ſacred privacy to all deny'd,
But thoſe in whom the fair could well confide:
Here oft Aſtolpho's beauteous conſort ſate,
Forgetful of her lord and regal ſtate;
And here he view'd a dwarf of hideous face,
And ſhape uncouth, the wanton fair embrace.
Struck with the ſight, yet doubting what he view'd,
As in a trance awhile Jocundo ſtood:
But, when convinc'd, no longer could he deem
The ſight th' alluſion of an idle dream.
Ye gods! (he cry'd) can ſhe reſign her charms
To the rude claſp of ſuch a lover's arms?
A queen, whoſe lord with every gift is crown'd,
In form unrivall'd, as in worth renown'd!
Reflection that before ſo pain'd his heart,
Now took, by ſlow degrees, his conſort's part.
What though ſhe ſought a young gallant to find,
Her fault was but the fault of all her kind:
Whoſe favours none could ever ſingly prove,
And if deſire of change her breaſt could move,
At leaſt no monſter had enjoy'd her love.
Next day, returning at th' accuſtom'd hour,
He found the lovers buſy'd as before:

Still

Still fearleſs of ſurpriſe, the dwarf and dame
The king diſhonour'd with the deed of ſhame.
Day following day their mutual vigour proves,
And Sunday was no ſabbath to their loves.
Yet moſt he marvell'd that the fair complain'd,
And thought th' ill-ſhapen cub her charms diſdain'd.
One morn, when to the friendly chink he came,
He found, diſſolv'd in tears, the amorous dame:
Who twice already, by her truſty maid,
Had call'd the dwarf, and ſtill the dwarf delay'd.
Again ſhe ſent: her maid theſe tidings brought;
The dice, my lady, take up all his thought;
And rather than forego his gain at play,
He dares your gracious ſummons diſobey.

At this ſtrange ſight Jocundo chang'd his cheer,
No more his cheeks receive the falling tear;
Joy lights his eyes, the clouds of grief are o'er,
And what his name imports, he looks once more;
His manly front reſumes its wonted grace,
And angel beauty brightens in his face.

The king, his brother, all the court, confeſs
The wondrous turn; but none the cauſe can gueſs.

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Ver. 283. *And what his name imports—*] The word Giocundo in the Italian, ſignifies cheerful, jocund.

If from the youth the monarch long'd to know
What ſudden comfort had aſſuag'd his woe,
Not leſs the youth the ſecret wiſh'd to tell,
And to the king his injuries reveal;
Yet will'd he ſhould for ſuch atrocious fact,
Like him no vengeance from his wife exact:
Then by a ſacred vow the prince he ty'd,
Whate'er his ear receiv'd, or eye deſcry'd,
Though the dire truth depriv'd his ſoul of reſt,
Though in th' offence fell treaſon ſtood confeſs'd,
That, ſoon or late, he never would engage
The guilt to puniſh, but reſtrain his rage,
Nor let a ſingle word or deed evince
The crime detected by an injur'd prince.
  The king, who little dreamt his wrongs ſuſtain'd,
By ſolemn plighted vow himſelf reſtrain'd.
Jocundo then began the cauſe to ſhow,
Whence ſickneſs, ſprung from ſoul-conſuming woe,
Prey'd on his health; and how his wife, debas'd
To ſordid luſt, had with his ſlave diſgrac'd
Her huſband's bed; how, near his death, he found
An unexpected ſalve to cloſe the wound.
And know, O monarch! to my ſecret grief
Thy palace has ſupply'd the ſtrange relief;

For while I mourn'd my fortune, chance diſclos'd
A mightier far to equal fate expos'd.
He ſaid, and to the place the monarch drew,
That gave his hideous rival to his veiw,
Whoſe charms had taught his faithful wife to yield,
And now was ploughing in another's field.

There needs not here an oath t' enforce belief,
If ſtiffen'd at the ſight with rage and grief
The monarch ſtood, while ſcarcely he repreſs'd
The mingled paſſions ſtruggling in his breaſt:
As one diſtraught of every ſenſe he far'd,
With open lips for iſſuing words prepar'd:
But ſoon, remembrance of his vow repell'd
The riſing tempeſt that within rebell'd.

Then to Jocundo—Say, what courſe remains?
Direct me, brother, ſince thy will reſtrains
My juſt reſentment, and forbids this hand
To take the juſt revenge my wrongs demand.
Faith, (ſaid Jocundo) let us theſe forſake,
And prove if others more reſiſtance make;
With every art aſſail the wedded fair,
And plant on other's brows the fruits we bear.
What woman ſhall our form and rank diſdain
When ſuch baſe paramours can grace obtain?

Grant that ſometimes our youth and beauty fail,
The power of riches ever ſhall prevail:
Nor let us here return, till female ſmiles,
Won from a thouſand, crown our amorous toils.
Long abſence, while in foreign lands we roam,
To prove that virtue, to our coſt at home
So fully prov'd, may ſovereign balm impart
To ſooth the anguiſh of an injur'd heart.
The king aſſents, and for th' intended way
With ſpeed prepares, impatient of delay.
Through fruitful Italy their courſe they bend,
Two pages only on their ſteps attend.
And now they left the ſoft Italian land,
To viſit Flanders, France, and Albion's ſtrand.
Free to their love they found each melting fair,
And found the lovelieſt oft the kindeſt were:
And while on ſome they coſtly gifts beſtow'd,
To other's bounty equal gifts they ow'd.
With ſiege of warm entreaty ſome they won.
And others pray'd themſelves to be undone.
Here one ſhort month, there two the lovers made
Their amorous ſtay, and every proof eſſay'd,
While, like the virtuous wives, each female, ty'd
In nuptial fetters, with their ſuit comply'd.

At length both tir'd, where both alike purſue
Increaſing dangers with adventures new,
Conſcious what miſchiefs oft on thoſe await
Who knock too frequent at their neighbour's gate;
Now deem'd it beſt to ſeek ſome generous fair,
Whoſe charms, by turns, might either's paſſion ſhare,
For each had try'd, and try'd in vain, to prove,
A female conſtant to his ſingle love.
Since ſtill ſome other muſt partake my bed,
The place be yours, my friend (the monarch ſaid).
Of all the ſex this certain truth is known,
No woman yet was ere content with one.
Then let us with ſome gentle friend enjoy
A bliſs, unmix'd with jealouſy's alloy;
So ſhall our moments roll in ſportive eaſe,
Nor ſhall our love diſturb another's peace.
What better fortune can a woman claim
Than two ſuch huſbands to return her flame?
And while to one no wife will conſtant prove,
Yet ſurely two muſt gratify her love.
Thus ſpoke Aſtolpho; and the Roman youth
Approv'd what then he deem'd the voice of truth.
At length the Spaniard's ample realm they gain'd,
Where what they ſought, Valenza's ſeats contain'd;

A daughter

A daughter of their hoſt, of low degree,
Of manners mild, of features fair to ſee;
On her they fix'd—for on her blooming face
The ſpring of youth diffus'd its earlieſt grace.
With her the ſire a numerous offspring rear'd;
And thoughts of pining poverty he fear'd:
He ſaw his means ſmall portion could provide,
And few, he knew, would take a dowerleſs bride:
Hence, to their wiſh, he yields without delay
His daughter's charms, the ſolace of their way,
And on their love and plighted faith relies,
To treat with tender care their gentle prize,
They take the damſel, and in friendſhip prove
The amorous warfare of alternate love.
The Spaniſh region thence they travers'd o'er,
And paſs'd the realms of Syphax to explore.
At noon they from Valenza took their way;
Zattiva clos'd the labours of the day.
The ſtrangers here, as ſtrangers ever do,
Proceed the wonders of the place to view:
Where many a coſtly dome demands their praiſe,
And reverend fanes their admiration raiſe.

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Ver. 399. *The realms of Syphax—*] By the realms of Syphax the poet means part of the kingdom of Africa.

Meantime the damfel fees, from room to room,
All ready for her lords' returning home:
Some fpread the couch, fome tend and feed with care
The weary'd fteeds, and fome the meal prepare.
It chanc'd, that bufy'd thus the fair one fpy'd
A youth, who oft had flumber'd by her fide
In happier days, when with her father plac'd,
He liv'd a menial by her bounty grac'd.
Each other well they knew, but fear'd to fpeak,
Left fquint fufpicion on their words fhould break.
But, all the reft retir'd, the lovers meet,
And, from difcovery fafe, each other greet.
The youth demands her whither fhe was bound,
And which, of either lord, her favour found?
Flammetta own'd the truth, for fuch the name
The damfel bore; from Greece her lover came.
Ah, me! (he cry'd) when Fortune feem'd to give
The long'd-for day with thee in joy to live,
My dear Flammetta feeks a foreign fhore,
And wretched I muft ne'er behold her more.
Thou go'ft—and others have thy charms poffefs'd,
Sweet love is turn'd to poifon in my breaft:
In vain I hop'd, while ftill I ftrove to fave
My pittance, earn'd by what each ftranger gave,

With

With thee my ſlender fortune to divide,
And from thy father's hand receive my beauteous
bride.
The ſorrowing fair-one claſp'd him to her breaſt
And mourn'd his fruitleſs ſuit ſo late addreſt.
Sore wept the crafty Greek, and, with a ſigh,
Can'ſt thou, inhuman, let thy lover die?
Give me, at leaſt, ere we for ever part,
T' allay the flame that preys upon my heart;
One moment paſt in thy belov'd embrace,
Will make me death without complaining face.
Not leſs my wiſh (the amorous girl replies,
Conſenting paſſion ſparkling in her eyes)
But how, with ſpies ſurrounded, can we prove
Our mutual warmth, and give a looſe to love?
Ah! (ſaid the Greek) too well convinc'd I know,
Did half my ardor in thy boſom glow,
Thy wit would ev'n this night ſome means employ,
To ſnatch at leaſt a momentary joy.
In vain (ſhe anſwers) much-lov'd youth, you ſue,
Since I each night repoſe between the two.
Weak is th' excuſe (the plaintive Greek rejoin'd)
For if thou feel'ſt my woe, thy gentle mind

Will yield relief, and, ſpite of all, remove
Whate'er may ſeem t' oppoſe the ſuit of love.

Awhile ſhe paus'd; then, ſmiling bade him come,
While all were ſlumbering, to the wiſh'd-for room;
Deſcrib'd the way, and taught what courſe to take,
How, undiſcover'd, his return to make.

Well pleas'd he heard, and when the drowſy god
Had laid on every eye his potent rod,
He ſeeks her door, with long and ſilent ſtrides;
The door admits him: ſlowly in he glides:
Firm on his hindmoſt foot awhile he ſtays,
The other, rais'd, with cautious ſtealth eſſays
A forward ſtep; and wide his hands are ſpread,
On either ſide to find th' expected bed.
He reach'd the feet, and made his artful way
Beneath the covering were Flammetta lay.

Soon as the Greek, the night's ſhort bleſſing o'er,
Returning ſeeks the way he came before,
And Phœbus' beams to light the eaſt begin,
Flammetta riſing lets the pages in.

Now with his friend the king prepares to jeſt:
Brother (he cry'd) it fits thee ſure to reſt:
Some leiſure muſt recruit your weary ſpright,
Tir'd with the watching of ſo long a night.

Jocundo then replies in taunting vein:
Repoſe be yours, ſince you the toil ſuſtain.
You uſe my words—fair reſt betide your grace,
As to the huntſman weary'd in the chace.
I, (ſaid the king) I would in truth have try'd
The lover's ſuit, but found my ſuit deny'd.
Again Jocundo thus—Your ſlave am I,
'Tis yours to break, or with our terms comply.
But ſuch diſpute or taunts there needed none,
You might have chid my love, and claim'd your own.

Words follow'd words, replies ſucceed replies,
Till oft repeated jeſts, grown ſerious, riſe
To harſh debate: they call the girl to clear
The doubtful truth: the girl, with conſcious fear,
Steps trembling forth, commanded to reveal
What each alike ſeem'd earneſt to conceal.
Declare (with ſtern regard the monarch cry'd)
And fear not evil ſhall thyſelf betide,
Which of us two, ſo long in love's delight
Uſurp'd with thee the pleaſures of the night?

Impatient both await the girl's reply,
And hope her words will fix on one the lye:

Flammetta

Flammetta, lowly proſtrate on the ground,
Of life deſpairing ſince her fault was found,
Implor'd forgiveneſs, and with tears confeſs'd,
That, urg'd by love, which long had ſway'd her breaſt,
Some pity on a faithful ſwain to take,
Who years had ſigh'd, and ſigh'd but for her ſake,
That night ſhe gave the tender frailty way,
In hopes one error would alike betray
Each noble lover that beſide her lay.

Thus ſhe: Jocundo and the king amaz'd,
Long, on each others face in ſilence gaz'd:
Ne'er had they heard, nor through the world believ'd
Two like themſelves by female guile deceiv'd.
Now ſudden mirth the place of wonder took,
And either's ſide convulſive laughter ſhook
With peals ſo loud, that ſcarcely could they breathe,
But ſunk exhauſted on the couch beneath.
So much they laugh'd, their boſoms ak'd with pain,
Nor could their eyes the guſhing tears reſtrain:
At length they ſaid—What man ſhall hope to ſtay
His wife from wandering the forbidden way?
Since we, in one ſame bed, ſo cloſely join'd,
Between us both in vain this laſs confin'd?

Were numerous as his hairs a huſband's eyes,
A wife's deceit would every watch ſurpriſe.
A thouſand women we before have try'd,
Yet found not one our amourous ſuit deny'd.
A ſecond thouſand like the firſt would fall:
But this laſt proof may well ſuffice for all.
Then ceaſe we more to blame our mates, or find
Their thoughts leſs chaſte than thoſe of all their kind;
And ſince they both are virtuous as the beſt,
Let us return and live with them at reſt.
  This point reſolv'd, they bade the lover come,
(Call'd by Flammetta) to receive his doom;
With many a witneſs preſent, for his bride
They gave the girl, with ample gifts beſide;
Then both return'd contented to their wives,
And led in peace the remnant of their lives.
  Here ceas'd mine hoſt his ſtory to relate,
While every gueſt with mute attention ſate:
Nor yet the Pagan knight his ſilence broke,
At length, the tale concluded, thus he ſpoke.

What

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Ver. 537. *Here ceas'd mine hoſt—*] This is copied by Spenſer, in his account of the Squire of Dames, with no leſs ſeverity on the fair ſex, where the ſquire relates, that travelling through the world in ſearch

What various frauds, of every artful name,
The wily heart of womankind can frame!
Not all the power of human wit can tell,
The thoufandth part in which the fex excel.
  But one of graver years, and reverend mien,
And better judgment at the board was feen,
Who inly wroth to hear the beauteous race
Thus roughly treated by a tongue fo bafe,
And, confcious of their worth, in fecret burn'd,
And to the vile defamer thus return'd.
  What cruel flanders every day fupplies
Detefted tales, but thine the worft of lies!

---

fearch of a chafte woman, he finds only three to reject his fuit, thus humouroufly characterized by the poet.

The firft that then refufed me (faid he)
Certes, was but a common courtefane,
Yet flat refus'd to have a-do with me,
Becaufe I could not give her many a jane:
(Thereat full heartily laugh'd Satyrane)
The fecond was an holy nun to chofe,
Which would not let me be her chapellane,
Becaufe fhe knew (fhe faid) I would difclofe
Her counfel if fhe fhould her truft in me repofe.
The third a damfel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance,
Full little weened I, that charity
Had lodging in fo mean a maintenance:
Save her, I never any woman found
That chaftity did for itfelf embrace, &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. III. C. vii. St. 58.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er thy author be, though on his tongue,
In other points, ev'n goſpel truths were hung;
Not fair experience of the female kind,
But ſome offence late rankling in his mind
Urg'd him to ſpeak; his hatred of a few,
On all the ſex ſuch blame unjuſtly threw.
But let his wrath ſubſide, and ſoon your ear
Would more their praiſes than their cenſure hear.
For one to blame, his lips might number o'er
A hundred women fam'd for virtuous lore:
Then ceaſe to rail at all—if one has ſwerv'd
From honour's laws, which thouſands have preſerv'd.
And ſince thy friend Valerio other taught,
Not judgment ſway'd, but paſſion warp'd his thought.
Say, which of you, in nuptial union ty'd,
Has never from his conſort ſtept aſide;
Who, when occaſion call'd, refus'd to taſte
Forbidden pleaſures, or his ſubſtance waſte
On alien charms; while, ſave the abandon'd crew
Of hireling loves, no women men purſue?
Is there a huſband will not leave his home
(Though fair his wife) for other joys to roam;
Let ſmiling love from wife or maiden try
With gifts to bend, what virtue would deny?

To

To pleaſe the ſex what lover will refuſe,
Or ſtop his ear when charming woman ſues?
And oft, I fear, from ſome injurious cauſe,
The fair are led t' infringe the nuptial laws:
Perchance, their beauty view'd with ſated eye,
They ſee their lords to foreign beauties fly:
Love claims return—what we to others give,
We claim in equal meaſure to receive.
Could I a ſtatute frame, each guilty wife,
In ſinful commerce found, ſhould yield her life,
Unleſs ſhe clearly to the world could prove,
Her conſort had indulg'd unlawful love;
But this once prov'd, the dame abſolv'd ſhould be,
From courts, and from her lord's reſentment free:
For CHRIST has taught—"To others never do,
That which yourſelves would wiſh undone to you."
Yet ſtill incontinence, if this we call
Weak woman's crime is not the crime of all.

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Ver. 591. *For Chriſt has taught—*] The cuſtom of introducing religious aphoriſms, or alluſions to texts of ſcripture, in compoſitions even of the familiar kind, was common with the writers of the early ages. Our Chaucer abounds with ſuch inſtances, and many may be found in Shakeſpear; which paſſages were not then deemed exceptionable, nor, it is probable, gave offence to the niceſt ear.

But even in this our ſex's guilt is moſt,
Since not a man of chaſtity can boaſt:
All crimes are his, and crimes of deepeſt dye,
Uſurious griping, pillage, blaſphemy,
And crimſon murder;——crimes, though rarely known
To woman's ſex, familiar to our own.

Here the juſt ſage his weighty reaſons clos'd;
And many a fair example had propos'd,
Of virtuous dames; but with averted ear
The Pagan king, who loath'd the truth to hear,
Aw'd him with threatening glance and brow ſevere.
Yet while in dread the ſage from ſpeech refrain'd,
The truth unſhaken in his ſoul remain'd.

The Sarzan prince here bade the conteſt ceaſe,
Then left the board, and hop'd to reſt in peace
Till dawn of day: but all the ſleepleſs night,
He mourn'd his changeful miſtreſs' cruel flight;
And thence departing with the morning ray,
Reſolv'd by ſhip to take his future way;
Yet, like a champion, who with prudent heed
O'erwatches all, attentive for his ſteed,
That ſteed ſo good, ſo fair, which late he bore,
From Sacripant and from Rogero's power:

And confcious, that for two whole days he prefs'd
Too far the mettle of the generous beaft;
He fix'd down Sonna's ftream a bark to take,
For fpeed, for eafe, and for Frontino's fake.
He bade the ready boatman from the fhore
The cable loofe, and ftretch the dafhing oar:
Before the wind the veffel lightly glides,
And the fwift ftream with fwifter prow divides:
But Rodomont in vain, on land or wave,
From cruel care his anxious breaft would fave:
He mounts his fteed, it follows clofe behind,
He fails the bark, it breaths in every wind!
Now in his foul the fatal inmate dwells,
And every hope or comfort thence expels;
While he, alas! with cruel anguifh pain'd,
Confcious his inmoft fort the foe has gain'd,
Expects no friendly hand can aid impart,
While felf-confuming thoughts diftract his heart.
All day and night, the liquid road he prefs'd,
His king and miftrefs rankling in his breaft:
In vain from fhore or bark he hopes relief,
Nor fhore nor bark can footh his rage of grief.
Thus the fick patient feeks t' affuage his pain,
While the fierce fever throbs in every vein;

From

From ſide to ſide, he ſhifts his place by turns;
But unremitting ſtill the fever burns.

Tir'd with the ſtream, again he ſought the ſtrand,
And paſs'd Vienna and Valenza's land.
The walls of Lyons next the Pagan view'd,
And where Avignon's bridge ſtupendous ſtood.
Theſe towns, and more, of ſemblance rich and gay,
That 'twixt th' Iberian hills and river lay,
Paid to the Monarch-Moor * and king of Spain
Allegiance due, as lords of that domain,
Won by their bands from Gallia's ſhrinking reign.
Thence on the right to Acquamort he bends,
And ſtrait for Afric's realm his courſe intends;
Till near a river he a town ſurvey'd,
Which Ceres once and purple Bacchus ſway'd;
Compell'd their favourite dwelling to forego
From cruel inroads of a barbarous foe:
Here ſmile the fields, there roars the ſurgy main,
And bright in vallies gleams the golden grain.

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* Agramant.

Ver. 648. *Theſe towns, and more,* &c.] By the river, he means the Rhodan, by the Iberian hills, he means the hill Jubaldo in Spain, by which he would infer that Agramant and Marſilius, after the laſt defeat of Charles, had made themſelves maſters of Catalonia, and from Narbona (Narbonne) to Paris.

On this fair ſpot a chapel neat he found,
Built on a hill, and lately wall'd around:
This, when the flames of war their horror ſpread,
The prieſt deſerted, and with terror fled:
Struck with the ſite, as from the camp remov'd,
The hated camp and arms no longer lov'd,
The king reſolv'd on this ſequeſter'd ſhore
To fix his ſeat, nor dream of Afric more:
Pleas'd with this new abode and place of reſt,
Algiers ſo lov'd was baniſh'd from his breaſt.
With their ſtern lord the ſquires attending dwell'd,
The walls himſelf, his train, and courſer held;
Not far his turrets proud Montpelier ſhows;
And, near, another ſtately caſtle roſe;
Which ſeated on the river's gentle tide,
The town with ſtores for every need ſupply'd.

One day, while deep immers'd in penſive mood,
The king, as wont, a thouſand thoughts purſu'd;
Along a path-way through th' enamell'd green,
Approaching nigh, a lovely dame was ſeen:
An aged monk, with beard deſcending low,
Beſide her came, with ſolemn ſteps and ſlow;
A warrior-ſteed he led, that proudly bore
A weighty bier with ſable cover'd o'er:

But

But who the monk, and who th' afflicted fair,
Or what the load, 'twere ufelefs to declare:
All knew 'twas Ifabella, haplefs maid,
Who lov'd Zerbino's breathlefs corfe convey'd:
Her in Provence I left, and at her fide
This reverend fire, her comforter and guide;
By whom confirm'd, fhe meant her future days
To dedicate for God's eternal praife.
Though on her cheek was fpread a death-like hue,
Though to the winds her locks difhevell'd flew;
Though fighs inceffant fpeak her curelefs woe,
And from her eyes unbidden fountains flow:
Though every mournful figh too well exprefs'd
The anguifh harbour'd in her her gentle breaft;
Through all her grief fuch beauties were defcry'd
The Loves and Graces there might ftill refide.
  Soon as the Saracen the mourner view'd,
Th' unlook'd for fight his haughty foul fubdu'd;
No more he blam'd, or loath'd that gentle race,
Whofe charms infpire us, and whofe virtues grace;
While Ifabella worthy feem'd to prove
The peerlefs object of his fecond love;
And from his breaft expunge Granada's dame,
As pity yields to pity, flame to flame.

The Pagan ſaw, and kindling at the view,
With eager ſtep to meet the virgin drew;
And with demeanour fair and mild addreſs,
Enquire the cauſe that wrought her deep diſtreſs.
She told the ſorrows of her ſecret breaſt,
And, how deny'd on earth a place of reſt,
Her ſoul had fix'd to bid the world farewel,
And with her God in holy manſions dwell.
Loud laugh'd the Pagan, who nor God would know,
Nor own his laws, to every faith a foe!
He blam'd her erring zeal, to keep confin'd
Such beauty, form'd but to delight mankind:
The ſordid miſer, brooding on his ſtore,
Thus hides (he cries) in caves his ſhining ore;
Whence nothing good he to himſelf derives,
And others of his uſeful wealth deprives:
Snakes, lions, bears are cag'd in fear of harm,
Not guiltleſs maids who breathe but love and charms.
The man of God, who ſuch vain converſe fears,
Like ſkilful pilot that the veſſel ſteers,
Attends his charge, leſt lightly drawn aſtray,
Her feet ſhould wander from the rightful way:
And now the hoary ſire with grace indu'd,
Prepares a ſplendid feaſt of holy food.

But the fierce Pagan, born with evil taſte,
Rejects the dainties of the rich repaſt.
At length, when oft he chid, oft ſtrove in vain
The preacher's hateful counſel to reſtrain,
His patience waſted, with vindictive ire
He rais'd his arm againſt that aged ſire:
Yet leſt our ſtory ſhould too long appear,
We, for your eaſe, will cloſe the labours here,
And let this hapleſs monk th' example teach,
To curb the licence of ungovern'd ſpeech.

END OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

# TWENTY-NINTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Rodomont falls in love with Isabella, and endeavours to persuade her to break her vow: His behaviour to the hermit who opposes him. The fortitude of Isabella, and her device to preserve her chastity. Conflict between Rodomont and Orlando. Further account of the mad actions of Orlando. Medoro and Angelica, in their way to embark for India, meet with Orlando, when Angelica, with great difficulty, escapes from the madman's hands.

THE

# TWENTY-NINTH BOOK

OF

# ORLANDO FURIOSO.

BEHOLD the ſtate of man's unſtable mind,
Still prone to change with every changing wind!
All our reſolves are weak, but weakeſt prove
Where ſprung from ſenſe of diſappointed love.
When late the Saracen to wrath inflam'd,
On womankind with bittereſt gall exclaim'd,
It ſeem'd as if no power could e'er control,
Far leſs expunge ſuch hatred from his ſoul.
So much, fair dames, his words your bard provoke,
Which ill advis'd againſt your ſex he ſpoke,
That never will I leave him, till his breaſt
Again has beauty's ſovereign ſway confeſs'd:
Still ſhall my verſe condemn his ſlanderous ſpeech,
That foully durſt your ſpotleſs name impeach.

The

The ſhafts of rage he from his quiver drew,
And theſe, at all, without diſtinction threw:
But Iſabella, with a ſingle look,
At once his firmeſt reſolution ſhook;
And now to her he chang'd his former flame,
Though yet to him unknown her county, race, or name.

Thus, as new paſſion fir'd his amorous thought,
With every eloquence of words, he ſought
To ſhake the purpoſe of her ſteadfaſt will,
That would to God her virgin vow fulfil.
The hermit, as a fencing ſhield, to arm
Her chaſte intent againſt all worldly harm;
By pious reaſons, ſtrong and duly weigh'd,
With all his power ſtood forth to guard the maid.
Not long the impious Pagan could endure
The holy ſire, who preach'd in zeal ſecure:
He bade him, in good time, his cell regain,
And leave the damſel; but he bade in vain:
Till rouz'd at length, no longer he forbore,
But ſeiz'd his beard, whence by the roots he tore
The ſilver hairs; and, with dire rage impell'd,
With ſavage graſp his aged neck he held;

And

And, whirling round, ſome three miles thence he threw;
Swift tow'rds the ſea the wretched hermit flew!
What then befel him, little I relate,
For various tales are rumour'd of his fate:
Some ſay againſt a rock his limbs were thrown,
And piecemeal daſh'd upon the craggy ſtone:
Some ſay, that midſt the ſea his death he found,
And, as he knew not how to ſwim, was drown'd
Spite of his oriſons—Some ſay, the hand
Of his good Saint convey'd him ſafe to land:
But be it as it may,—I paſs it o'er,
Henceforth of him the ſtory ſpeaks no more.

When cruel Rodomont had thus romov'd
The talking hermit, oft in vain reprov'd,
With milder looks he turn'd, where, at his ſide,
The damſel ſtood all pale and terrify'd;
Whom now in ſpeech by lovers oft addreſt,
He call'd his life, of every good the beſt;

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Ver. 37. *And whirling round*—] No partiality for the poet can apologize for the extravagance of ſuch paſſages as theſe: where-ever they occur, the tranſlator freely gives them up to the critic, as lawful game, and means this for a general declaration of his opinion on the ſubject.

His

His balm of hope, fair comfort, ſmiling joy,
With each endearment amorous tongues employ.
Courteous he ſeem'd, as if he would diſarm
Her thoughts of fear, that any force might harm
Her virgin vow: thoſe graces that inflam'd
His cruel heart, his wonted pride had tam'd;
And though his hand could pluck the fruit, he choſe
T' abſtain at diſtance, and but touch the boughs.
He fondly hop'd by ſlow degrees to find
Fair Iſabella to his wiſh inclin'd:
While ſhe, ſubjected to a tyrant's laws,
(Like ſome poor mouſe within her foe's ſharp claws)
Unfriended and forlorn, would rather dare
The worſt of ills than what ſhe fear'd to bear;
Still pondering on the means, if ſuch could be,
Herſelf and honour from his power to free;
With her own hand determin'd to prevent
Her ſhame by death, ere his abhorr'd intent
Should make her wrong the knight, who, late entwin'd
By her lov'd arms, his parting breath reſign'd;

Ver. 66. *Like ſome poor mouſe*, &c.] Certainly too ludicrous an image on ſo pathetic an occaſion.

To

To whom, with heart devout, the mourning dame
Had vow'd to dedicate her virgin name.
She mark'd, and trembling mark'd, th' unhallow'd fire
That warm'd the Pagan with impure deſire.
What ſhall ſhe do? How ſhape her dangerous courſe?
What way remains t' elude his brutal force?
Long time revolving in her fearful mind
A thouſand ſchemes, at length, her thoughts deſign'd
One that might ſave her chaſtity from blame;
Which here we tell to her eternal fame,
  The Pagan, by his words and deeds, confeſs'd
The lurking purpoſe of his impious breaſt:
Loſt was the courteſy which firſt he ſhow'd,
When fair his ſpeech in gentleſt accents flow'd.
To him the damſel—Would'ſt thou but enſure
My honour ſafe, a gift thou may'ſt procure,
Of far more worth than aught thou canſt obtain
From what muſt fix on me eternal ſtain.

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Ver. 89. —*Would'ſt thou but enſure,*
*My honour ſafe,* &c.—] A ſimilar ſtory is told of a virgin in the time of Mirvan, the caliph, in the eighth century, and of another named Braſilla (the time uncertain) related by Franceſco Barbaro, in his book concerning the choice of a wife.

Zatta.

Scorn

Scorn not a lafting prize, a prize to raife
O'er all the fons of war thy deathlefs praife.
A hundred and a hundred may'ft thou find,
Fair dames the lovelieft of our female kind;
But who, like me, are fated to beftow
Th' invalu'd good thou to my hand may'ft owe.
A herb I know, and late have feen, that boil'd
With rue and ivy, o'er a fire when pil'd
With cyprefs-wood, will (ftrange to tell) produce,
By guiltlefs fingers fqueez'd, a fovereign juice,
With which, thrice bath'd, the body will be found
One moon fecur'd unhurt from flame or wound:
That month elaps'd the bathing we renew,
No longer time avails the powerful dew.
The proof of what I tell, thy wondering eyes
Shall witnefs foon—to thee a nobler prize
(Or much I err) than if this day had view'd
All Europe by thy conquering arm fubdu'd.
In recompenfe for what I fhall beftow
I afk but this—here plight thy folemn vow,
Ne'er from this hour by word or deed to harm
My virgin honour, or my fears alarm.
The damfel thus the Pagan's fuit reprefs'd,
Who now with new defire of fame poffefs'd,

Vow'd

Vow'd all ſhe aſk'd, impatient to be made
Alike impaſſive to the flame or blade:
Reſolv'd to curb his luſt, till prov'd he view'd
The wondrous water with ſuch ſpell indu'd,
Through which his limbs might ſcorn each weapon's power,
As Cygnus or Achilles ſcorn'd before;
But meant his compact ſhould no longer bind:
No fear, no reverence, in his impious mind,

Of

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Ver. 121. *As Cygnus or Achilles*—] Ovid tells us, Metam. Book xii. that Cygnus, the ſon of Neptune, could not be wounded. The common ſtory of Achilles is, that he was dipped in the river Styx by his mother Thetis, and thereby became invulnerable in every part except the heel by which ſhe held him, and that he was at laſt ſhot by Paris at the altar, in the only vulnerable place, at the inſtigation of Apollo, durring the ceremony of his nuptials with Polyxena, the daughter of Priam. This fable is certainly of much later date than Homer, and not countenanced in the poems of Virgil, Horace, or Ovid. Homer repreſents him as being wounded in the battle of the river, by Aſteropeus, who was ambi-dexter, and threw two darts at Achilles at the ſame time.

> At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance,
> (For both his dextrous hands the lance could wield)
> One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
> One raz'd Achilles' hand, the ſpouting blood
> Spun forth——
>
> Pope's Iliad, B. xxi. v. 182.

Achilles

Of God or Saint—for breach of faith the worſt
Of Afric's ſons, by perjur'd deeds accurs'd!

O'er

---

Achilles was not ſlain in the temple, but fell in the field of battle, according to Homer, as appears by the converſation between that hero and Agamemnon in the ſhades.

> O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
> (Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)
> Thrice happy thou, to preſs the martial plain,
> 'Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
> In clouds of ſmoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
> Great and terrifick even in death you lay.
>
> POPE's Odyſ. Book XXIV. ver. 51.

Heſiod has no account of the modern fable of Achilles, nor any of the ancient Greek tragedians. Sophocles thus mentions his death, in the tragedy of Philoctetes, Act ii. Scene i.

> PHIL. Is then Achilles dead?
> NEOP. ————————He is, and not
> By mortal hands, but by Apollo's ſhaft
> Fell glorious*.

Bion, who lived 187 years before Chriſt, in a fragment of an epithalamium on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, makes no mention of the immerſion in the Styx; neither does Catullus in his poem on the ſame ſubject. Strabo, who died 65 years after Catullus, does not ſpeak of this fable of the Styx, although he frequently alludes to the ſtory of Achilles. Horace calls Achilles. "filius Thetidos Marinæ," in three places. He ſpeaks thus of his death—"abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem;" and mentions him frequently, but never as having been invulnerable.

* See DR. FRANCKLIN's elegant tranſlation of Sophocles.

Ovid

O'er hanging cliffs, through vallies dark with
ſhade,
From towns and cities far the virgin ſtray'd,

Collect-

---

Ovid gives no countenance to the ſtory, though he particularly commemorates the death of Cygnus, ſlain by Achilles; and tells us, that the Grecian hero, to his great ſurpriſe, finding him invulnerable, was obliged to ſtrangle him; that before his death he boaſted to Achilles of his ſuperior advantage derived from being the ſon of Neptune, alluding to this preternatural gift.

Nate dea (nam te fama prænovimus) inquit
Ille, quid a nobis vulnus miraris abeſſe?
(Mirabatur enim) non hæc, quam cernis equinis
Fulva jubis, caſſis, neque onus cava parma ſiniſtræ
Auxilio mihi ſunt: decor eſt quæſitus ab iſtis.
Mars quoque ab hoc capere arma ſolet: removebitur omne
Tegminis officium; tamen indiſtrictus abibo.
Eſt aliquid, non eſſe ſatum Nereïde, ſed qui
Nereaque, et natas et totum temperet æquor.

METAM. Lib. xii. v. 86.

——————Goddeſs born!
For ornament, not uſe, theſe arms are worn;
This helm and heavy buckler I can ſpare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need:
'Tis ſomewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the ſea to ſpring:
Your Sire is mortal, mine is Ocean's king.

 Secure

Collecting various herbs, while at her ſide
The Pagan watch'd, and every motion ey'd.

Such

---

Secure of death, I could contemn thy dart
Though naked, and impaſſible depart. DRYDEN.

The poet afterwards tells us, that Achilles was ſhot by an arrow from Paris, ſent into the midſt of the battle, but does not deſcribe him as wounded in any particular part: ſpeaking of Apollo ſtanding by Paris, he ſays,

Dixit et oſtendens ſternentem Troia ferro
Corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum:
Certaque letifera direxit ſpicula dextra.
MET. Lib. XII. ver. 604.

He ſaid, and ſhow'd from far the blazing ſhield
And ſword, which but Achilles none could wield,
And how he look'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding field.

The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' envenom'd ſhaft, and wings the fatal flight.
DRYDEN.

Virgil records the circumſtance of his being ſlain by Paris, in the prayer of Æneas to Apollo, which Dryden tranſlates with haſty inaccuracy, his mind being impreſſed with the popular fable.

Indulgent God! propitious power to Troy!
Swift to relieve, unwilling to deſtroy;
Directed by whoſe hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part.

For which the original gives no authority: the words of Virgil are,

Phœbe, graves Trojæ ſemper miſerate labores,
Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manuſque
Corpus in Æacidæ—— ÆN. VI. 6.

Thus

Such ſtore provided now as ſeem'd to ſuit
Her preſent purpoſe, or with leaf or root,

Damp

---

Thus faithfully rendered by Pitt.

Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whoſe aid divine
So oft has ſav'd the wretched Trojan line,
And wing'd the ſhaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
The ſhaft that laid the great Achilles low.

The ſtory of Achilles being ſlain in the temple at his nuptials with Polyxena, ſeems to have been of later invention than his dipping in the Styx: the author of both theſe fables is unknown; but the firſt may be traced back, if not to the inventor, at leaſt as early as the Auguſtan age, when Hyginus, the freedman of Augſtus and friend of Ovid, relates the death of Achilles thus, and ſeems to ſpeak of the incident of the heel as a current, but probably a vulgar ſtory; and therefore not noticed by the Claſſic writers of the time, who cloſely adhered to the authority of Homer.

" Hectore ſepulto, cum Achilles circa mœnia Trojanorum vagaretur, ac diceret ſe ſolum Trojam expugnâſſe, Apollo iratus, Alexandrum Parin ſe ſimulans, talum, quem mortalem habuiſſe dicitur, ſagitta percuſſit et occidit."

" After the funeral of Hector, when Achilles was boaſting before the walls of Troy that he ſingly would take the city, Apollo being incenſed, took upon him the likeneſs of Paris, and wounding Achilles in the heel, in which he was ſaid to be mortal, ſlew him."

The hiſtories now extant under the names of Dictys Cretenſis, and Dares the Phrygian, both ſaid to have been preſent at the ſiege of Troy, have the ſtory of Achilles with all the modern circumſtances; but theſe hiſtories are ſuppoſititious, the originals being loſt.

 Statius

Damp evening roſe, when to their home they came,
Where ſhe, the paragon of virtuous fame,

What

---

Statius, who died 91 years after Chriſt, in his Achilleid mentions the circumſtance of the river Styx. Thetis ſpeaking to Chiron, ſays,

——— Sæpe ipſa, nefas! ſub inania natum
Tartara, et ad Stygios iterum fero mergere fontes.

Lib. I.

How oft this breaſt could hell's dire horrors brave,
To plunge my offspring in the Stygian wave!

She ſays to her ſon, when ſhe has taken him to Scyros:

Mox iterum campos, iterum Centaurica reddam
Luſtra tibi; per ego hoc decus, et ventura juventæ
Gaudia, ſi terras, humilemque experta maritum
Te propter, ſi progenitum Stygis amne ſevero
Armavi (totumque utinam) cape tuta parumper
Tegmina, nil nocitura animo. Lib. II.

Soon ſhalt thou view (when eas'd my preſent fears)
Thoſe ſhades, where Chiron watch'd thy playful years,
Again thy own—By all thy hop'd for praiſe!
By all the joys that wait thy youthful days!
If, for thy ſake, a mortal's bed I choſe,
And bear, for thee, a mother's anxious woes;
If Styx, by me, thy tender limbs could arm,
(Why felt not every part the potent charm!)
Here bear, a while ſecure, the female name,
Nor think theſe robes can taint thy future fame.

Seneca, Plutarch, and Pauſanias are ſilent on this head. Quintus Calaber, who lived about two hundred years after Auguſtus, and wrote a ſupplement to Homer's Iliad, repreſents Achilles as wounded by Memnon, king of the Æthiopians. Lactantius, in his argument to the xiith book of the Metamorphoſes, refers to the vulgar tradition

of

What yet remain'd of night, with ſeeming care
Employ'd the powerful mixture to prepare,

That

---

of the heel, which is the more ſingular, as no ſuch circumſtance occurs in his author: and Servius, in his note on the vith book of the Æneid, to the before cited paſſage has the like reference. In the edition of Virgil by Maſuicius, the commentator on the ſame place, refers both to the ſtory of the Styx and of Polyxena: and, ſpeaking of the words here made uſe of by the poet, he adds: "Et bene ait direxti—quaſi ad *ſolum vulnerabilem locum*." Dryden, in the preface to his tranſlation of the Æneid refers to a paſſage of M. Segrais where the French writer is defending Virgil for giving his hero enchanted arms. "This accuſation (ſays Dryden) muſt fall on Homer ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though *he was invulnerable without them.*" He goes on thus: "In defence of Virgil—he has been more cautious than his predeceſſor or deſcendents, for Æneas was actually wounded in the xiith book of the Æneid." Thus far Dryden. But it is very extraordinary that ſo cool and judicious a critic as Segrais ſhould take up this unclaſſical fable. Speaking of the enchanted arms given to the heroes of epic poetry or romance, he ſays, "Ces preſens des Dieux, ſont même une preuve de la valeur du prince, à qui ils ſont faits; et il ne ſe trouve point que les mechans et les hommes mediocres ayent obtenu des graces pareilles, la providence ne les accorde qu'aux hommes rares qui meritent ſeuls, qu'elle les conſerve dans les dangers où leur courage les porte. Autrement il faudroit dire qu' Achille n'étoit pas vaillant, puis qu'outre un pareil ſecours d'armes forgés par

 Vulcain,

That bubbled o'er the blaze, while ſtill the knight
With due attention mark'd each myſtic rite.
Now with his ſquires in ſportive dice and play
The king of Algiers paſs'd the hours away,
When from the kindled fire, the heat enclos'd
In narrow bounds, to raging thirſt diſpos'd
The lord and menials, who inſatiate drain'd
Two vaſes huge that Grecian wine contain'd,
Which from ſome travellers the day before
His ſquires had ſeiz'd, and to their maſter bore.

---

Vulcain ſa mere avoit encore *ajouté des charmes qui le rendoient invulnerable.*"

To conclude this ſubject, in the diſcuſſion of which I hope I ſhall not have been thought tedious, though the firſt inventor of the ſtory is unknown, it is undoubtedly of conſiderable antiquity, and has been occaſionally made uſe of or rejected by different authors, but ought certainly never to be alluded to in any criticiſm or obſervation on Homer, to whom the fable appears to be wholly unknown. But it is no wonder that a fiction of this kind, ſo conſonant to the genius of romance, ſhould be adopted by Boyardo and Arioſto.

Ver. 125. ———————*the worſt*
*Of Afric's ſons, by perjur'd deeds accurſt*—]

The ill faith of the Carthaginians was known to a proverb in the time of the Romans, *Punica fides*. Thus Addiſon in the mouth of Juba:

Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb. CATO.

Stern

Stern Rodomont till then to wine unus'd,
Which to his ſect the prophet's law refus'd,
Extoll'd the heavenly liquor far above
Celeſtial manna, or the drink of Jove;
And blaming now his country's ancient rite,
Huge bowls and goblets empties with delight:
From hand to hand with foaming brimmers crown'd,
The wine ſwift circles, and the head turns round.
At length removing from the crackling flame
The vaſe with herbs infus'd, the virgin dame
To Rodomont began—What beſt may prove
The words I ſpeak, and every doubt remove,
Experience, that can ſever truth from lies,
Inſtruct the learn'd, and make the vulgar wiſe,
Not on another, but on me ſhall ſhow
The wondrous power this unction can beſtow.
Behold me now, while o'er my fearleſs head
My neck and breaſt the potent charm I ſhed,
Thy force, thy ſword undaunted to receive;
And prove if that can ſtrike, or this can cleave.
She ſaid; and ſtooping as ſhe ſpoke, diſplay'd
Her neck uncover'd to the Pagan blade:
Th' unthinking Saracen, (whoſe wretched ſenſe,
Wine had ſubdu'd, for which was no defence

From helm or ſhield) he, at the fatal word,
Rais'd his fell arm, and bar'd his murdering ſword,
And, lo! that head, where love was wont to dwell,
From her fair neck and breaſt divided fell:
Thrice from the floor the head was ſeen to bound,
And thrice was heard Zerbino's name to ſound,

---

Ver. 176. *And thrice was heard*, &c.—] Corflambo, the giant's head in Spenſer, ſpeaks when cut off by Arthur.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iv. C. viii.

His head before him humbled on the ground,
The while his bubbling tongue did yet blaſpheme.

" Poetry deals in the wonderful, and nothing is ſo tame and proſaic as Scaliger's criticiſm on the verſe of Homer IL. x. which Spenſer had in view, " Falſum eſt a pulmone caput avulſum loqui poſſe." It is falſe that a head can ſpeak after ſeparation from the lungs. Hear OVID. MET. v. ver. 104.

Demetit enſe caput; quod protinus incidit aræ,
Atque ibi ſemianimi verba execrantia linguæ
Edidit——

The trenchant falchion lopt his head away,
The gory viſage on the altar lay,
While on the lips imperfect accents hung,
And curſes linger'd on the dying tongue.

" And ſpeaking of a lady's tongue, (which may be leſs wonderful) when cut off and flung upon the ground, he ſays, ' terræque tremens immurmurat."

——And trembling murmurs on the ground.

So Homer, who is all wonderful, and the father of all poetical wonders, ſpeaks of Dolon, whoſe head was cut off by Diomed. Mr. Pope's tranſlation is admirable.

" The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell."

IL. X. 10.

See UPTON's Notes on SPENSER.

For

For whoſe dear ſake ſhe found ſuch way t' eſcape
The Pagan's hand, nor fear'd, in ſuch a ſhape,
T' encounter death to follow him ſhe lov'd—
Hail, ſpotleſs ſoul! for pureſt faith approv'd,
Whoſe act has ſhown how dear thy plighted ſpouſe
By thee was held, how dear thy virgin vows:
Fair Chaſtity, on earth now little heard,
By thee to life and blooming years preferr'd.
Go, bleſſed ſoul! depart in peace to Heaven!
So to my feeble Muſe ſuch aid be given,
As may with every grace the ſong adorn,
And give thy name to ages yet unborn!
Go hence in peace to Heaven, and leave behind
Thy bright example ſtill to womankind!
  At this ſtupendous deed, from pureſt ſkies
On earth the great Creator bent his eyes,

---

Ver. 180. *Hail, ſpotleſs ſoul!*] On this paſſage Mr. Upton obſerves, that Arioſto, in admiration of the chaſtity and martyrdom of Iſabella, breaks out into a moſt elegant apoſtrophe, which Spenſer copies in his addreſs to Florimel, when ſhe is in priſon tempted by Proteus.

> Eternal thraldom was to her more lief
> Than loſs of chaſtity, or 'change of love——
> Moſt virtuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
> And crown of heavenly praiſe with ſaints above—
> But yet, what ſo my feeble muſe can frame
> Shall be t' advance——
>
> Fairy Queen, B. iii. C. viii. St. 42.

And

And ſaid—Thy virtue merits more renown,
Than hers whoſe death robb'd Tarquin of his crown:
Henceforth I mean for ever for thy ſake,
Amidſt my Saints a great decree to make,
Which by th' inviolable ſtream I ſwear,
To every future age thy praiſe ſhall bear:
Let every maid that holds thy name be bleſt
With genius, beauty, virtue, o'er the reſt

---

Ver. 197. *Which by th' inviolable ſtream I ſwear*—] Ruſcelli, the Italian commentator, takes great pains to clear Arioſto from cenſure, for having introduced the Supreme Being, on this occaſion, taking an oath like Jupiter in the Iliad or Æneid; tho' I fear that ſuch paſſage can be defended by no argument adduced in its juſtification, but that it muſt in genneral be acknowledged, that Arioſto, like the reſt of his countrymen, often introduces the fictions of poetry on the moſt ſolemn occaſions. But a heavier charge may be here brought againſt the poet for making the Almighty approve the action of Lucretia, and thereby giving a ſanction to ſuicide. This paſſage the Italian commentator has candidly confeſſed to be a groſs breach of propriety and decorum.

Ver. 199. *Let every maid that holds thy name*, &c.] By this extravagant propheſy on all who bear the name of Iſabella, the poet is ſaid to make an eulogium on the ducheſs of Mantua, the daughter of Hercules duke of Ferrara, and wife of Ferrando king of Naples; the wife of Ferdinando king of Spain, to whoſe wiſdom is attributed chiefly the diſcovery of the new world by Columbus; the wife of Frederick, king of Naples; the wife of Ubaldo, duke of Urbino; but more eſpecially a daughter of the king of Hungary, who was canonized by pope Gregory IX. for the ſanctity of her life; all theſe ladies bore the name of Iſabella.

PORCACCHI.

Of

Of woman's ſex, but moſt the prize obtain
For chaſtity and faith without a ſtain;
While Pindus, Helicon, Parnaſſus' hill
Sound Iſabella, Iſabella ſtill.

Th' Almighty ſpoke, the air was huſh'd around,
Smooth ſpread the waves o'er ocean's vaſt profound,
To the third Heaven the virgin-ſoul withdrew,
And in the arms of her Zerbino flew,
While, left behind, this ſecond Bruſus ſtood,
Abaſh'd, confounded, ſtain'd with guiltleſs blood;
Who now, the wine's o'er-maſtering fumes diſpell'd,
Curs'd his dire raſhneſs, and with grief beheld
The breathleſs body of the murder'd maid,
And ponder'd how t' apeaſe her angry ſhade:
Since to her mortal part he death could give,
He hopes to make her name immortal live.

---

Ver. 207. *To the third Heaven—*] Arioſto here follows the fiction of ſome of the ancient poets who taught that thoſe lovers, who had been conſtant, were after death received into the third Heaven, the region of Venus the goddeſs of love. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 209. *Bruſus—*] Bruſus, ſurnamed without mercy, a character in the romances of the Round-Table. He is largely ſpoken of by Alamanni, in his poetical romance of GIRONE IL CORTESE; and is mentioned by Pulci in his Morgante, Canto xiii. who calls him Bruſus without pity.

For

For this intent, the place where late ſhe dwelt,
Where her fair form his brutal fury felt,
He chang'd or built anew, with ſpacious room
Enlarg'd, converting to a ſtately tomb.
From various parts around him, far and near,
Artiſts he found for favour or for fear:
Six thouſand men, with ceaſeleſs labour, wrought
Huge maſſy ſtones, from neighbouring quarries brought;
With thoſe he bade the ſtately building riſe
Of wondrous bulk, that lifted to the ſkies
Its towering head, and in the midſt enclos'd
The faithful lovers* that in death repos'd.
Such was the ſtructure which the world amaz'd,
By Adrian on the banks of Tyber rais'd.
Cloſe to the ſepulchre a tower was join'd,
The ſpacious dwelling for himſelf deſign'd.

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* ZERBINO and ISABELLA.

Ver. 230. *By Adrian on the banks of Tyber rais'd—*] The poet means the noble caſtle of St. Angelo at Rome, built by Pope Adrian VI. on the river Tyber. This building was afterwards enlarged by ſeveral ſucceſſive Popes, till Pius V. put the finiſhing hand to it.

A nar-

A narrow bridge, ſcarce two feet wide, he made,
Fair ſtretch'd in length, which o'er the ſtream he
laid
That ran beneath, and ſcarce the bridge ſupply'd
Space for two ſteeds abreaſt to croſs the tide,
Or, meeting, paſs: nor plac'd from end to end
Was rail or fence the ſtranger to defend.
Baptiz'd or Pagan, all that travel here,
He will'd henceforth ſhould buy their paſſage dear,

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Ver. 233. *A narrow bridge—*] This fiction of Rodomont's bridge is truly in the ſpirit of romance. We often read of knights meeting with ſuch adventures: in the old romance of Morte Arthur, Sir Launcelot encounters a churl who defended a paſſage over a river.

"On the third day he rode over a great long bridge, and there ſtarted upon him ſuddenly a paſſing foul churl, and he ſmote his horſe on the noſe, that he turned about, and aſked him why he rode over that bridge without his licenſe? and he ſtruck at him with a mighty great club full of pins of iron. Then Sir Launcelot drew his ſword, and put the ſtroke back, and clove his head unto the navel."

MORTE ARTHUR, Part i. C. cxi.

Spenſer has a paſſage ſimilar to this of Arioſto, where a bridge of this kind is deſcribed, and a combat enſues between Sir Arthegal and a Saracen.

Here beyond,
A curſed cruel Saracen doth wonne,
That keeps a bridge's paſſage by ſtrong hand,
And many Errant Knights hath there foredonne.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. v. C. ii. St. 4.

For

For with their ſpoils, t' atone the virgin's doom,
He vow'd a thouſand trophies at her tomb.
Ten days beheld the bridge complete; but more
Requir'd to raiſe the ſepulchre and tower:
Yet well the work advanc'd, and on the height
A watch was plac'd to note each coming knight;
And oft as near the bridge a warrior drew,
The horn to Rodomont a ſignal blew.
Sudden he arm'd him for the courſe, and ſtood
Now here, now there, on either ſide the flood.
Whene'er a warrior reach'd the fatal tower,
The king of Algiers took the adverſe ſhore:
The ſlender bridge the dangerous liſt ſupply'd,
There if the ſteed but little ſwerv'd aſide,
Prone in the river's headlong depth he fell:
No ſight, for peril, could ſuch ſight excel.
Thus often riſk'd, the Saracen believ'd
Whene'er he fell, the ruſhing ſtream receiv'd
In draughts compell'd, would purify his ſoul
For ſins committed through th' inflaming bowl;
As if from water certain cure was brought
For wrongs, which wine by hand or tongue had wrought.

Few

Few days elaps'd, ere numerous knight were led,
For Spain and Italy that path to tread.
The thirſt of fame, to ſome more dear than life,
Brought many knights to prove the dangerous ſtrife,
While all who hop'd the victor's meed to gain,
Reſign'd their arms, and numbers there were ſlain.
Of vanquiſh'd Pagans that the courſe had run,
He kept their ſpoils alone, and armour won.
Of theſe the names on tablets fairly trac'd,
And hung on high the poliſh'd marble grac'd:
But every Chriſtian cloſe in durance pent
He held, deſign'd for Afric to be ſent.
The work proceeding, on a certain day,
The mad Orlando thither bent his way.
The frantic earl by fortune thither came,
When Rodomont, beſide the rapid ſtream,
Urg'd on the taſk: as yet unfiniſh'd ſtood
The tower and tomb, and ſcarcely o'er the flood
The bridge complete, when thither came the knight
Of wits diſtraught, what time in corſelet bright
The Pagan watch'd to guard the tomb and tower,
And all his armour, ſave his helmet, wore.
Meanwhile Orlando, as his frenzy led,
At once o'erleapt the bar with fearleſs tread:

Him Rodomont, who ſtood on foot, eſpy'd
And thus from far—Forbear thy ſteps (he cry'd).
This bridge, thou ſlave! was ne'er deſign'd for thee,
But noble knights and lords of high degree.
Orlando, ſtranger now to reaſon's force,
Turn'd a deaf ear, and onward held his courſe.
I muſt chaſtiſe this fool (the Pagan cries)
And as he ſpeaks, with rapid feet he flies
To plunge him in the ſtream, nor thinks to try
A fall with one that could his ſtrength defy.
And now it chanc'd a fair and gentle dame,
T' attempt the paſſage near the river came;
Her lovely form in courtly weeds array'd,
And all her mien a noble race diſplay'd.
Lo! this was ſhe (if ſtill your mind retain
The tale I told) who long had ſought in vain
The ſteps of Brandimart, and far explor'd
Each part but that which now detain'd her lord.

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Ver. 386 ——*if ſtill your mind retain The tale I told*—] Flordelis is here again introduced, who laſt made her appearance in the xxivth book, ver. 535. and was preſent at the ſingle combat between Mandricardo and Zerbino; after which ſhe continued her ſearch of Brandimart till ſhe came to this bridge.

Fair

Fair Flordelis, arriving near the flood, 310
Beheld where on the bridge the Pagan ſtood,
Clos'd with Orlando, while each nerve he ply'd
To hurl the madman headlong in the tide.
The virtuous dame, when, with a nearer view,
She mark'd his features, well Orlando knew; 315
And fill'd with grief, at ſuch dire ſight amaz'd,
On him thus naked and forlorn ſhe gaz'd.

Awhile ſhe ſtaid t' await the conflict's end,
Where two ſuch foes in matchleſs ſtrength contend.
They preſs, they gripe, their utmoſt nerve they ſhow,
Each ſtrives the other from the bridge to throw, 316
And, muttering to himſelf, the Pagan cries,
What to this fool ſuch unlook'd force ſupplies?
Now here, now there he ſtruggles, ſhifts, and turns,
With ſhame he reddens, and with wrath he burns:
With either hand he ſeeks, in vain, to take 321
Some firmer hold, that beſt the earl may ſhake;
And oft between his legs the furious knight
The left foot now inſerts, and now the right.
Orlando Rodomont entwines around, 325
Like the fierce bear that ſtruggles from the ground
T' uproot the tree from which he fell, and deals
His ſenſeleſs rage on that which nothing feels.

Hapleſs Orlando, with his wits deſtroy'd,
Nor ſlight, nor art, but ſtrength alone employ'd;
(Such wondrous ſtrength the world from end to end
No living chief to equal him could ſend!)
Himſelf now backward from the bridge he threw,
And with him, cloſe embrac'd, the Pagan drew.
Both ſink together to the depth profound,
Leap the daſh'd waves, and loud the ſhores reſound!
The water ſoon divides their ſtruggling limbs;
Orlando, naked, diſincumber'd ſwims:
Amid the ſtream he plies, as with an oar,
His ſtrong knit joints, and ſafely gains the ſhore:
Then o'er the plain he ſpeeds his courſe, nor ſtays
To mark how far he merits blame or praiſe.
The Pagan, whom his ponderous arms ſurround,
More ſlowly gains, at length, the diſtant ground.
Meanwhile ſecurely o'er the bridge and tide
The dame had paſt, and round on every ſide
Explor'd the tomb, if there her anxious eye
Might any ſpoils of Brandimart eſpy.
Yet while nor arms, nor mantle there ſhe view'd
Of him ſhe lov'd—fond hopes ſhe ſtill renew'd

To

To meet her lord—but let us turn to find
The wretched earl, who fled with ſenſeleſs mind,
And left the bridge, the ſtream, and tower behind.

Wild were the thought t' attempt in tuneful verſe,
The madneſs of Orlando to rehearſe:
Such various feats—their number would excel,
What leiſure could deſcribe, or tongue could tell:
A few I chuſe that beſt befit my ſong;
A few that to my ſtory beſt belong:
Nor will I fail the wonder to recite
Wrought near Toloſa on Pyrene's height.

O'er many a tract of land the earl had paſt,
And reach'd the range of craggy hills at laſt,
That ſever France from Spain, whoſe lofty head
Receives the beams by evening Phœbus ſhed.
Here, while he pac'd along a narrow way,
That o'er a deep tremendous valley lay,

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Ver. 352. ——*but let us turn to find The wretched earl*—] He returns to Flordelis, book xxxi. ver. 429.

Ver. 354. ——*and tower behind.*] He returns to Rodomont, book xxxi. ver. 461.

Ver. 355. *Wild were the thought*—] Concerning the extravagant feats of Orlando in his madneſs, the reader is referred to the note on book xxiv. ver. 34.

 Two

Two village lads he met, who drove before
A laden afs that wintry fuel bore.
Thefe, when they view'd the haplefs champion loft
To every fenfe, as in their path he croft,
Aloud they call'd, and, threatening, bade him leave
The middle track, and free the paffage give.
Orlando to their threats no word return'd,
But with his foot, beneath the belly, fpurn'd
The wretched beaft, with ftrength beyond compare,
And rais'd from earth difmifs'd to foar in air;
Thence on the fummit of a hill he fell,
That rear'd its head a mile beyond the dell.
The youths he next affail'd: one lefs difcreet
Than happy, chanc'd a ftrange efcape to meet:
For, ftruck with terror, from the hanging fteep
Twice thirty feet he took a ventrous leap:
A thorny bufh againft the cliff's rough fide
That in the mid-way grew, its aid fupply'd
To break his fall; and now, unhurt, he ftood,
Save that his face the bramble's greeting fhow'd,
That raz'd the fkin, and drew the purple blood.
His fellow feiz'd a jutting crag, and fprung
To fcale the rock, but while aloft he clung,

The

The madman, on his ſwift deſtruction bent,
Graſp'd either leg, theſe at his arms extent
He ſtrain'd aſunder, till, with dreadful force,
He tore in bloody halves the panting corſe.
Thus, for his bird, the falconer oft prepares
The living meal, when limb from limb he tears
The fowl or heron, deſtin'd for his food,
With entrails warm and fleſh diſtilling blood.
Thrice happy he that in the vale beneath
Surviv'd a fall, that threaten'd inſtant death.
This wondrous chance he made to others known,
Which Turpin to our age delivers down.

Such deeds, and many far tranſcending thought,
The madman, as he paſs'd the mountain, wrought,
Till wandering far, deſcending to the plain,
He reach'd at length the ſouthern bounds of Spain,
And bent his courſe along the ſea, that laves
Fair Teracona's ſtrand with briny waves.
There, with ſtrange ſchemes his brain diſtemper'd fill'd,
He meant a dwelling on the beach to build,
A ſhelter from the ſun; and, cover'd o'er
With parching ſand, upon the burning ſhore

Conceal'd he lay, when lo! the princely dame
Of rich Cathay with her Medoro came.
These late espous'd, by fortune thither brought,
From the steep height the Spanish borders sought.
Th' unthinking damsel near Orlando drew,
Who, save his head, lay buried deep from view.
The squalid look her frantic lover wore,
No memory wak'd of him she knew before:
For since the time his frenzy had begun,
He wander'd, naked, in the shade or sun:
His tawny members seem'd to speak his birth
In hot Sienna, or the sultry earth,
Where Amon's fane in Garamantia stood,
Or those steep hills whence Nile derives his flood:
Deep in the socket sunk each gloomy eye,
His visage pale, his features lean and dry:

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Ver. 425. *In hot Sienna, or the sultry earth Where Amon's fane*——] Sienna, a city of Egypt, subject to the most intense heat of the sun. The temple of Amon was situated in Africa, and held in veneration by the Garamantians, a people inhabiting those parts.

Ver. 427. *Or those steep hills*—] Mountains of Ethiopia, called the Mountains of the Moon.

His

His uncomb'd hair in fearful elflocks hung;
His ſqualid beard was matted, thick, and long.
Soon as Angelica, with ſtartled look,
The madman view'd, through every joint ſhe ſhook:
She ſhook with fear, while loud to heaven ſhe cry'd,
And call'd for ſuccour to her truſty guide:
When mad Orlando view'd that lovely face,
As if, by inſtinct, ſtarting from his place,
He gaz'd, and with an idiot joy beheld,
Thoſe heavenly charms that every charm excell'd:
Though all reflection that ſhe once poſſeſs'd
His ſoul's dear love was baniſh'd from his breaſt.
He ſees, he likes—and what he likes purſues:
So the ſtaunch hound, amid the tainted dews,
Winds his fleet prey: the youth who view'd his dame
Thus cloſely preſt, behind the madman came
With trampling courſer, and to rage inflam'd,
Againſt his back the glittering weapon aim'd.
Sheer through his neck he thought to drive the ſword,
But found the wondrous fleſh no paſs afford.
Orlando felt the ſword, and turning round,
With hand, unarm'd, laid lifeleſs on the ground

Medoro's

Medoro's ſteed—then haſten'd to purſue
The trembling damſel that before him flew,
That ſpurr'd her mare, whoſe pace had ſeem'd too ſlow,
Though like an arrow from the well-ſtrung bow.
But now ſhe call'd her laſt reſource to mind,
Her wondrous ring, which ſtill ſhe us'd to find
Her ſure defence, which held between her lips,
Conceal'd her perſon with a ſtrange eclipſe:
The charm ſhe try'd, and vaniſh'd from the ſight,
As with the whiſtling blaſt th' extinguiſh'd light.
Then, whether fear, or whether eager haſte,
Th' affrighted damſel in her ſeat diſplac'd;
Or whether then her mare, ill-fated, fell
By ſudden trip—'tis doubtful here to tell.
But while the ring ſhe from her finger drew,
And, in her mouth diſpos'd, conceal'd from view
Her lovely form, the ſtirrups from her feet
She loſt, and tumbled headlong from her ſeat:
And had ſhe nearer fall'n, the madman's arm
Had ſurely ſeiz'd and wrought her further harm;
Her life perhaps had then the forfeit paid
For all her ſcorn—but Fortune gave her aid.

Now

Now muſt the damſel, of her mare bereft,
Some other palfrey ſeek by fraud or theft:
For this the Paladin with eager ſpeed
Purſues; and doubt not here another ſteed
Will ſoon be her's—but let us now repair
To him who, loſing thus the vaniſh'd fair,
Her beaſt purſu'd along the ſandy plain:
At length he ſeiz'd her by the flowing mane:
With eaſe the Paladin her ſwiftneſs ſtay'd,
As one with gentle hand the gentler maid.
The bridle now he took, and with a bound,
The frantic hero, riſing from the ground,
Vaults in the ſeat, then drives her many a mile,
Nor gives a moment's reſpite to her toil;
Nor frees her from the ſaddle, bit, or rein,
Nor lets her taſte of graſs, or hay, or grain.
It chanc'd as o'er a foſſe he urg'd her pace,
Both beaſt and man fell headlong in the place.
No hurt Orlando knew: but with the ſhock
The wretched beaſt, miſus'd, her ſhoulder broke.

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Ver. 477. ———*another ſteed Will ſoon be her's*—] Angelica is mentioned again for the laſt time, Book XXX. ver. 111.

And here compell'd awhile Orlando ſtays,
At length athwart his back the mare he lays,
And bears as far, as ſent with vigorous art,
Thrice from the bow-ſtring flies the feather'd dart;
Till by the weight oppreſt, with rein in hand,
He leads her limping o'er the ſhelly ſtrand.
The crippled mare purſues his ſteps with pain—
Come on—come on—Orlando cries in vain.
At length the bridle, with a nooſe ſupply'd,
He took, and round her better leg he ty'd,
Then dragg'd along, and as he dragg'd, he ſaid:
Well may'ſt thou follow now, ſo gently led.
Againſt the flinty road the covering hair
Was rent and torn, and all the fleſh laid bare,
Till death enſu'd; nor yet Orlando ceas'd,
But onward drew the mangled lifeleſs beaſt.
Still towards the weſt he paſs'd, and in his courſe
Dwellings and towns he waſted, took by force
From trembling peaſants all the food he ſought,
Or fruit or fleſh: of wretches whom he caught
Unhappy ſome he maim'd, and ſome he ſlew,
And on his way with rage ungovern'd flew.
Thus had it far'd with her whom once he lov'd,
But from her ring a better fate ſhe prov'd.